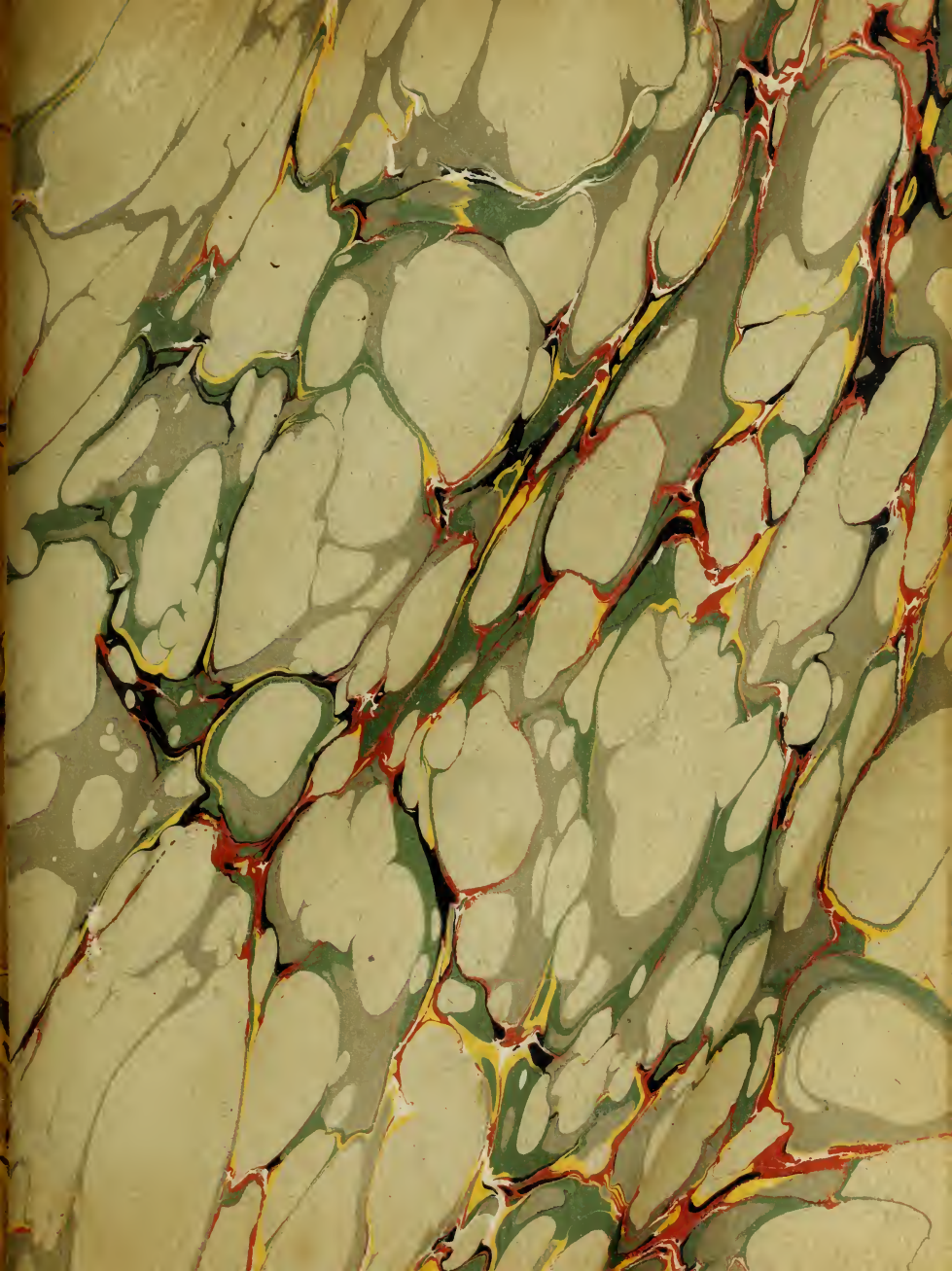
Accessions
153,449

Shelf No.
Q4073.11

Barton Library.

Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.
Received 1 May, 1873.
Not to be taken from the Library.



Boston Public Library.

William Alexander, Earl of Stirling. His family was originally a branch of the Macdonalds. —— Alexander Macdonald, their ancestor, obtained from the family of Argyle a grant of the lands of Menteith, in Clackmannanshire, where they fixed their residence, and took their surnames from the Christian name of their predecessor. Our author was born in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and during the minority of James VI. of Scotland, he gave early specimens of a rising genius, and much improved the fine parts he had from nature, by a very polite and extensive education. He first travelled abroad as tutor to the Earl of Argyle; and, after his return, being happy in so great a patron as the Earl, he was caressed by persons of the first fashion, while he yet moved in the sphere of a private gentleman. —— Mr. Alexander, having a strong propensity to poetry, declined entering upon any public employment for some years, and dedicated all his time to the study of the ancient poets, upon whom he formed his taste. Although King James had but few regal qualities, yet he certainly was an encourager of learned men. Accordingly, he

3186

soon took Mr. Alexander into favour, and accepted the poems our Author presented to him with the most condescending marks of esteem. In the year 1614, he created him a Knight, and gave him the place of Master of the Requests. Charles I. also bestowed on him great marks of the royal favour, and made him Secretary of State for the Scotch affairs, in place of the Earl of Haddington, and a peer, by the title of Viscount Sterling; soon after which he raised him to the dignity of an Earl, by letters patent, dated 14 June 1633, upon the solemnity of his Majesty's coronation, at the palace of Holyrood House, in Edinburgh. His Lordship enjoyed the place of Secretary, with the most unblemished reputation for the space of fifteen years, even to his death, which happened on the 12th of February 1640.

Biogr. Dram. under the head of Alexander.

Works.

For a list of Alexander's different works see Lowndes's Bibliographer's Manual, under the head of Sterling a few, however, are noticed here as the accounts given by different bibliographers are very unsatisfactory. The Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica, N°. 645, says "Julius Cæsar and the Alexandrean Tragedy first

appeared in this (the present) edition, but Crassus and Darius were printed in 1604, as well as in the enlarged volume of 1607." &c. and Malone makes the same assertion in reference to Julius Caesar. On the other hand, the Biogr. Dramat. gives the following editions Darius, 1603. Crassus, 1604. Julius Caesar, 1604. The Alexandraan Tragedy, 1605. Gettis is followed by Lowndes, who is still more explicit His list contains:

The Tragedie of Darius. Edinb. by Robert Waldegrave. 1603. 4to. Stevens, No. 1217, date 1602? 7s. 6d. Roxburghe, No. 5908, £2. 2s. ——— London, 1604.

Julius Caesar, 1604. 4to.

Boston Public Library

Crassus, 1604. 4to.

The Alexandraan Tragedy, 1605. 4to.

A Paraenesis to the Prince by William Alexander of Menstrie. Lond. 1604. 4to pp. 26. Reed, No. 7689, with the Monarchicke Tragedies, 1604, & Aurora, 1604 £2. 1s. Resold Bindley, pt. 3, No. 1860, £3. 5.

and I also find the copy in Reed's sale noticed in the same manner in a MS. note, by Lowndes, in my copy of the Biogr. Dram.

Boston Public Library

The present Edition.

The Monarchicke Tragedies, Croesus, Darius, The Alexandraean, Julius Casar. Newly enlarged by William Alexander, Gentlemane of the Princes priuie Chamber. Lond. 1607. 4to.

Rhodes, No. 459, 15s. Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica No. 645, general title, Croesus, The Alexandraean and Julius Casar 1607, Darius with a proper title and imprint "London, printed by G. Eld for Edward Blount, 1604", and Parænesis and Aurora, 1604. £11. 11s. Napier, Pt. 2, No. 1151 with the Parænesis and Aurora, £8. 8s.

The present copy, which is in every respect similar to the one described in the Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica, cost me £3.10s. It is unfortunately wormed in the inner margin, but is in other respects a good copy.

The third edition of the Monarchicke Tragedies, London, 1616, 16mo. is very rare, and varies very considerably from the former ones. Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica, No. 646, £21. Bindley, Pt. 1, No. 69, with a portrait with the motto 'aut spero aut sperno', morocco, £32. 11s. Inglis, No. 11, with the portrait, £14. 10s.

Alexander's tragedies of Darius and Julius Cæsar considered as Shakspearian.

Boston Public Library

Darius. In a note to a passage in the Tempest Act. IV. "And like the baseless fabrick of this vision" &c. Steevens observes — "The exact period at which this play was produced is unknown: it was not, however, published before 1623. In the year 1603, the Tragedy of Darius, by Lord Sterline, made its appearance, and there I find the following passage:

"Let greatnesse of her glasse sceptres vaunt;
"Not sceptres, no, but reeds, soone broken:
"And let this worldlie pompe our wits enchant,
"All fades, and scarcelie leaves behinde a token.
"Those golden Palaces, those gorgeous halles,
"With fournniture superfluouslie faire:
"Those statelie Courts, those sky-encountring Walles
"Evanish all like Vapours in the aire."

Act IV. Scene 2.

Lord Sterlines play must have been written before the death of Queen Elizabeth (which happened on the 24th of March, 1603,) as it is dedicated to James VI. King of Scots." Steevens.

See Boswells' Edit. Vol. XV. p. 145.

It is to these lines in Daniel, that Chalmers evidently alludes in his Apology: —
"The Monarchicke Tragedies of Lord Sterling, which must be allowed to have sentiments that sparkle, though no words that burn, were entitled to the honour of James's acceptance, and to the higher honour of Shakespeare's adoption."

Julius Cæsar. A question has been raised whether Shakspeare was or was not indebted to Alexander in the formation of his play of that name. On this point Malone observes: — "William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Sterline, wrote a tragedy on the story and with the title of Julius Cæsar. It may be presumed that Shakspeare's play was posterior to his; for Lord Sterline, when he composed his Julius Cæsar was a very young author, and would hardly have ventured into that circle, within which the most eminent dramatic writer of England had already walked. The death of Cæsar, which is not exhibited, but related to the audience, forms the catastrophe of his piece. In the two plays many parallel passages are found, which might, perhaps,

Boston Public Library

have proceeded only from the two authors drawing from the same source. However, there are some reasons for thinking the coincidence more than accidental.

Boston Public Library.

A passage in the Tempest "(the cloud-capt towers," &c.) seems to have been copied from one in Daniel, another play of Lord Stirling's, printed at Edinburgh, in 1603. His Julius Cæsar appeared in 1604, at a time when he was little acquainted with English writers; for both these pieces abound with Scotticisms, which in the subsequent folio edition, 1637, he corrected. But neither The Tempest nor the Julius Cæsar of Shakspeare was printed till 1623.

It should also be remembered that Shakspeare has several plays, founded on subjects which had been previously treated by others. Of this kind are King John, King Richard II. the two parts of King Henry IV. King Henry V. King Richard III. King Lear, Antony and Cleopatra, Measure for Measure, The Taming of the Shrew, The Merchant of Venice, and, I believe, Hamlet, Timon of Athens, and the Second and Third Part of King Henry VI. whereas no proof has hitherto

Boston Public Library.

been produced, that any contemporary writer was presumed to new model a story that had already employed the pen of Shakspeare. On all these grounds it appears more probable, that Shakspeare was indebted to Lord Sterline, than that Lord Sterline borrowed from Shakspeare. If this reasoning be just, Shakspeares Julius Casar could not have appeared before the year 1607. I believe it was produced in that year. See an attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays Vol. II." Malone.

"Preliminary Remarks" to Julius Casar,

Boston Public Library.

and in the Life of Shakspeare, Boswells' Edit. Vol. II. p. 446, Malone further observes: "Lord Sterlines' Julius Casar, though not printed till 1607, might have been written a year or two before; and perhaps its publication in that year was in consequence of our author's play (Shakspeare's) on the same subject being then first exhibited." &c. It is clear that Malone knew nothing of the Edit. of Sterlings' Julius Casar, 1604. and from the fact of Boswell having added no note, though it would have strengthened Malones' supposition, we may doubt the existence of that Edit. notwithstanding the testimony of Lowndes and the Biogr. Dram.

B.

THE MONARCHICKE TRAGEDIES;

Croesus,
Darius,
The Alexandræan,
Iulius Cæsar.

Newly enlarged

By *William Alexander*, Gentleman
of the Princes priuie
Chamber.
afterwards Earl of Stirling

Carmine dij superi placantur, carmine manes.

LONDON

Printed by VALENTINE SIMMES for
ED: BLOVNT.
1607.

153,449
May 1873

TO HIS SACRED Maieſtie.

Diſdaine not (mightie Prince) theſe humble lines,
Though too meane Muſicke for ſo Noble eares.
Thou glorious patterne of all good ingines,
Whoſe ſacred brow a two-fold Lawrell beares,
To whom Apollo his owne harpe reſignes,
And euerlaſting Trophees vertue reares:
Thou canſt affoord that which my ſoule affects,
Let thy perfections ſhaddow my defects.

Although my wit be weake, my vowes are ſtrong,
Which conſecrate deuoutly to thy name
My Muſes labours, that ere it be long
May caſt ſome feathers to enpenne thy Fame:
Wherewith embold'ned, in a ſweeter Song,
And in more ſtately Lines I may proclaime
Thy prayſes, and ineſtimable worth,
Through all great Britanes *coaſtes from South to North.*

No doubt our warlike Calidonian coaſt
(Still kept vnconque'rd by the heau'ns decree)
Expelld the Pictes, *repelld the* Danes, *did hoaſt*
In ſpite of all the Romane *legions free,*
As that which was ordain'd (though long time croſt
In this Herculean *Birth) to bring forth thee.*
Whom many a famous Sceptred Parent brings
From an vndaunted Race to do great things.

Of this diuided Yle the nurslings braue
Earst could not from intestine warres desist,
Yet did in forraine feelds their names ingraue,
Whilst whom th'one spoild, still th'other would assist:
Those now made one, whilst such a head they haue,
What world of worlds were able to resist?
Thus hath thy worth (great Iames*) conioyn'd them now,*
Whom many a bloudie battell could not bow.

And so most iustlie thy renouned deedes
Do raise thy fame aboue the starrie round,
Which in the world a glad amazement breedes
To see thy vertues as thy merit cround,
Whilst thou (great Monarck) that in powre exceedes,
With a good conscience doth thy greatnes bound,
Where if thou likt to be more great then good,
Thou might soone build a Monarchie with blood.

For this faire world without the world, no doubt
Which Neptune stronglie guards with liquid bands,
As aptest so to rule the Realmes about,
She by her selfe as most maiestick stands,
Thence (the worlds mistresse) to giue iudgement out,
With full authoritie for other lands,
Which on the seas would gaze attending still,
By wind-wingd messengers their Soueraignes will.

Th'Antartick regions did all realmes surpasse,
And were the first that reach'd great armies forth,
Yet Soueraigntie that there first founded was,
Still by degrees hath drawne vnto the North
To this great Climate that it could not passe,
The fatall period bounding all true worth:
For it can not from hence a passage finde,
Within our circle-mouing floods confind.

As waters that a masse of earth restraines,
If they be swelling high begin to vent,
Do rage disdainefullie ouer all the plaines,
As scorning in strict limits to be pent:
Euen so this masse of earth that thus remaines,
Wall'd in with liquid waues, if too high bent
That it be forc'd t'oreflow the floods, ô then
T'will wrack the world with a deluge of men.

Then since (great Prince) the torrent of thy powre
May drowne whole nations in a scarlet flood,
On th'infidels thine indignation powre,
And bathe not Christian bounds with Christian blood:
The tirant Ottoman *(that would deuoure*
All the redeemed soules) may be withstood,
While as thy troupes (great Albions *Emperour) once*
Do comfort Christs afflicted flock that moanes.

Thy thund'ring troupes may take the stately rounds,
Of Constantines *great towne renoum'd in vaine,*
And barre the barb'rous Turks the baptiz'd bounds,
Reconquering Godfreys *conquests once againe.*
O well spent labours! ô illustrous wounds!
Whose triumph shall eternall glorie gaine,
And make the Lion to be feard far more,
Then euer was the Eagle of before.

But ô thrise happie thou that of thy throne,
Th'vnbounded powre for such an vse controules,
Which if some might command, to raigne alone
Of all their life they would be-blood the scroules,
And to content th'ambition but of one,
Would sacrifice a thousand thousand soules,
Which thou doost spare, though hauing sprite and might
To challenge all the world as thine owne right.

Then

Then vnto whom more iustly could I giue
The ruinde Monarchies of those great States,
That did the world of libertie depriue,
To reare tyrannick and cuil-conquerd Seates;
Then vnto thee, that may, and will not liue
Like those prowd Monarchs borne to stormie Fates:
But whilst, franke-spirited Prince, thou this wouldst flee,
Crownes come vnsought, and Scepters seeke to thee.

Vnto the Ocean of thy worth I send
Those runnels rising from a rash attempt,
Not that I to augment that depth pretend,
Which is from all necessitie exempt.
The gods small gifts of Zealous minds commend,
While Hecatombes are holden in contempt,
So Sir, I offer at your Vertues shrine,
This little incense, or this smoake of mine.

To the Author of the Monarchicke Tragedies.

VEll may the programme of thy Tragick ſtage
Inuite the curious pompe-expecting eies,
To gaze on preſent ſhewes of paſſed age,
Which iuſt deſert Monarchick dare baptize.
Crownes throwne from Thrones to tombes, detomb'd ariſe
To match thy Muſe with a Monarchick theame;
That whilſt her ſacred ſoaring cuts the skies,
A vulgar ſubiect may not wrong the fame:
And which giues moſt aduantage to thy fame;
The worthieſt Monarch that the Sunne can ſee,
Doth grace thy labours with his glorious Name,
And daignes Protector of thy birth to be:
Thus all Monarchick, Patron, ſubiect, ſtile,
Make thee, the Monarch-tragick of this Ile.

Robert Ayton.

The Argument.

AT that time when the ſtates of Greece *began to growe great, and Philoſophie to be thought pretious,* Solon *the firſt light of the Athenian common-wealth like a prouident Bee gathering honnie ouer many fields, learning knowledge ouer many countries, was ſent for by* Croeſus *King of* Lidia *as famous for his Wealth, as the other was for his Wiſedome. And not ſo much for any deſire the King had to profit by the experience of ſo profound a Philoſopher, as to haue the report of his (as he thought it) happines approoued by the teſtimonie of ſo renoumed a witneſſe. But* Solon *alwayes like himſelfe entring the regall Pallace, and ſeeing the ſame very glorioufly apparelled, but very incommodiouſlie furniſhed with Courtiers, more curious to haue their bodies deckt with a womaniſhlie affected forme of rayment, and ſome ſuperficiall complements of pretended curteſies, then to haue their minds enriched with the true treaſure of ineſtimable vertue, he had the ſame altogether in diſdaine. Therefore after ſome conference had with* Croeſus *concerning the felicitie of man, his opinion not ſeconding the Kings expectation, he was returned with contempt as one of no vnderſtanding. But yet comforted by* Aeſop *(Authour of the wittie fables) who for the time was reſident at Court, and in credit with the King.*

Immediately after the departure of Solon, Croeſus *hauing two Sonnes (whereof the eldeſt was dumbe, and the other a braue youth) dreamd that the yongeſt dyed by the wound of a dart, wherewith being marueilouſly troubled, he maried him to a Gentlewoman named* Cælia, *and for farther diſapointing the ſuſpected, though ineuitable deſtinie, he diſcharged the vſing of all ſuch weapons as he had dreamed of. Yet who could cut away the occaſion from the heauens of accompliſhing that which they had deſigned. The ſpiritfull youth being long reſtraind from the fields, was inuited by ſome countrie-men to the chace of a wild Boare, yet could very hardlie impetrate leaue of his louinglie ſuſpitious father.*

Now in the meane time there arriued at Sardis *a youth named* Adra-ſtus, *Sonne to the King of* Phrigia, *one no leſſe infortunate then valourous,*

he

he hauing loſt his miſtreſſe by a great diſaſter, and hauing kild his brother by a farre greater, came to Crœsus, *by whom he was courteouſly entertaind. and by the inſtancie of the King, and the inſtigation of others againſt his owne will, who feared the frowardnes of his infectious fortune, he got the cuſtodie of* Atis *(ſo was the Prince called) whom in time of the ſport thinking to kill the Boare, by a monſtrous miſhap he killed. After which diſaſtrous accident ſtanding aboue the dead corps after the inquirie of the truth being pardoned by* Crœsus, *he puniſhed himſelfe by a violent death. There after,* Crœsus *ſorrowing exceedingly this exceeding miſfortune, he was comforted by* Sandanis, *who laboured to diſſwade him from his vnneceſſary iourney againſt the* Perſians, *yet he repoſing on ſuperſtitious, and wrong interpreted reſponſes of deceauing oracles, went againſt.* Cyrus, *who hauing defeated his forces in the field, and taken himſelfe in the Citie, tyed him to a ſtake to be burned, where by the exclaiming diuers times on the name of* Solon, *mouing the Conquerour to compaſſion, he was ſet at libertie, and lamenting the death of his Sonne, and the loſſe of his Kingdome, makes the Cataſtrophe of this preſent Tragedie.*

The Scene in Sardis

Actors.

Cræsus King of *Lydia*.
Atis his sonne.
Celia wife to *Atis*.
Adrastus.
Sandanis a Counsellour.

Solon.
Æsope.
Cyrus king of *Persia*.
Harpagus Lieutenant to *Cyrus*.
Chorus of some Countrie-men.
Chorus of all the *Lidians*.

THE TRAGEDIE of Crœſus.

Act. I.

Solon.

LOe how the truſtleſſe world the worldlings toſſes,
And leades her louers headlong vnto death,
Thoſe that doe court her moſt haue manieſt croſſes,
And yet vaine man, this halfe-ſpent ſparke of breath,
This dying ſubſtance, and this liuing ſhadow,
The ſport of Fortune, and the ſpoyle of Time,
Who like the glory of a halfe-mow'd meadow
Doth flouriſh now, and ſtrait falles in his prime,
Still toyles t'attaine (ſuch is his fooliſh nature)
A conſtant good in this inconſtant ill:
Vnreaſonable reaſonable creature
That makes his reaſon ſubiect to his will.
Whilſt in the Stage of Contemplation plac'd
Of worldly humours I behold the ſtrife,
Though different ſprites haue diuers partes imbrac'd,
All act this tranſitorie Scene of Life:
Of curious mindes who can the fancies fetter,

The Soule vnsatisfide, a prey t'each snare,
Still loathing what it hath, doth dreame of better,
Which gotten, but begets a greater care.
And yet all labour for t'attaine the top
Of th'vnsure soueraigne blisse that they surmise,
Flowres of Felicitie, that few can crop,
Yea, scarce can be discerned by the wise.
Some place their happinesse (vnhappie beasts,
And I must say, more senceless then their treasures)
In gorgeous garments, and in dainty feasts,
To pamper breath-tos'd flesh with flying pleasures.
Some more austerely with a wrinckled brow
That triumph o're their Passions with respectes,
With neither fortune moou'd to brag or bow,
Would make the world enamour'd of their sectes.
Some rauish'd still with vertues purest springs,
Feede on th'*Idea* of that diuine brood,
And search the secrets of celestiall things
As most vndoubted heires of that high good.
Thus with conceited ease and certaine paine,
All seeke by seuerall wayes a perfect blisse:
Which, O what wonder, if they not obtaine,
Who cannot well discerne what thing it is!
What happinesse can be imagin'd here?
Though we our hopes with vaine surmises cherish,
Who hardly conquer first what wee hold deare,
Then feare to loose it still that once must perish.
Thinke (though of many thousands scarcely any
Can at this poynt of Happinesse arriue)
Yet if it chance, it chanceth not to many,
Onely to get for what a world did striue.
And though one swim in th'Ocean of delights,
Haue none aboue him, and his equals rare,
Eares ioying pleasant sounds; eyes stately sights;

His

His treaſures infinite; his buildings faire.
Yet doth the world on Fortunes wheele relye,
Which loue's t'aduance the wretched, wracke the great,
Whoſe courſe reſembles an inconſtant eye,
Euer in motion compaſſing deceat.
Then let the greedie of his ſubſtance boaſt,
Whilſt th'excrements of th'earth his ſenſes ſmother,
What hath he gayn'd, but what another loſt?
And why may not his loſſe enrich another?
But ah! all looſe, who ſeeke to profite thus,
And found their confidence on things that fade,
We may be rob'd from them, they rob'd from vs,
Al's grieu'd for th'one, as for the other glad.
Vaine foole, that thinkes ſoliditie to finde
In this fraile world, where for a while we range,
Which like ſea-waues, depending on the winde,
Ebbes, flows, calms, ſtorms, ſtill moouing, ſtill in change.
Each ſurge, we ſee, doth driue the firſt away,
The fome is whiteſt, where the Rocke is neare,
And as one growes, another doth decay,
The greateſt dangers oft do leaſt appeare.
Their ſeeming bliſſe that truſts in frothie ſhowes,
In Fortunes danger, burthen'd with the Fates,
Firſt to a full, then to confuſion growes,
A ſecret Deſtinie doth guide great States.
But I ſcorne Fortune, and was euer free
From that dead wealth that wauers in her power,
I beare my treaſure ſtill about with mee,
Which neither Time nor Tyrants can deuour.
Light authour of euents, and vaine aduenters,
Now do thy worſt, I know how to vndoe thee,
The way is ſtop't by which thy poiſon enters,
Thou can harme none but them that truſt vnto thee.
And I haue learn'd to moderate my minde,

Contentment is the crowne of my desires:
My clothes are course, my fare such as I finde,
He hath enough that to no more aspires.
What satisfaction doth ouer-flow my soule,
While as I weigh the world which few hold fast,
And in my memories vnblotted scroule,
Iudge of the present by the time that's past?
The poore-rich heire of breath that boastes of smoake,
And come of dust, yet of the drosse still thinkes,
Whilst baser passions doe his vertues choake,
The soule ouer-ballanc'd with the body sinkes.
Yet needе I not to loathe the world and liue,
As one whom stepdame she would never nourish,
I had a part of all that she could giue,
My race, my house, by fame and wealth did flourish.
And if that I would vaunt of mine owne deedes,
Faire Cittie, where mine eies first suckt the light,
I challenge might what most thy glory breedes
Whose labours both enlarg'd thy fame and might.
When *Salamina* vtterly was lost,
And by the rascall multitude neglected,
A counterfeited foole, I went and crost
All their desseignes, whose courses were suspected.
And when I had by pollicie perswaded
My country to embrace the warres againe,
I both by stratagems and strength inuaded
That famous Ile which vanquisht did remaine.
Then hauing compass'd that exployt with speede,
And turn'd in triumph deckt with strangers spoyles,
No perfect blisse belowe worse did succeede,
The peace that was abroade bred ciuill broyles.
What with more violence doth fury leade,
Then a rash multitude that wants a head?
The meaner sort could not their minds conforme,

T'abide

T'abide at what their betters did commaund:
Then the weale-publike in a dangerous ſtorme,
All ioyn'd to place the ruther in my hand.
I re-vnited that diuided ſtate,
And manag'd matters with a good ſucceſſe,
Which farther kindled had beene quench'd too late,
That *Hidra*-headed tumult to ſuppreſſe.
When I had both theſe glorious workes effected,
And troad the path of ſou'raignty a ſpace,
The minion of the people moſt reſpected,
None could be great ſaue ſuch as I would grace.
Thus carried with the force of Fortunes ſtreame,
I abſolutely acted what I would,
For the *Democratie* was but a name,
My hand the raines did of the Citty hold.
I might a Tyrant ſtill haue gouern'd ſo
But my pure ſoule could no ſuch thought conceiue,
And that ouerſight yet made me neuer woe,
If I may rule my ſelfe it's all I craue.
Yet ſome that ſeem'd to be more ſubtile-witted,
Saide my baſe ſprite could not aſpire t'a crowne,
And fooliſh *Solon* had a fault committed,
Who would not doe the like in euery towne.
My minde in this a more contentment findes,
Then if a Diademe adorn'd my brow,
I chain'd th'affections of vndaunted mindes,
And made them ciuil that were wilde till now.
I hardly could rich Citizens entiſe,
T'embrace the ſtatutes that my Lawes contain'd,
What one approou'd another did deſpiſe,
Some lou'd, ſome loath'd, eu'n as they thought they gain'd.
At laſt at leaſt in ſhew, all reſt content,
Eu'n thoſe that hate me moſt lend their applauſe,
A worthy minde needes neuer to repent

T haue suffered crosses for an honestcause.
I trauell now with a contented thought,
The memorie of this my fancie feedes,
When all their Empires shall be turn'd to nought,
Time cannot make a prey of Vertues deedes.
Where seuen-mouth'd *Nil* from a concealed source
Inunding or'e the fieldes, no banckes can binde,
I saw their wonders, heard their wise discourse,
Rare sights enrich'd mine eyes, rare lights my minde.
And if it were but this, yet this delites,
Behold, how *Cræsus* here the *Lidian* King,
To be his guest vs earnestly inuites,
The which to some would great contentment bring.
But I disdaine that world-bewitched man,
Who makes his gold his God, the earth his heauen,
Yet I will try by all the meanes I can
To make his iudgement with his fortune eauen.

CHORVS.

What can confine mans wandring thought,
Or satisfie his fancies all?
Is ought so great, but it seemes small
To that tos'd spirit, which still afflought
Doth dreame of things were neuer wrought,
And would gripe more then it can hold:
This sea-inuiron'd centerd ball
Is not a bound vnto that minde,
That minde, which big with monsters,
The right deliuerie neuer consters,
And seeking here a solide ease to finde,
Would but melt mountaines and imbrace the winde.

What

What wonder, though the soule of man,
A sparke of heau'n, that shines below,
Doth labour by all meanes it can,
It selfe like to it selfe to show,
This heau'nly essence, heauen would know,
But married with this masse we see,
With payne they spend liues little span,
The better part would be aboue,
The earth from th'earth cannot remoue,
How can two contrair's well agree?
Thus as the best or worst part doth preuaile,
Man is of much, or els of no auaile.

O from what source can this proceede,
T'haue humours of so many kindes,
Each brayne doth diuers fancies breede,
Al's many men, al's many mindes,
And in the world, a man scarce findes
Another of his humour right,
There are not two so like indeede,
If we remarke their seuerall graces
And lineaments of both their faces,
That can abide the proofe of sight:
If the outward formes then differ as they do,
Of force th'affections must be different to.

Ah! Passions spoile our better part,
The Soule is vext with their dissentions,
We make a God of our owne hart,
And worship all our vayne inuentions.
This brain-bred mixte of apprehensions,
The mind doth with confusion fill,
Whilst reason in exile doth smart,
And few are free from this infection,

For

For all are ſlaues to ſome affection,
Which doth extorſe the ſenſes ſtill.
Theſe partiall tirants rage the ſight ouerſylcs,
And doth ecclipſe the cleercſt iudgement whyles.

A thouſand times ô happie he,
Who doth his paſsions ſo ſubdew,
That he may with cleere reaſons eye,
Their imperfections fountaines view,
And as it were himſelfe renew.
If that one might preſcribe them lawes,
And ſet his ſoule from bondage free,
From reaſon neuer for to ſwerue,
And make his paſsions him to ſerue,
And be but moou'd as he had cauſe:
O greater were that monarch of the minde,
Then if he might commaund from Thule *to* Inde.

Act. II. Scen. I.

CROESVS. ÆSOPE. SOLON.

Cræ. WHo euer was ſo fauour'd by the Fates,
As could like vs of full contentment boaſt,
Lou'd of mine owne, and feard of forraine ſtates,
I know not what it is for to be croſt.
No thwarting chance my good hap doth importune,
In all attempts my ſucceſſe hath been ſuch,
The darling of heauen, the minion of fortune,
I wot not what to wiſh I haue ſo much.
Mine eyes did neuer yet diſmay my hart
With no delightleſſe obiect that they ſaw,
My name applauded is in euery part

My

My word an Oracle, my will a Law.
My breaſt cannot contayne this flood of ioyes
That with a mighty ſtreame o'reflowes my mind,
Which neuer dream'd of ſorrow or annoyes,
But did in all a ſatisfaction find.
My Soule then be content and take thy pleaſure,
And be not vex't with feare of any ill,
My bliſſe abounds, I cannot count my treaſure,
And gold that conquers all, doth what I will.
Æſop. That Græcian (Sir) is at the Court arriu'd,
Whoſe wiſdom, Fame ſo prodigally prayſe's.
Cræſ. And haue you not t'extend my greatnes ſtriu'd,
And entertain'd his eares with courteous phraſes.
Æſop. I thinke in all the parts where he hath been,
In forraine Countries or his natiue home,
He neuer hath ſuch ſtately wonders ſeen,
As ſince vnto this princely Court he come.
When firſt he in the regall Pallace entred,
As one, who borne amongſt the craggie Mountaines,
That neuer for to view the plaines aduentred,
Acquainted but with dew and little Fountaines:
If he be forc'd for to frequent the Vailes,
And there the wanton water-Nimphs to ſee,
The rarenes of the ſight ſo far preuailes,
Each ſtrip appear's a flood, each flood a Sea.
So all that he re'ncountred by the way,
Did to his mind a great amazement bring,
The gold-embroidred Gallants made him ſtay,
Each groome appear'd a Prince, each ſquire a King.
And now he com's t'attaine your Graces ſight,
Whom in his mind, no doubt he doth adore,
He gazd on thoſe, who held of you their light,
Of force he muſt admire your ſelfe far more.
Now he will ſet your happy Empire forth,

And be eye-witnes of your glorious Raigne,
One wise mans testimony is more worth
Then what a world of others would maintaine.

Sol. Disdaine not (mighty Prince) the louing zeale,
Which a meane man, yet a good mind affords,
And who perchance as much affects your weale,
As those that paint their loue with fairer words.

Cræs. Thy loue (sage Greeke) is gratefull vnto vs,
Whom Fame long since enamour'd of thy deedes,
We of thy vertues haue heard her discusse,
Who in extolling of the same exceedes.
I wish that many such should here resort,
Whose vnstain'd life would teach vs what were best;
Whose graue aspect would grace so great a Court,
And like cleare Lamps giue light vnto the rest.

Sol. My Sou'raigne, spare, I merite no such praise,
I am but one that doth the world despise,
And would my thoughts to some perfection raise,
A Wisedom-louer that would faine be wise.
Yet with great toyle all that I can attaine
By long experience, and in learned schooles,
Is for to know my knowledge is but vaine,
And those that think them wise, are greatest fooles.

Cræs. This is the nature of a worthie minde,
It rather would be good then be so thought,
As if it had no ayme but Fame to finde,
Such as the shadow not the substance sought.
Yet that pursues thee too which thou so flies't,
Still troupes applaude thy worth though thou not spie them,
Whilst thou wouldst presse it downe, it mounts vp hies't;
For Fame and Honor follow those that flie them.
And now I thinke in all the world none liue's,
That better may vnfold what I would learne,
Then thou to whom franke Nature largely giues

The grace to ſee, the iudgement to diſcerne.
Sol. Il'e anſwer freely to what you propoſe,
If my ſmall skill can comprehend the ſence.
Cræſ. Loe, you haue ſeene in what I moſt repoſe
My treaſures huge, my great magnificence.
Sol. This is the dreame of bliſſe that Fortune brings,
On which the wiſeſt neuer haue preſum'd
I ſaw nought but a heape of ſenceleſſe things,
A momentarie treaſure ſoone conſum'd.
This only ſerues the body to decore,
And for corruption fram'd cannot perſeuer:
The minde immortall layes vp better ſtore
Of vnconſuming ioyes that laſt for euer.
Cræſ. I wot not what you meane by ſuch ſurmiſes,
And faind *Ideaes* of imagin'd bliſſe,
This portrait of Fancie but intices
Sicke braines to dreame that which indeede they miſſe.
But I brooke more than their conceits can ſhow,
Whoſe rich coniectures breede but poore effects:
And I beſeeke you, did you euer know
A man more bleſt then I in all reſpects?
Sol. Yes, I knew *Tellus* an *Athenian* borne,
Whom I holde happy in the firſt degree:
Who eu'n the harueſt of Happineſſe hath ſhorne,
He liu'd with fame, and did with honour die.
For hauing long time liu'd, lou'd and reſpected,
His country in a conflict had the worſt:
He come, and there falne courage re-erected,
And hauing wonne the field did die vnforſt.
More happy now nor when he was aliue;
He dead, doth reape the guerdon of his merite,
And in his children doth againe reuiue,
Who all their fathers worthy partes inherite.
Cræſ. Well, ſince that to a priuate Cittizen

You do aſcribe the firſt moſt bleſt eſtate.
Now in the ſecond ranke of happy men
Whom would you number in your owne conceate?
Sol. *ô Cleobis* and *Biton*! now I may
No doubt prefer you next, without reproach,
Their mother chanc'd on a feſtiuall day
To want two horſes, for to draw her coach.
Them to ſupply the place, Loue kindly raiſed,
Who drew her to that place of publike mirth,
And both of them exceedingly were praiſed,
They for their pietie, ſhe for her birth.
This charitable office being ended,
Both in the Church were found dead the next morrow,
I thinke the gods who this good worke commended,
Were loth to let them taſte of farther ſorrow.
For why? our liues are fraile, do what we can,
And like the brittle glaſſe, are but a glance,
And oft the heauens t'abate the height of man,
Do enterſour our ſweets with ſome ſad chance.
Cræſ. Then from this Cathagorie am I ſecluded,
And is my ſtate ſo vile vnto thine eies,
That as one of all happines denuded,
Thou thus do'ſt my felicitie deſpiſe?
Or think'ſt thou me of iudgement too remiſſe,
A miſer that in miſerie remaines,
The baſtard child of Fortune, barr'd from bliſſe,
Whom heauens do hate, and all the world diſdaines?
Are baſe companions then to be compar'd
With one that may conſume ſuch in his wrath?
Who, as I pleaſe, do puniſh and reward,
Whoſe words, nay, euen whoſe lookes yeeld life or death.
Sol. Sir, be not thus commoo'ud without all reaſon,
Nor miſconceiue my meaning as you do,
Thoſe that ſpeake freely, haue no mind of treaſon,

I cannot be your friend and flatter to.
Vnto vs Græcians (Sir) the gods haue granted
A moderate meaſure of a humble wit,
And in our Countrie there haue neuer wanted
Some whom the world for wiſe men did admit.
And yet amongſt vs all, the greateſt number
Haue here diſpair'd of any perfect reſt,
Though ſome a while in Fortunes boſome ſlumber,
And to world-blinded eyes ſeeme to be bleſt.
Yet ouer all mortall ſtates, change ſo preuailes,
We alterations daily do attend,
And hold this for a ground that neuer failes,
None ſhould triumph in bliſſe before the end.
I may compare our ſtate to table-playes,
Where by dumbe iudges matters are decided,
Their many doubts, the earneſt mind diſmayes,
The dice muſt firſt caſt well, then be well guided.
So all our dayes in doubt what thing may chance vs,
Time runnes away, the breath of man doth chace it,
And when th'occaſion come's for to aduance vs,
Amongſt a thouſand one can ſcarce embrace it.
When two by generous indignation mooued,
Would trie by ſword, whoſe glorie fame will ſmother,
Whilſt valour blindly by th'euent is prooued,
And th'ones ouerthrow can onely grace the other.
O what a foole his iudgement will commit
To crowne the one with vndeſeru'd applauſes,
Where fortune is for to giue ſentence yet,
Whilé bloody agents pleade ſuch doubtfull cauſes.
This world, it is the field, where each man ventures,
And arm'd with reaſon, reſolutely goes,
To fight againſt a thouſand miſaduentures,
Both with externall and internall foes.
And how can he the victors title gaine,

That yet is buſied with a doubtfull fight,
Or he be happie that doth ſtill remaine
In Fortunes danger for a ſmall delight.
Th'abortiue courſe of man away faſt weares,
Courſe that conſiſts of houres, houres of a day,
Day that giue's place to night, night full of feares,
Thus all things alter, ſtill all things decay.
Who flouriſh now in peace, may fall in ſtrife,
And haue their fame with infamie ſuppreſt;
The euening ſhew's the day, the death the life;
And many are fortunate, but few are bleſt.
Cræſ. I ſee this Grecian of a ſimple ſpirite,
The which is capable of no great things,
Men but aduance him far aboue his merite,
He can not comprehend the States of Kings.
Fame did ſo largely of his worth report,
It made me long to haue him in my houſe,
But all my expectations are come ſhort,
I thinke a Mountaine hath brought forth a mouſe.
Exit Cræſus.

Act. II. Scen. II.

SOLON. ÆSOPE.

Sol. THis king hath put his truſt in truſtleſſe treaſures,
Cloi'd with th'abundance of all worldy bliſſe,
And like a hooded hawk gorg'd with vaine plea-
At randon flies, and wots not where he is. (ſures
O how this makes me wonderfully ſorie,
To ſee him keepe this lifeleſſe wealth ſo ſtraitly,
Whilſt witleſſe worldlings wonder at his glorie,
Which I not enuie, no, but pittie greatly!
Thus wormes of th'earth, whoſe worſt part doth preuaile,
Loue melting things, whoſe ſhew the body fits,
Where Soules of cleerer ſight do neuer faile

To

To thesaurize the gifts of gallant wits.
Those worldly things do in this world decay,
Or at the least we leaue them with our breath,
Whereas the other makes vs liue for ay,
So differ they as farre as life and death.
Æsop. And yet what wonder though that he be thus,
Whose knowledge clouded is with prosp'rous windes,
Though this indeed seeme somewhat strange to vs,
Who haue with learning purifide our mindes.
Was he not borne heire of a mighty State?
And vsde with Fortunes smiles, not fear'd for frownes,
Doth measure all things by his owne conceate,
Th'infirmitie that fatall is to Crownes:
He hath been from his infancy addicted
To all the pompous shewes wealth could deuise,
And still entreated, neuer contradicted,
Now doth all libertie of speech despise.
Though I durst not so to his sight appeare,
Whose corrupt iudgement was from reason sweruing,
I grieu'd to see your entertainement here
So far inferior to your owne deseruing.
That diuine Wisdom which the world admires,
And rauish'd with delight amazed heares,
Because it answer'd not his vaine desires,
Did seeme vnsauorie to distemper'd eares:
Eares that are euer stopt to all discourses
Saue such as enter fraughted with his praises,
He can loue none but them that loue his courses,
And thinks all fooles that vse not flattring phrases.
This wracks the great, and makes the heauens despight
Let vertue spread forth all her heauenly powers, (them;
If not in their owne liuery to delight them,
They will not daigne her audience a few howers.
Sol. I care not *Æsop* how the King conceated

Of

Of my franke speeches, which I euer vse,
I came not here, till I was first entreated,
Nor being come, will I my name abuse:
Should I his poysonous Sycophants resemble,
A hatefull thing to honest men that know it,
I would not for his Diadem dessemble,
What the hart thinks, the tongue was made to show it.
And what if his vaine humor to haue cherish'd,
I had my speeches for the purpose painted,
I had but gotten gifts that would haue perish'd,
But nothing could haue cleer'd my fame once tainted.
If I had show'n my selfe toward him officious,
It would in end haue but procur'd my shame:
To haue our vertue prais'd by one that's vicious,
This in effect is but a secret blame.
He thinks him simple, who his anger raises,
But better simply good, then doubly ill;
I neuer value my worth by others praises,
Nor by opinions do direct my will.
And it content's me more to be applauded
By one of iudgement (though of meane degree)
Then by a Prince of princely parts defrauded,
Who hath more wealth, but not more wit then hee.
Æsop. Who come to Court, must with Kings faults comport.
Sol. Who come to Court, should trueth to Kings report.
Æsop. A wise man at their imperfections winks.
Sol. An honest man will tell them what he thinks.
Æsop. So should you loose your selfe, and them not win.
Sol. But I would beare no burden of their sin.
Æsop. By this you should their indignation finde.
Sol. Yet haue the warrant of a worthy minde.
Æsop. It would be long, ere you were thus prefer'd.
Sol. Then it should be the King not I that er'd.
Æsop. They guerdon as they loue, they loue by guesse.

Sol.

Æſop. They guerdon as they loue, they loue by gueſſe.
Sol. Yet when I merite well, I care the leſſe.
Æſop. It's good to be ſtill by the Prince approued.
Sol. It's better to be vpright, though not loued.
Æſop. But by this meane, all hope of Honor failes.
Sol. Yet honeſtie in end euer preuailes.
Æſop. I thinke they ſhould excell as oft they do
All men in wit, that vnto men giue lawes:
Kings are the Center of the Kingdome, to
The which each weightie thing by nature drawes:
For as the mightie Riuers, little ſtreames,
And all the liquid powers that riſe or fall,
Do ſeeke in ſundry parts by ſeuerall ſeames
To the maine Ocean that receiue's them all.
Who as he were but ſteward of thoſe waters
Returne's them backe by many ſecret vaines,
And as the earth hath need of moiſture, ſcatters
His humid treaſures to refreſh the plaines.
So are Kings breaſts the depth where daily flowes
Cleere ſtreames of knowledge with rare treaſures charg'd,
And thus continually their wiſdom growes
By many helps that others want enlarg'd.
For thoſe that haue intelligence ouer all,
Do commonly communicate to Kings
All th'accidents of weight that chance to fall,
Their greatnes to them this aduantage brings.
They being iealous find out many drifts,
And by a long experience learne to ſcance them,
Then thoſe whom Arte or Nature lend's great gifts,
All come to Kings as who may beſt aduance them.
No doubt, thoſe Powres who put them in their places
To make their qualities with their charge euen,
Do dote them with ſome ſupernaturall graces,
Vice-gods on th'earth, great Lieutenants of heauen.

Sol. As you haue ſhowne, Kings haue a good occaſion
Whereby t'attaine vnto the height of wit.
Which whoſo do imbrace by good perſwaſion,
Are ſurely worthy on a Throne to ſit.
But ah! thoſe Riuers are not euer pure
The which through tainted channels whiles conuaid,
Vile flatt'ries poyſon rendred hath impure.
Thus are Kings hearts oft by their eares betraid.
For impudent effronted perſons dare
Court with vaine words and deteſtable lies,
Whilſt purer ſprited men muſt ſtand afarre,
The light is lothſome to diſeaſed eies.
But this doth rauiſh oft my ſoule with wonder,
Some that are wiſe, with flatt'ry can comport,
And though of all men beſt mens parts they ponder,
Yet euer entertaine the baddeſt ſort.
Is't that ſuch men as thoſe cannot controlle them,
Nor neuer croſſe their appetite in ought,
But for each purpoſe that they ſpeake extolle them,
Where better wits would argue as they thought,
Or as they would haue none for to reſiſt them,
So for th'aduancement of the worthieſt ſorie,
They will haue none that may ſeeme to aſſiſt them,
Leſt any challenge intreſt in their glorie.
This ſelfe-conceate is a moſt dangerous ſhelfe,
Where many haue made ſhipwracke vnawares:
He that doth truſt too much vnto himſelfe,
Can neuer faile to fall in many ſnares.
Of all that liue, great Monarchs haue moſt need
To ballance all their actions, and their wordes,
And with aduiſe in all things to proceed:
A faithfull Counſell oft great good affoordes.
Loe, how th'inferior Sphears their courſes bend
There, whither the firſt Moouer doth them driue:

The Commons cuſtoms on the Prince depend,
His manners are the rules by which they liue.
No man is onely for himſelfe brought forth,
And Kings for th'uſe of many are ordaind,
They ſhould like Sunnes, cleere Kingdoms with their worth,
Whoſe life a paterne muſt be kept vnſtaind.
Thoſe that are vertuous haue an ample field
T'expreſſe their wiſdom and t'extend their merite,
Where meane men muſt to their misfortune yield,
Whilſt lacke of power doth burſt a gallant ſpirite.
As precious Stones are th'ornaments of rings,
The Stone decores the ring, the ring the hand:
So Countries are conforme vnto their Kings,
The King decores the Court, the Court the Land.
And as a drop of poyſon ſpent alone,
Th'infected fountaine doth with venome fill,
So mighty States may be orethrowne by one;
A vicious Prince is a contagious ill.
Æſop. This is an eaſie thing, for vs to ſpie
And paint in th'ayre the ſhadowes of our mindes,
And t'apprehend with th'intellectuall eie;
A bleſſing that nō worldly Kingdom findes.
Sol. I grant imaginarie groundes of ours
Will neuer mooue a world-bewitched Prince,
To diſenchaunt himſelfe, and ſpend ſome howrs
His owne diſſeignes of follie to conuince.
Ere *Cræſus* can refraine from this his furie,
He muſt forſake himſelfe, and be renew'd,
And in the *Lethe* of obliuion burie
The vanities that haue his ſoule ſubdewd.
He firſt muſt his prerogatiues al ſmother,
And be a man, a man to be controld,
Then all his faults as they were in another
Like an vnpartiall Arbiter behold.

Could he caſt off this vaile of fond ſelfe-loue,
Through which all things not as they are he ſpies,
He would thoſe wicked Paraſites remoue,
Vile inſtruments of ſhame that liue by lies.
And th'onely meanes to force them to depart,
That he might iudge more freely of his ſtate,
Were to caſt out the Idole of his hart
Which puffs him vp with a pride-ſwolne conceate.
For forraine flatterers could not find acceſſe,
Wer't not ouer-valuing his owne worth too much,
He flattred firſt himſelfe and thinks no leſſe
But all their praiſes ought for to be ſuch.
And when theſe hireling Sycophants haue found
A Prince whoſe iudgement ſelfe-conceat diſarmes,
They breach his weakeſt part, and bring to ground
The greatneſſe of his State with flatteries charmes.
Then bearing ouer his Paſſions once the ſway,
Leaſt by the better ſort he be aduiſd,
To wholeſome counſell they cloſe vp the way,
And vſe all meanes t'haue honeſt men deſpiſd.
Æſop. If you at Court to credit would ariſe,
You muſt not ſeeke by trueth t'acquire renowne,
But learne t'applaud whiles what you moſt deſpiſe,
And ſmile in ſhow, whilſt in effect you frowne.
Sol. From Court in time I will my ſelfe retire,
I find my humour is not fit for Court.
I am none of thoſe whom *Cræſus* doth deſire,
I can not alway of his worth report.
O that he cannot ſee light Fortune flout him
While as he glories in this outward ſhow,
Hedg'd in with greedy Harpies round about him,
That gape t'enrich themſelues with his ouerthrow.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

Chorus.

OF all the creatures below
We muſt call Man moſt miſerable,
Who all his time is neuer able
T'attaine vnto a true repoſe,
His very birth may well diſcloſe
What miſeries his bliſſe ouerthrow,
For being borne he can not know
Who to his ſtate is friend or fo.
Nor how at firſt for to ſtand ſtable,
But euen with cryes and teares doth ſhow
What dangers do his life encloſe,
Whoſe griefes are ſure, whoſe ioyes a fable,
Thus ſtill his dayes in dolour ſo
He to all perils muſt expoſe,
And with vexation liues, and dies with wo,
Not knowing whence he come nor where to go.

While as he brookes this loweſt place,
O how vncertaine is his ſtate,
Which gouernd by a ſecret fate
Is ſubiect to inconſtancie,
And euer changing as we ſee
Is ſtill in toile, neuer in peace.
For if man proſper but a ſpace,
With each good ſucceſſe too too bold,
And puft vp in his owne conceit,
He but abuſes Fortunes grace:
And when that with aduerſitie
His pleaſures come to end their date,
And with diſaſters are controld,
Straight he begins for griefe to die:
And ſtill the top of ſome extreme doth hold,

Not suffring summers heate, nor winters cold.

His state doth in most danger stand
That most abounds in worldlie things,
And soares too hie with Fortunes wings,
Which carrie vp aspiring mindes
For to be beaten with all windes,
The course of such being rightlie scand,
Whilst men can not themselues command
Transported with a pow'rles name,
Oft vnexpected ruine brings.
W'haue seene examples in this land,
How worldlie blisse the senses blindes,
And on a reed vnsurely hings,
He that presumes vpon the same
Hid poyson in his pleasure findes,
And sailing rashlie with the windes of fame,
Doth oft times sinke into a sea of shame.

It's to be fear'd our King at last
Whilst he for nothing is affraid,
Be by prosperitie betraid,
For growing thus in greatnes still,
And hauing worldlie things at will,
He thinks though Time should all things wast,
Yet his estate shall euer last,
The wonder of th'inferiour round,
And in his owne conceit hath said,
No course of heau'n his state can cast,
Nor make his successe to be ill;
If Fortune once those thoughts t'obbraid
Will haue our King to be vn-cround,
She may that mind with horrour fill,
And in an instant vtterly confound

The ſtate, that ſtands vpon ſo ſlipprie ground,
When ſuch a Monarchs mind is bent
To follow moſt the moſt vnwiſe,
Who can their follie diſaguiſe
With ſugred ſpeaches poyſonous baites,
The ſecret canker of great ſtates,
From which at firſt few diſaſſent,
The which at laſt all do repent,
While as repenting luſt muſt go,
When Kings begin for to deſpiſe
Of honeſt men the good intent,
Who to aſſure their Soueraignes ſeates,
Would faine in time ſome help deuiſe,
And would cut off all cauſe of wo,
Yet can not ſecond their conceats,
Theſe dreadfull Comets commonly forgo
The Kings deſtruction that's miſcaried ſo.

Act. III. Scen. I.

CROESVS. ADRASTVS.

Cræſ. WHat vncoth fancies do affright my ſoule,
And haue captiu'd it to a thouſand feares?
Strange cares ſuggeſting griefe my ioyes controule,
My mind ſome comming euill charactred beares,
And credulous ſuſpition too too wiſe,
To fortifie my feares doth meanes inuent,
Whilſt ſuddaine terrors do my ſprite ſurpriſe,
An ominous preſage of ſome bad euent.
I thinke the ſoule come of immortall brood
As being partner of a diuine powre

Hath

Hath a fore-knowledge both of euill and good,
Although she can not flie a fatall houre.
Though with this mortall vaile being made halfe blinde,
She can not soare outright with her owne wings,
Yet she communicates vnto the mind
In cloudie dreames and misteries strange things.
Th'imagination wonderfull in force
Of foiles the iudgement with confusion so,
That presupposing all things to be worse
Then they fall foorth, we double our owne wo.
For as the shadow seemes more monstrous still
Then doth the substance whence it hath the being,
So th'apprehension of approaching ill
Seemes greater then it selfe, whilst feares are lying.
This alteration too seemes more then strange,
Which at an instant hath ore-whelm'd my sences,
I see (more then I thought) all states may change,
Against the heauen th'earth can find no defences.
My soule her wonted pleasure else is loathing,
This hath indeede so deepe impression left,
A dreame, a fantasie, a shadow, nothing
Hath all my mirth euen in a moment reft.
Adraſ. Whence (mightie Soueraigne) can this change proceede,
That doth obscure the rayes of princely grace,
Those that are schoold in wo may cleerely reede,
A mightie passion written in your face.
And if a stranger may presume so farre,
I would the copie of your passions borrow,
I else coniecture in what state you are,
Taught by a secret sympathie in sorrow.
Two strings in diuers Lutes set in accord,
(Although th'one be but toucht) together sound,
Euen so soules tun'd to griefe the like afford,
And other with a mutuall motion wound.

Cræs. No doubt but it disburdens much the mind,
A Secretarie in distresse to haue,
Who by his owne anothers griefe can finde,
Where glad minds scorne what they can not conceaue.
And I (*Adrastus*) would the cause declare
With which I so torment my selfe in vaine,
O but I blush t'vnfold my foolish care,
It's but th'illusion of a drowsie braine.
Adra. According to the bodies constitution,
The soule by night with fancies is afflicted,
Or by these thoughts continuall reuolution,
To which by day the mind is most addicted.
Cræs. Now whilst the Sunne did peepe through *Thetis* (bower,
And on the beauties of *Aurora* gaz'd,
Out of my body spoild of mouing power,
All faculties of life dull sleepe had raz'd,
While as the sprite more powerfull then euer
Since least impeached with this earthlie part
The veritie from lies could best disseuer
Hid mysteries vnclouding to the hart.
I only haue two sonnes, and th'one you see
The signe of Natures indignation beares,
And from his birth day domme is dead to me,
Since he can powre no pleasure in my eares.
The other *Atis* all my life's delight,
In whom the treasures of my soule are kept,
I thought (vaine be my thought) in the twie-light
I wot not whether yet I walkt or slept.
Whilst he was sporting voyd of worldlie cares,
Not in a lists belonging to his merites,
A pointed toole of iron fell vnawares,
And pearc'd his temples, and expeld his spirites.
Whilst the pale carcase seem'd t'vpbraid mine eyes,
The horrour of the sight my sense recald,

Which when I thinke of, yet my comfort dyes,
Such an exceeding feare my ſprit appald.
This hath me mou'd, it touch'd my ſtate ſo neerelie,
To match my ſonne in mariage at this time
With beauteous *Cælia* whom he lou'd moſt deerelie,
That both might reape the pleaſure of their prime.
And if the heauens his o'rethrow haue decreed
By deſtinie that can not be reuoked,
So ſhall we haue behind ſome of his ſeed,
Ere in his bloſſome all our hopes be choaked.
Thus ere his ſoule lodge in the lightleſſe ſhade,
T'haue of his race twill mitigate my mind,
I can not hold him altogether dead,
That leaues his Image in ſome one behind.
And for the time we do all that ſeemes beſt
For to preuent thoſe but ſurmiz'd annoyes,
Yet for all this my mind hath neuer reſt,
Some ſecret terror ſtill diſturbs my ioyes.
Adraſ. Ah Sir! if but th'imagind euill of this
Hath plung'd your ſoule in ſuch a gulfe of griefe,
Vnhappie I who waile a thing that is,
And haue not meanes to hope for no reliefe.
If all theſe dreadfull fancies tooke effect
(Which heauie chance th'almightie Ioue withhold)
It could not be compar'd in no reſpect
With thoſe misfortunes that my ſtate enfold.
For when your ſonne fell by anothers hand,
You ſhould but waile his death, and not your crime,
The heauens of me my brothers blood demand,
His fate, my fault, mourne muſt I all my time.
Cræſ. In what ſtrange forme could this diſaſter fall,
That is th'occaſion of ſo great diſtreſſe,
Tell on at length th'originall of all,
To heare of greater griefe t'will make mine leſſe.

Adraſ.

Adraſ. I haue conceald my ſorrowes ſtill till now,
As too offenſiue foode for daintie eares,
Yet ſince of ſuch a ſubiect you allow,
Ile tell a tale that may moue ſtones to teares.
My Father of the *Phrigian* Princes come,
Had in my growing age a tender care,
That all my education might become
One whom he might for mightie hopes prepare:
As yet foure luſters ſcarcely had begun
For to diſcerne my ſex with downie cheekes,
When I into that Labirinth was runne,
Whence back in vaine the ſtraying entrer ſheekes.
I lou'd, O fatall loue! vnlouely fate,
The vertuouſlie faire, yet faireſt Dame
That euer was enſhrin'd in ſoules conceat,
Or gaue a dittie to the ſounds of fame.
Straight were my fancies to her beauties tyed,
None can paint paſſions but in feeling mindes,
I burnd, freezd, hopd, diſpaird, and liud, and dyed,
My actions chang'd as oft as th' *Autumnes* windes.
Yet after many doubtfull hopes and feares
That I attaind the height of my deſires,
She had ſubſcrib'd a truce vnto my teares,
And temperd with encountring flames my fires.
For as ſhe was the moſt affected Saint,
Whoſe image was erected in my thought,
She had compaſſion too of my complaint,
And to acquit my firme affection ſought.
Thus whilſt I triumphd in mine owne conceat,
As one whoſe loue his Ladie did preferre,
I was corriuald (O vnhappie fate!)
By one who lou'd, but was not lou'd by her.
He looking as I look'd, ſaw what I ſaw,
Saw Natures wonder, and the worlds delight:

And as a blind god blind guide did him draw
Still like a lizard liu'd but by her ſight.
Then ſtrait he ſtriues the Iewell for to wonne,
Whoſe vnſtaind worth he rates aboue his breath,
He hates the light that comes not from my Sunne,
And thinks to liue without her worſe then death.
And this affection fauour'd was by Fortune
Which ſeem'd to ratifie his high rear'd hopes,
The Nymph her parents dayly did importune,
For to confine his flying fancies ſcopes.
Now iudge if that my miſeries were rife,
Who threatned thus with eminent miſhap,
Was like to loſe a deerer thing then life,
Whilſt others ſtriu'd my treaſure to entrap.
The man that ſought my ioyes to vndermine,
I could not wiſh for this t'haue him ouerthrowne,
Nor blame the ſprite that ſympathiz'd with mine,
I enuied not his hap, but wail'd mine owne.
Now in my breaſt a battell did begin,
Which forc'd my ſoule with inward wounds to bleede,
Some fancies fear'd to what his loue might winne,
And poſſibilitie for to come ſpeede.
Then others call'd her conſtancie to mind,
Which would not yeeld although ſhe were inuaded,
Yet forc'd to feare the frailtie of her kind.
A woman that hath eares may be perſwaded.
Thus toſſ'd with doubts into a deepe of wo,
Which with ſuſpition had my ioyes ſupplanted,
I blam'd the thoughts that durſt accuſe her ſo,
As vertues patterne had one vertue wanted.
As I concluded, ſo it come to paſſe,
Th'affliction ſeru'd for fuell to affection,
For ſhe who th'ornament of women was,
Would neuer wrong her worth with a defection.

When

When in my abſence they had oft aſſay'd
To haue me from her memorie remou'd,
The *Sunne* burn's hotteſt when his beames are ſtay'd,
The more that they would let, the more ſhe lou'd.
And finding that delay no ende affords,
And that faire generals are th'abuſers Arte,
She did repell him with diſdainfull words
To raze all thought of her out of his harte.
Loue is a ioy that vpon paine depends,
A drop of ſweet drown'd in a ſea of ſowres,
What Follie doth begin, oft Furie ends,
They hate for euer, that haue lou'd for howres.
When all his arguments prou'd of no force,
Strait with diſdaine his ſoule in ſecret bur'nd,
And what he thought was euill, to make farre worſe,
He vnto furour all his fauour turn'd.
As he extreamely lou'd, farre more he hated,
And muſde of many meanes how to annoy her,
Which was the beſt a long time he debated,
To ſee her dead, or to ſee me enioy her.
What? ſaith he when he firſt had muſde a ſpace,
So hard it is to quench a great affection:
Shall I disfigure that angelike face,
And make the world ecclypſde of all perfection?
Shall ſhe by me be to confuſion brought,
To whom I vowes and prayers did impart,
To whom I ſacrific'd my ſecret thought,
And on her beauties altar burn'd my hart?
Or ſhall I ſee her in anothers powre,
And in his boſome lie t'vpbraid my loſſe,
Whilſt both with ſcornefull ſmiles then death more ſowre,
To poynt me out for ſport report my croſſe?
That ſight which ſometime did me ſweetly charme,
Should it become a cauſe of griefe to me?

No, none that liues, ſhall glorie in my harme,
Since ſhe will not be mine, ſhe ſhall not be.
Th'unlouing Louer hauing vow'd her death,
Did with a cup of poiſon drowne my ioyes.
The faireſt body from the ſweeteſt breath
Was parted thus, (O Ocean of annoyes!)
That Monſter Fame, whoſe many mouthes and eares
Muſt know, but not conceale a rare thing long,
And prodigall of ill, moſt chiefly beares
The worſt newes firſt, inform'd me of this wrong.
For neighbouring neere the moſt vnhappy part
That had beene ſpoild of ſuch a beauteous gueſt,
No ſooner had death ſeazde on the chaſte hart
Then ſorrow on my eares to rob my reſt.
How the ſadde newes firſt ſounded in my ſoule,
I will not wearie you with long laments,
Rage did the outward ſignes of griefe controule;
When great windes blow the fire, the ſmoke worſt vents.
Whilſt generous diſdaine diſguiſde my griefe,
(As one tranſported with a mighty rage)
I ranne vnto the Theater of miſchiefe,
A tragicke Actor for a bloody ſtage.
For I was come no ſooner to the place
Where as I thought the Murtherer to haue found,
But I r'encountred (O vnhappie caſe)
Too deare a friend to catch an enemies wound.
Ah! paſſions dim'd mine eyes, wrath led my hand,
I was no more my ſelfe, ſorrow had kild me,
The firſt (t'was night) that did before me ſtand,
I fiercely did purſue, as Furor willd me.
And as it chanc'd, ere one could ſpeake a word,
I filld his boſome with a luke-warme flood,
And in his kind breaſt drown'd the cruell ſword,
That in anothers body dranke my blood.

When

When as a Torch had partly robde the night,
Prowd of ſuppoſde reuenge (ah bitter gaine)
I ſaw, I knew, blacke knowledge, cruell ſight,
T'was mine owne brother that my ſelfe had ſlaine.
O bitter loſſe that nothing can repaire!
My ſoule at once with all woes armie wounded,
Griefe, rage, ſpite, ſhame, amazement and deſpaire,
Gauld, toſſd, burnd, daſhd, aſtoniſhd, and confounded.
The thought of my offence torments me moſt,
Yet am I whiles by my Loues verdict cleanſde,
And whiles my brothers violated ghoſt
By dreadfull dreames doth boaſt to be reuengde.
Cræſ. Now whilſt this great diſaſter did occurre,
What came of him who was the cauſe of all?
Adra. He hauing heard this lamentable ſturre,
Whom ſelfe-accuſing thoughts did guiltie call,
Srait ſtrucken with a wonderful remorſe,
I wot not whether feare or pitie mou'd him,
If not t'ore-liue her death, or dreading worſe,
He killd himſelfe, his conſcience ſo diſproou'd him.
Cræſ. I grant the manner of ſo rare miſchances
Would force compaſſion from your greateſt foe,
Where all the griefe-begetting circumſtances
Doe ioyne to make a harmony in woe.
But naturall loue doth at our ſelfe begin,
It mooues farre more to feele then heare miſhaps,
The perturbation that my ſprite is in,
Me in a maze of miſcontentments wraps.
We ſhould ſuch paſt misfortunes pretermit,
At leaſt no more immoderately lament them,
And as for thoſe that are but comming yet,
Vſe ordinary meanes for to preuent them.
Adraſt. No wonder Sir, although you take great care,
Leſt all your hopes in *Atis* perſon periſh.

Cræſ.

Cræſ. I will by all the meanes I may, prepare
To ſaue his youth, that he my age may cheriſh.
If it be poſſible for mortall ſtates
To ſtriue againſt the Starres and be more ſtrong,
I'le vnarme Fortune, and reſiſt the fates,
By barring both all meanes to do me wrong.
I haue commanded vnder paine of death,
That no ſuch weapon be within my walles,
As I ſuppos'd ſhould haue abridg'd his breath,
T'eſchew ſuch ſudden euill as raſhly falles.
He ſhall goe rarely to the fields, and then
With choſen bands be guarded all the time:
Loe where he communes with ſome countrey-men,
We will go trie what they would haue of him.

Act. III. Scen. II.

CHORVS *of countreymen.* CROESVS. ATIS.
ADRASTVS. CAELIA.

Lend (Sir) a willing eare to humble wordes,
Let not our baſeneſſe barre vs from your grace,
Which ſtill it ſelfe alike to all affords
Who bleſſe their ſight with that Maieſtike face.
My Soueraigne all his ſubiects well remembers,
As vile as our eſtate is thought of now
You are our head, and we are of your members,
And you muſt care for vs, we care for you.
Our pouertie to vs is no reproach,
Which th'innocencie of our mind adorn's,
We neuer on our neighbours bounds encroach,
But by our labours liue midſt many thornes.
And eüer buſied for the Countries good,
We haue no time to muſe of vaine conceates,

Yet

Yet earning with continuall toile our food
We entertaine the pompe of prowder States.
And (Sir) conceiue not of our meaning ill,
That thus dare speake so freely as we do,
Whilst mediators do dilate our will
They wrest it as they will, and wracke vs too.
To count'nance such as vs you neede not shunne,
A great man too well grac'd may do more harme:
And t'is no staine vnto the glorious Sunne,
Though oft his beames an abiect obiect warme.
Cræs. Be not discourag'd by your base estate,
Yee are my people, and I'le heare your plaint,
A King must care for all, both small and great,
And for to helpe th'afflicted neuer faint.
The Scepter such as these should chiefely shrowd,
Not cotages, but Castles spoile the Land,
T'aduancethe humble and t'abate the prowd;
This is a Vertue that makes Kings to stand.
Chor. Sir, our estate some speedy helpe requires,
In *Misia* neere vnto the famous Mountaine
Of great *Olimpus* that the World admires,
There haunt's a Boare by *Dianaes* Fountaine
Of a big body, and a hideous forme,
His fomie Iawe with tuskes like Iauelins strikes,
And all parts in deformitie conforme,
His backe hath bristles like to yron Pikes.
This Monster of Nature, wonder of Men,
The Forrests tyran, and the Countries terrour,
Teares all to death, and drawes them to his Den,
That chance into his way by fatall errour.
Whilst tender-hearted Mothers do bewaile
The goared Infants toyling in their blood,
Th'abhominable beast them doth assaile,
And in his bowels buries both for food.

Then when we fly the field where he soiournes,
To haue his hunger or his rage alayde,
He wastes the fruites, and ruines all the cornes,
Thus the poore husbands hopes are all betrayde.
Ere this, of true Repose we were the types,
And pastur'd on each plaine our fleecie flockes,
And made a consort of our warbling pypes,
With mouing christals th'issue of the rockes.
And sometime to refresh vs after trauell,
With flowrie garlands shielded from Sunne-beames
We gazd vpon *Pactolus* golden grauell,
Glassd, bathd, and quenchd our thirst with his pure streames:
Whilst we preferd, the Riuer seemd amazd,
Vnto his golden bed, his grassye bancke,
And lay and lookd whereas our cattell grazd,
Without all enuie of a greater ranke.
That to represse oppression you take care,
This rest of ours is an effectuall token,
Your Lawes like Spiders webs do not ensnare
The feeble flies, and by the Bees are broken.
For we by them are fenc'd from great mens pride,
The Heau'ns perpetuate your prosp'rous raigne,
And suffer not this sauage Boare t'abide,
To turne that ease which men haue spar'd to paine.
Cræs. What would ye then, that should be done by me?
For to repay your losse; repayre this wrong.
Chorus. We craue none of your wealth, yet wish to see
This Boare be-blood the staffe of the most strong:
Let valorous *Atis* worthily your sonne,
Backd with the best of all the *Lidian* Youth,
Go to the fields before the rising Sunne
Quench with the mornings teares his mid-dayes drouth,
And we shall leade them crownd with lawrell forth,
Where in a circuit small, yet a large Theater

For

For men to make a tryall of their worth
This Monſter ſtayes: th'earth neuer nurc'd a greater.
So ſhall we both reape profite, and they pleaſure,
Which may be brought to paſſe without great obſtacle,
By making this waſter of the worlds treaſure,
Of a horrid ſight, a delightfull ſpectacle.
Cræſ. I may not ſpare my Sonne for a reſpect,
Which is not needfull now for to be knowne,
But I'le ſend others for the ſame effect,
That this peſtiferous Beaſt may be o'rethrowne.
Th'oſtentiue gallants that our Grace attend,
And wait th'occaſion but t'aduance their ſtrength,
Againſt the Boare ſhall all their forces bend,
With houndes and darts ſtill till he fall at length.
I ſweare this Monſter ſhall when he is dead,
A memorable monument remaine,
To *Dians* Church I'le conſecrate his head,
The Virgin-goddeſſe darts no ſhaft in vaine.
Atis. Ah wherein Father haue I thus offended!
Or what vile ſigne of a degenerd mind
Haue you remark'd in me that euer tended
To the reproch of our Imperiall kind?
That of this praiſe you would giue me no part,
But barre me from a famous enterpriſe,
As one vnworthie for to weeld a dart:
Who ſtill in vile repoſe inglorious lies,
Lies like a wanton with vaine thoughts bewitchd,
Who ſpoyld of force effeminately liues,
A Peacocke but with painted pennes enrichd,
Yet poore in all the parts that Glorie giues.
What glorie giues thoſe glorious Styles to me
Which by ſucceſſion fall, not by deſart,
Should but my Fame with borrowd feathers flee;
For come of Kings a kingdome is my part.

Who only by his Birth aduancement claimes,
Like a baſe baſtard doth his birth-right blote,
I will not beg my worth from dead mens names,
Nor conquer Credit only by my Cote.
What comforts this to brooke th'Imperiall ſeate,
And all the bliſſe that Maieſtie impartes?
If thoſe whom only we exceed in State,
Be our Superiors in farre better partes.
More then a Crowne true Worth is to be valued,
Th'one Fortunes gift, and th'other our owne merite,
By which oft times th'afflicted Mind is ſalued,
When Fortune takes what we by her inherite.
Cræſ. I ſee what braue Deſires boyle in thy Soule,
And make thee with immortall wings to flee,
This hie-bent courage, nothing can controule,
All *Lidia* is not large enough for thee.
Go, ſeeke an Empire equall with thy mind,
No common limits can confine thy thought;
But while a full perfection thou wouldſt find,
I feare thy fall turne all our hopes to nought.
And pardon me, (deare Sonne) it's a great Loue
That makes me watch ſo warily o're thy wayes,
Th'affection of a Father what may moue,
Whom ſuch an eminent danger not diſmayes?
The Heau'ns of late aduertiſde me by Dreame,
That ſome ſadde fortune did attend thy Youth,
New Meteors and ſtrange Stars through th'aire ſtill ſtreame,
Which are as Oracles of *Ioues* owne mouth.
This was the cauſe that haſtned Vs ſo much
To haue thee bound to *Himens* hallow'd Law,
This was the cauſe that all our care was ſuch,
Out of our ſight all weapons to withdraw.
Scorne not th'amazing Comets that thou notes,
The Starres to mortall States haue termes prefixt,

And

And thinke not only that my loue but dotes,
For if thou fall, my fate with thine is mixt.
Atis. Would God I had ſome meanes once ere my death
To ſatisfie that infinite deſart,
Which I ſhall hold ſo long as I haue breath,
Deepe regiſtred with reu'rence in my hart.
Yet (Sir) we ſee it is a naturall thing
For too exceſſiue loue t'engender feares,
A ſport like this can no great perill bring
Where either all delights the eyes or th'eares.
If from my former deedes I now ſhould ſhrinke,
As void of vertue to ſoft pleaſure thrall,
Of your two Sonnes what might your ſubiects thinke,
Th'one wanting but one ſenſe, and th'other all.
What fancies might my late ſpouſd loue poſſeſſe,
To ſee her husband hatefull in their ſights?
And from the height of Honour to digreſſe,
To womanize with courtly vaine delights:
Though women loue t'haue men at their deuotion,
They hate baſe mindes that hatch no noble motion.
Cræſ. Well, well, my Sonne, I ſee thou muſt preuaile,
Go follow forth the chaſe, vſe thine owne will,
Yet ſtay, or let my words thus much auaile,
Walke warilie now t'eſchue this threatned ill.
Thy hautie ſprite t'attempt all hazards bent,
I feare tranſport thee to a fatall ſtrife,
(God grant I be deceau'd) yet take good tent,
Thy ouer-franke courage may betray thy life.
And (deere *Adraſtus*,) I muſt let him know
What benefites I haue beſtow'd on thee,
Not to vpbraid thee, no, but for to ſhow
How I may truſt thee beſt that's bound to me.
When thou from *Phrigia* come defild with blood,
And a fraternall violated loue:

When in a moſt extreme eſtate thou ſtood,
Chac'd from thy fathers face, curſt from aboue.
Thou found me friendlie, and my Court thy reſt,
A Sanctuarie ſacred for thy ſafetie,
Where thou waſt entertain'd as pleaſd thee beſt,
I thinke thoſe dangers ſcap't ſhould make thee craftie.
Yet though I grac'd thee earſt, t'was but a ſigne
Of a heroick mind that helps the wretched:
But in thy hands my ſoule ile now conſigne,
And giue a proofe of loue not to be matched.
Behold how *Atis* of our age the ſhield,
Whoſe harme as you haue heard I fear'd ere now,
Is to go take his paſtime in the field,
And with his cuſtodie ile credit you.
I muſt my friend euen feruentlie exhort,
Wait on my ſonne, remember of my dreame,
This dangerouſlie delectable ſport,
Doth make me feare the griefe exceede the game.
Adraſ. I neuer ſhall thoſe courteſies neglect,
It irkes me not to thinke nor heare the ſame:
For while this ſprite theſe members doth direct,
All ſhall concurre to celebrate your fame.
If t'were your will I would not hence depart,
Who all ſuch motiues vnto mirth abhore,
But with my paſſions heere, retird apart,
Would waile wo paſt and ſhun all cauſe of more.
For if I ſtriue t'abandon my annoyes,
I feare my fellowſhip infect with woe:
Thoſe that would recreat themſelues with ioyes,
Still ſtrange miſhaps attend mee where I go.
Yet ſince you will commit this charge to me,
Ile vſe all meanes that you may not repent you,
At leſt all my defects faith ſhall ſupplie,
I couet nothing more then to content you.

Atis. Now for to ſee this monſters ouglie ſhape,
With an enflam'd deſire my thoughts do burne,
And Father, be not feard for no miſhap,
I hope ſoone, and victorious to returne.

Cælia. Returne? and whither loue? O deadlie word!
That doth import thy parting from my ſight,
I heard thee name, miſhap, ah my deere Lord!
Should ſuch ſtrict limits bound ſo large delight?
O cruell reſolution, vnkind dealing,
And canſt thou condiſcend to leaue me ſo?
Or from my preſence priuilie thus ſtealing,
Thinkſt thou to rob a portion of my wo?
This might indeede to thee yeeld ſome reliefe,
To haue thy eares not wounded with my mone,
But would wound me with a continuall griefe,
To feare all things where I ſhould feare but one.
Deſiſt in time from this intended ſtrife,
With which thy thoughts haue vnaduiſdlie entred,
Remember I haue intereſt in thy life,
Which I conſent not to be thus aduentred.
Haſt thou not giuen a proofe in thy greene prime,
That may content the moſt ambitious hopes,
Whilſt *Atis* was his owne, O then t'was time
To follow fancies vnconfined ſcopes.
Thy ſelfe then only camp'd in Fortunes bounds,
Thou doſt endanger *Cælia* likewiſe now,
You ſigh her breath, ſhe ſuffer's in your wounds:
You liue in her, and ſhe muſt dye in you.

Atis. Life of my ſoule, how do ſuch broken ſpeaches
From confuſde paſſions thus abruptlie riſe?
I know my loue, thy loue my mind o're-reaches,
Affection ſchoold with feares is too too wiſe.
I go o're-thwart the fields for ſport to range,
Thy ſighs do but my ſoule with ſorrow fill,

And pardon (deere) I find this wondrous ſtrange,
Thou neuer did till now reſiſt my will.
If I treſpaſſe in aught againſt my dutie,
Which makes thee thus my faith for to miſtruſt,
Miſtruſt not yet the chaines of thine owne beautie,
Which bind all my deſires, and ſo they muſt.
Are we not now made one? ſuch feares o'recome,
Though I would flie my ſelfe my ſelfe do fetter,
And if that I would flie, from whom? to whome?
I can loue none ſo well, none loues me better.
Haue pittie of thoſe pearles (ſweete eyes ſoules pleaſures)
Leſt they preſage what thou would not haue done,
The heau'ns had not giu'n me thoſe pretious treaſures
Of ſuch perfections to be ſpoyl'd ſo ſoone.

Chorus.

THoſe that domine aboue,
High preſidents of heauen,
By whom all things do moue
As they haue order giuen:
What worldling can ariſe
Againſt them to repine?
Whilſt caſtel'd in the skies
With prouidence diuine
They force th'inferior round
Their iudgements to confeſſe,
And in their wrath confound
Prowd mortals that tranſgreſſe
The couenant they made
With Nature in heauens ſtead.

Baſe brood of earth, vaine man,
Why bragſt thou of thy might?

The

The heauens thy courses scan,
Thou walkst still in their sight,
Ere thou wast borne, thy deedes
Their registers dilate,
And thinke that none exceedes
The compasse of his fate.
What heauens would haue thee to
Though they thy wayes abhorre,
That thou of force must do,
And thou may do no more.
This reason would fulfill,
Their worke should serue their will.

Are we not heires of death,
In whom there is no trust,
Who tossd with circkling breath,
Are but a dramme of dust?
Yet fooles when as we erre
And do th'heauens wrath contract,
If they awhile deferre
A iust reuenge t'exact,
Pride in our bosome creepes,
And mis-informes vs thus,
That the Eternall sleepes,
Or takes no care of vs.
No, th'eye of heauen beholds
All what our hart enfolds.

The gods digest no crime
Though they continue long,
And in th'offenders time
Seeme to neglect their wrong,
Till others of their race
Fill vp the cup of wrath,

Whom ruine and disgrace
Long time attended hath,
And Giges *fault we feare*
To Crœsus *charge be layd,*
Which Ioue will not forbeare
Though it be long delayd:
For ô sometime the gods
Must plague sinne with sharp rods.

And lo how Crœsus *still*
Tormented in his mind,
Like a reed on a hill,
Is shiuering with each wind.
Each step a terrour brings,
Dreames do by night afflict him,
And by day many things,
All his thoughts do conuict him:
He his starre would controule,
This makes euill not the worst
Whilst he wounds his owne soule
With th'apprehension first:
Man may his fate foresee,
But not shun heauens decree.

Act. IIII. Scen. I.

ADRASTVS CROESVS. CHORVS.

CAn heauen behold hands staind with bloud ofttimes,
And to the Stigian streames not headlongs hurld?
Can th'earth support one burden'd with such crimes,
As may prouoke the wrath of all the world?

Why

Why ſends not *Ione* t'haue my curſ'd courſe confind,
A death-denouncing flaſh of rumbling thunder,
Or a tempeſtuous terrour-breeding wind,
With violence to teare me all aſunder.
What vnknowne corner from the world remou'd
T'inhabit in th'horizon of diſpaire
Shall I go now poſſeſſe and be approu'd
By monſters like my ſelfe that hate repaire.
Ile go indeed whom all the world deteſts,
Who haue no intereſt in the fields of bliſſe,
And barbarize among the barbarous beaſts,
Where Tigers rage, Toades ſpue, and Serpents hiſſe.
Yet though both th'Artike and Antartike Pole
I ſhould ouerpaſſe, and find th'vnpeopled zones,
A wilderneſſe where nought were to controule
My damnable cruelties but trees and ſtones:
Yet of my deeds which all the world do tell,
All this could not deface th'infamous ſcroule,
Within my breaſt I beare about my hell,
And can not ſcape the horrours of my ſoule.
Thoſe fearefull monſters of confuſd aſpects,
Chimera, Gorgon, Hydra, helliſh apes,
Which in the world wrought wonderfull effects,
And borrowed from th'infernall ſhades their ſhapes.
Their deuiliſh formes that did the world amaze,
Not halfe ſo monſtrous as my ſelfe I finde,
When on mine owne deformities I gaze,
In the black depth of a polluted minde.
No, but my mind vntainted ſtill remaines,
My thoughts in this dilict haue had no part,
Which accidentallie this foule fact ſtaines,
My hands had no commiſſion of my hart.
Yet, whether it was fortune or my fate,
Or ſome hell-hag that did direct my arme,

I quaild the *Lidians* hopes abortiue date,
And am the instrument of all their harme.
Then swelling mountaines come and fall vpon me,
Your height may hide me from the wrath of heauen:
But this needes not, my fault hath else vndone me,
No torment can with my offence be euen.
Ah of what desart shall I now make choice,
T'auoid the count'nance of an angrie King?
I know th'auenging sword of *Cræsus* voice,
To wound my soule hostes of rebukes doth bring.
No, th'obiect of distresse ile stand alone,
A memorable monster of mishap,
For though *Pandoraes* plagues were pour'd in one,
All were too few so vile a wretch t'entrap.
Chor. O how the King is mou'd with *Atis* death,
His face th'impression of a passion beares
With bended eyes, crost armes, and quiuering breath,
His princely roabe he desperately teares.
Lo, with a silent pittie-pleading looke,
Which shewes with sorrow mixt a high disdaine,
He whilst his soule seemes to dissolue in smoake,
Whiles eyes the corps whiles him by whom t'is slaine.
Cræs. Thou ruthlesse Tyrant, ruine of my blisse,
And didst thou so disguise thy deuilish nature
To recompence my courtesies with this?
Ah cruell wretch, abhominable creature.
Thy Tigrish mind who could haue well detected?
In mortall breasts so great barbaritie?
What froward sprite could haue such spight suspected?
In hospitalitie hostilitie?
Did I reuiue thee when thy hopes were dead,
When as thy life thy parents had not spar'd?
And hauing heapt such fauours on thy head,
Is this? Is this? *Chor.* he would say the reward.

Adraſt. I grant what you alledge, and more, is true,
I haue vnto the height of hatred runne,
A blood-ſtaind Wretch, not worthy for to view
The rolling Circles, nor the rayie Sunne.
I'le neuer ſtriue to cloake my foule abuſes,
So for to make my forfeit to ſeeme leſſe,
And paint my fault with imperfect excuſes,
T'is greater farre then words can wel expreſſe.
Nor go I thus to aggrauate my crime,
And damne my ſelfe to be abſolu'd by others;
No, no, ſuch Rhetoricke comes out of time,
I'le not ſuruiue his death, as earſt my brothers.
Whoſe vnkind fall if I had followd ſtraight,
As then indeed I dyed to all delight,
I had not groan'd chargd with this inward waight,
But ſlept with ſhadows in eternall night.
Yet muſt I die at laſt, though late growne wiſe,
This in my minde moſt diſcontentment breedes,
A thouſand tort'ring deaths cannot ſuffiſe
To plague condignely for ſo haynous deedes.
Come, cauſe him, who the Spriteleſſe body buries,
Vpon the Tombe to ſacrifice my blood,
No fitter offring for th'infernall Furies
Then one, in whom they raign'd while as he ſtood.
In whom they oft infuſde their diu'liſh rage,
And in my boſom all their Serpents neſtled,
So that this helliſh horror to aſſwage,
I all my dayes haue with diſaſters wreſtled.
Cræſ. I find *Adraſtus*, when I deepely ſcaunce
Th'effectuall motiues of this fatall croſſe,
That not thy malice, but mine owne miſchaunce
Hath been th'occaſion of our bitter loſſe.
Whilſt barely with a ſuperficiall wit,
We weigh the out-ſide of ſuch ſtrange euents,

If but the mediate meanes our iudgements hit,
We search not the first cause, this much contents.
When such prodigious accidents fall out,
Though they amaze our minds, and so they must,
The ground of all comes from our selfe no doubt,
Ah! man hath sin'd, the heau'ns are alwayes iust.
Now when I search the secrets of my soule,
And rip the corners of my corrupt minde,
Marke of my former life th'offenciue scroule,
And do examine how I was inclinde,
O then I see the angry hosts of heauen
Come girt with flames to plague for my offences,
Which once no doubt will with the world be euen,
And iudge our thoughts, words, acts, and vaine pretences.
Sonne, t'is my pride that hath procurde thy fall,
I'm guiltie of thy blood, I gaue the wound
Which was thy death, and whose remembrance shall
My life each day with many deaths confound.
Then iniust Stars, your statutes I contemne;
O! if I were confronted with the gods,
I would their partiall prouidence condemne,
That in such sort do exercise their rods.
Ah! my Sonnes death doth shew their iudgement naught,
What could he perpetrate against such Powres?
Should he haue suffred for his Fathers fault?
Whom without cause their wrong-spent wrath deuours.
Now all the world those deities may despise,
Which plague the guiltlesse, and the guiltie spare:
Cease haples man t'outrage thy selfe thus waies;
I pardon thee, and pitie thy despaire.
Adrast. O cruell iudgement of a rigorous fate!
Must I o're-liue my selfe t'entombe my Fame?
All things that I behold vpbraid my state;
Too many monuments of one mans shame.

All (and no more then I) my deedes deteſt,
Yet ſome not find a friend, I find no foe
To rid the world of ſuch a dangerous peſt,
Borne but to be an inſtrument of woe.
I know what makes all worthie mindes refraine
The ſword againſt a Catife for to ſtretch,
They this opprobrious office do diſdaine,
To be the Deaths-men of ſo baſe a wretch.
Or muſt I yet a fouler fact commit,
And fill the world with th'horrour of my name?
Is there ſome new diſaſter reſting yet,
And other funerals famous by my ſhame?
Or would ſome baſtard thought lifes cauſe debate,
That in the blaſted field of comfort gleanes,
No, no, in ſpite of heau'n I'le force my fate,
One that's reſolu'd to die, cannot want meanes.
Prowd tyrant Death, and muſt thou make it ſtrange?
T'involue my wearied ſoule in further ſtrife,
Vnleſſe my courage with my fortune change,
I can appoint a Period to my life.
But this (Ay me) all hope of helpe deuours,
What gaines my ſoule by death in thoſe ſad times?
If potent ſtill in all her wonted powres
She muſt remember of my odious crimes.
What though vnbodied ſhe the world forſake?
Yet cannot from her conſcience be diuorc'd,
It will but vexe her at the ſhadowie Lake,
Till euen to grone the god of ghoſts be forc'd.
But welcome death, and O would God I had
Leſſe famous or more fortunately liu'd!
Then had I neuer ſhowne my ſelfe ſo mad
T'haue only been by infamie ſuruiu'd.
Ah! haue I liu'd to ſee my Ladie die,
And die for me, for me not worth ſo much;

Ah! haue I liu'd (vnnaturall man) to be
My Brothers death, whose loue to me was such.
Ah! haue I liu'd, with mine owne hands to kill
A gallant Prince committed to my charge,
And do I gaze on the dead body still,
And in his Fathers sight my shame enlarge.
Ah! haue I liu'd (O execrable Monster)
To be accounted of a diu'lish nature,
And euen by them that best my actions conster,
For to be cal'd (and iustly cal'd) a Traitour.
Yet with my blood this staine away I'le wash,
And lest my memorie make th'earth detracted,
Let my name perish in my bodies ash,
And all my life be as a thought vnacted.
Braue *Atis*, now I come to pleade for grace,
Although thou frown'st on my affrighted ghost,
And to reuenge thy wrong this wound embrace;
Thus, thus, I toile t'attaine the Stygian coast.
Cho. The man himselfe doth desperately wound,
With leaden lights, weake legs, and head declinde,
The body in disdaine doth beate the ground,
That of his members one hath prou'd vnkinde:
The fainting hand falles trembling from the sword
With this micidiall blow for shame growne red,
Which strait the blood pursues with vengeance stor'd
To drowne the same with the same floods it shed.
Who of those parties can the combate show,
Where both but one, one both, strooke and sustaind,
Or who shall triumph for this strange ore'throw
Whereas the Victor lost, the Vanquish'd gaind.
Crœs. Curse eies, what sudden change hath drownd your lights,
And made your mirthfull obiects mournfull now?
Ye that were still inurde to stately sights
Since seated vnder an Imperiall brow.

O're-clouded

O'reclouded now with vapours of my cares,
Are low throwne downe vnto a hell of griefe,
And haue no prospect but my soules despaires,
The sad beholders of a rare mischiefe.
O dead *Adrastus* I absolue thy ghost,
Whose hand some secret destinie did charme,
Thou hated by the Heau'ns, wert to thy cost
An accidentall Actor of our harme.
No doubt some angrie God hath layd this snare,
And whilst thy purpose was the Boare to kill,
Did intercept thy shaft amidst the aire,
And threw it at my Sonne against thy will.
Ah Sonne! must I be witnesse of thy death,
Who view thee thus with violence to bleed,
And yet want one on whom to powre my wrath,
To take iust vengeance for so vile a deed?
This wretch whose guiltlesse mind hath cleard his hand
Grieu'd for his error, loe, vnforced doth fall,
And not as one that did in danger stand,
For he liu'd still till I forgaue him all.
Thus haue I but the heau'ns on whom I may
Powre forth the poyson of my troubled spirite,
In my soules bitternesse I'm forced to say,
This seconds not their custome and my merite.

Act. IIII. Scen. II.

SANDANIS. CROESVS.

WHy spend you (Sir) with sighs th'Imperious breath,
Which nought but words of Soueraigntie should breed,
O weake reuenge for one that's wrongd by death,
T'adorne his triumph with a mourning weed!

This pale-fat'd tyrant, author of our ill,
Who did, t'eclypse our Ioyes, that blacke shaft borrow,
Should you frame Trophees to his Tigrish will,
And weare his liuery, and succumbe to sorrow?
No, though he might this outward blisse o're-throw,
And you saue you of all that's yours might spoyle,
Yet whilst of one that yields no signe you show,
You triumph still, and he receiues the foyle.
Th'o're-flowing humor that would drowne your soule,
In baser breasts might better be excusde,
Who want the sprite their passions to controule,
As from their birth still to subiection vsde.
But you, in whom high Thoughts haue been innated,
To this decay how is your Vertue come?
I blush to see my Soueraigne so abated,
And Maiestie by miserie o'recome.
Nor are my words out of a rockie mind,
T'unnaturallize you, as not feeling smart,
No, none can barre a Prince from being kind,
Th'undoubted badge of an Heroick hart.
That supreme Powre, by which great States do stand,
Should order but th'affection, not vndoe it
And I could wish you might your selfe command,
Which though you may not well, yet seeme to doe it.
Cræs. I will not now rehearse, t'enlarge my griefe,
On what iust reasons my laments are grounded,
But still will muse vpon mine owne mischiefe,
While as my soule a thousand wayes is wounded.
What pensiue pensill euer limm'd aright
The sad conceats of soule-consuming woe:
Ah! words are weake to shew the swelling hight
Of th'inward anguish that o're-whelms me so.
Though many Monarchs iealously despise
The rising Sunne that their declining staines;

And hate the Heire, who by their fall must rise,
As grieu'd to heare of death, or others raignes.
My loue towards *Atis* otherwise appeard,
Whom, whilst for him I did my cares engage,
I as a Father lou'd, as King not feard,
The comfort, not th'encombrance of mine age.
And hadst thou Sonne, as reason would, suruiu'd me,
Who glaunced and vanish'd like a lightning-flash,
Then death of life could neuer haue depriu'd me,
Whilst such a Phœnix had reuiu'd my ash.
San. Let not these woes ecclypse your Vertues light.
Cræs. Ah! rage and griefe must once be at a hight.
San. Striue of your sorrows for to stop the source.
Cræs. These salt eie-floods must flow & haue their course.
San. That is not kingly. *Cræs.* And yet it is kindly.
Where passions do domine they gouerne blindly.
San. Such wofull plaints cannot repaire your State:
Cræs. Th'infortunate at least may waile their Fate.
The meanest comfort can t' a wretch retourne,
Is in calamitie t'haue leaue to mourne.
San. What graue-browd Stoick voyd of all affections,
With teare-lesse eyes could that Youths death behold?
Though greene in yeeres, yet ripe in all perfections,
A hoarie iudgement vnder lockes of gold.
No, no man liues but must lament to see
The worlds chiefe hope euen in his blossome choaked:
But men cannot controll the Heau'ns decree:
And mischiefe done, can neuer be reuoked.
Then let not this torment your mind no more,
This crosse with you alike your Countrie beares,
If wailing could your ruinde State restore,
Soules fraught with griefe should sayle in Seas of teares.
Left all our comfort dash against one shelfe,
And his vntimely end occasion yours,

Haue pitie of your people, spare your selfe,
If not to your owne vse, yet vnto ours.
Cræs. When *Sandanis*, I first thy faith did find,
Thou diu'd so deepely in my bosom then,
That since thou kept the key still of my mind,
And knew what I conceald from other men.
Behold, I go to open vp to you
(Deare Treasurer of all my secrets still)
A mightie enterprise I mind for now:
A Phisicke in some sort t'asswage my ill.
Which may vnto my soule yield some reliefe,
And make me to forgoe sad thoughts content,
Or els acquire copartners in my griefe,
If not for me, yet with me to lament.
Sand. This benefite must bind me with the rest,
To loue your Maiestie, and wish you well,
I'le giue you my aduise, and I protest,
That you take friendly what I freely tell.
Cræs. Since that it hath not pleasde the Diuine powres,
That of my of-spring I might comfort claime,
Yet lest the rauenous course of flying howres
Should make a prey of my respected name,
I hope t'engender such a generous brood,
That the vnborne shall know how I haue liu'd,
And this no doubt would do my ghost great good,
To be by famous Victories reuiu'd.
I'le Eagle-like soare with Fames immortall wings,
Vnlesse my hie-bent thoughts themselues deceaue,
That hauing acted admirable things,
I may scorne death, and triumph o're the graue.
Yet haue I not so setled my conceate
That all opinions are to be despisde,
Vnfold your iudgement touching my estate,
Take heed I'le tell you what I haue deuisde.

Some *Scithian* Shepherd in a high disdaine,
As I haue heard rehearst by true discourses,
To plague some of the *Medes* with endlesse paine,
Did entertaine them with *Thiestes* courses.
And to content their more then Tigrish wishes,
They with the infants flesh the parents fed,
Who not suspecting such polluted dishes,
Did in their bowels burie whom they bred.
Then after this abhominable crime,
They come vnto my fathers famous court,
And working on th'aduantage of the time,
Did as they pleaf'd of what was past report.
They shew'd what seru'd to help, and hid the rest,
Whilst pittie pleaded for afflictions part,
He noble-minded fauouring the distrest,
Was woon to them by this *Sinonick* art.
San. Oft Kings of Iudges thence haue parties gone,
Where both their eares were patent but to one.
Crœs. Then *Ciaxare* Monarch of the *Medes*,
To prosecute those fugitiues to death,
In indignation of my fathers deedes,
Did boast them both with all the words of wrath.
My father thinking that his court should be
A sanctuarie for all supplicants,
Did leuie men, that all the world might see
He helpt the weake, and scorn'd the mighties vaunts.
Thus mortall warres on euery side proclaim'd,
With mutuall domage did continue long,
Till both the armies by *Bellona* tam'd,
Did irke t'auenge or to maintaine a wrong.
It chanc'd whilst peace was at the highest dearth,
That all their forces furiously did fight,
A suddaine darkenes courtain'd vp the earth,
And violentlie dispossest the light.

I thinke for *Phaeton* the Sunne lookt sad,
And that the bloodie obiects that he saw
Did wound his memorie, with griefe gone mad,
He from the world his wagon did withdraw.
Yet Ignorance the mother of confusion,
With wresting natures course found cause of feares,
Which well edg'd on by wiser mens illusion,
Was cause of concord and of truce from teares.
Then straight there was a perfect peace begunne,
And that it might more constantly indure,
Astiages the King of *Medias* sonne,
A mariage with my Sister did procure.
A deadlie rancour reconcil'd againe,
Must seal'd with consanguinitie remaine.
Cræs. He since his fathers age-worne course was ended,
Hath rulde his people free from blood or strife,
Till now a Viper of his loynes discended,
Would by his ruine make himselfe a life.
I meane by *Cyrus* base *Cambises* brood,
Who by a Bitch nurst with the countrey swaines,
Degener'd farre from any princely blood,
The doggish nature of his nurse retaines.
He come against his Grandfather to feeld,
And vnexpected with a mightie powre,
Ouerthrew his forces, forc'd himselfe to yeeld,
Who captiue kept now waits for death each howre.
That you may see now what my interest is,
I made recitall of this ruthfull storie,
Those circumstances shew that shame of his
Tends to the derogation of our glorie:
That any dare presume to trouble thus
One whome our kingdomes fauour should defend,
In strict affinitie combind with vs,
Yet not respected for so great a friend.

My

My ioyleſſe ſoule with this will be reioyc'd,
Whilſt I to warre againſt that rebell go:
I hope that both ſhall know how they haue choyc'd,
Th'one a kind friend, and th'other a fearce fo.

San. Though Natures law you car'd not to tranſgreſſe,
And this your wrong'd allye would not repare,
Yet the regard t'a Monarch in diſtreſſe,
Should moue the mightie with a mutuall care.

Theſe terrours to that thunder in your eare,
I thinke the *Lidians* will not well allow,
For when the Cedar falls, the Oake may feare,
Th'*Aſſirians* ore-throw may aſtoniſh you.

And when we ſee our neighbours houſe afire,
Then we may iudge our owne to be in danger,
It's better firſt with others to conſpire,
Or we be forc'd our ſelues t'inuade that ſtranger.

Ah this is but the out-ſide of your courſe,
A dangerous ambuſh by ambition planted,
There may come raging riuers from this ſource,
To drowne your ſtate whilſt fancies are vndanted.

I know theſe new-borne monſters of your mind,
Haue arm'd your rauiſh'd thoughts with faire conceates,
Yet may theſe wonders that you haue diuin'd,
Proue traiterous proiects painted for deceates.

And (pardon Sir) it is not good to be
Too raſhlie ſtout nor curiouſlie wiſe,
Leſt that you from that which is certaine flee,
And not attaine to that which you deuiſe.

Cræſ. I grant indeed which very few ſhall know,
Though I deſigne but to relieue my friend,
My thoughts are aym'd (this vnto you ile ſhow,)
And not without great cauſe, t'a greater end.

You ſee how Fortune nought but change affects,
Some are reproach'd that others may be praiſd,

And euery age brings forth some strange effects,
Some must be ruin'd, others must be raisd.
I doubt not you haue heard who was the first
Whom fame for warring with the world reuiues,
Who had of soueraigntie so great a thirst,
That it could not be quenchd with thousands liues.
T'was he who first obtain'd the name of *Ioue*,
Who was reputed for his glorious acts,
The most imperious of the powers aboue,
That vowes and offrings of the world exacts.
He all his time could nought but terrour breathe,
To make the world acquaint with warre and dearth,
The chiefest sergeants deputed by death,
That made th'*Assirians* soueraignes of the earth.
Yet since his course the worlds first plague was past,
His successours who many ages raign'd,
Made shipwrack of their Empire at the last,
And by the *Medes* were thral'd, scorn'd, and disdain'd.
This was the cause of that great kingdomes fall,
A King who could not iudge of kinglie treasures,
With losse of scepter, honour, life and all,
Did buy his base delights and seruile pleasures.
To that disastred Monarchies decay,
Th'aspiring *Persians* purpose to succeede,
But I intend to crosse them by the way,
And quaile their courage ere that they can speede.
The *Persians* once the *Lidians* force must proue,
And, O who knowes but that it is ordain'd
At the Tribunall of the States aboue,
That I should raigne where famous *Ninus* raign'd.
This all the host of heauen oftimes foretells,
To this the gods of *Greece* my mind haue mou'd,
And he that in th'*Arabian* desart dwells,
By his responce this enterprise approu'd.

San.

San. Thus ſtill in loue with what we mind to do,
What we affect we faireſt ſtill conceaue,
This feedes our humour whilſt we labour, to
Seeme full of wit our ſelues for to deceaue.
You flatter ſo your ſelfe, you can not ſpye
What ſecret danger this deſigne doth beare,
But whilſt I looke with an indifferent eye
On your intentions, I find cauſe of feare.
You vnaduiſdlie purpoſe to purſue
A barbarous people that are foes to peace,
Who but by rapine to their greatnes grew,
And would for each light cauſe the warres imbrace.
No daintie ſilks of the *Aſsirian* dye,
Do deck their bodies to abaſe their mindes,
But cloath'd with wild beaſts skinnes they do defye
The force of *Phœbus* rayes, and *Eols* windes.
They ſimplie feede and are not grieu'd each day,
With ſtomacks cloyd decocting diuers meates,
They fare not as they would, but as they may,
Of iudgement ſound not carried with conceates.
Theſe vncorrupted cuſtomes that they hold,
Make all things eaſie that they feele no paine,
This cooles the Sommers heate, kils Winters cold,
This makes the Riuers dry, the Mountaines plaine.
Thoſe whoſe ambition pouertie did bound,
Of the delights of *Lidia* if they taſte
Will haue in hatred ſtraight their barren ground,
And inſolentlie all our treaſures waſte.
To gouerne ſuch although that you preuaile,
You ſhall but buy vexation with your blood,
And do your ſelfe and yours, if fortune faile,
From a poſſeſſed Soueraigntie ſeclude.
Yea, though this raſh deſire your iudgement leades,
I for my part muſt praiſe the gods for you,

That haue not put into the *Persians* heads,
To warre against the *Lidians* long ere now.
Cræs. These flames that burne my brest must once burst (out,
Your counsaile for more quiet minds I leaue,
And be you still thought wise, so I proue stout,
Ile conquer more, or lose the thing I haue.

Celia.

YEt am I forc'd out of afflictions store,
To ease my mind a few sad words to straine;
And but vnlode it now to lode it more,
I emptie but mine eyes to fill againe.
My soule must sound euen as my passions strike,
Which now are tun'd to nothing but mischiefe,
My breast and eyes are both accurst alike,
The cabinet of care, the cells of griefe.
O cruell heauen, fierce starre, vnhappie fate,
Too foule iniustice of the diuine powres,
Whose high disdaine t'wards me with partiall hate,
The comfort of the world (sad world) deuoures.
Curst be the day in which I first was borne,
When lying toungs affirm'd I come to light,
A monstrous blasphemie, a mightie scorne,
Since t'was to darkenes and a ioy-set night.
O happie if I then had chanc'd to smother,
That the first houre had been the last to me,
Then from one graue t'haue gone vnto another,
I should haue dide to liue, not liu'd to die.
What profited to me my parents ioyes,
That with such pomp did solemnize my birth,
When I must be the mirrour of annoyes,
And all my dayes taste but one dramme of mirth?
Which seru'd for nothing but to make me know,

The height of horrour that was to ſucceed,
I was but raiſd vp high to be brought low,
That ſhort-liu'd ioyes might endleſſe anguiſh breed.
That nothing might for my confuſion lack,
All my beſt actions but betray'd my ſtate,
My vertues too were guiltie of my wrack,
And warr'd againſt me banded with my fate.
For whilſt my Virgin-yeares with praiſe I paſt,
Which did (ah that it did) too much import,
My modeſt eye told that my mind was chaſt:
This gain'd the warrant of the worlds report,
And Maides muſt haue a great reſpect to fame,
No greater dowrie then an vnſtain'd name.
Faire beauties Goddeſſe, thou canſt beare record,
My offring neuer made thine altar rich,
All ſuch laſciuious fancies I abhord,
My free-borne thoughts no follie could bewitch.
Till happilie (ah ſo it ſeem'd to ſome)
Ah but vnhappelie th'euent hath prou'd:
All this and more to *Atis* eares did come,
Who ſtraightway likt, and after liking lou'd:
Then to our eares his purpoſe did impart,
Not lip-ſick-louer-like with words farre ſought,
His toong was but the agent of his hart,
Yet could not tell the tenth part of his thought.
And leſt his trauells ſhould haue ſeem'd to tend
To breach my honour, worke my fames decay,
He brought his wiſhes to a lawfull end,
And by th'effect, th'affection did bewray.
Their *Iuno* preſident of wedlockes vowe,
And *Hymen* with his ſaffron-colour'd cote,
Our loue with ſacred cuſtomes did allow,
Whilſt th'ominous Owles no croſſes did denote.
The bleſſing that this marriage did procure,

It was too great to haue continu'd long,
A thing that's vehement can not indure:
Our ioyes farre paſt th'expreſſing of the toong,
Who euer did full ſatisfaction finde,
Yet with ſatietie were neuer cloy'd,
We ſeem'd two bodies gouern'd by one mind,
Such was the happines that we enioy'd.
He lou'd me deerely, I obey'd his will,
Prowd of my ſelfe becauſe that I was his,
A harmonie remaind betwixt vs ſtill,
Each in another plac'd their chiefeſt bliſſe.
This mou'd th'Immortalls to a high diſdaine,
That thus two worldlings who of death were heires,
Should in a paradiſe of ioyes remaine,
Which did exceede, at leaſt did equall theirs.
But chiefly *Iuno* did diſpight it moſt,
Who through a iealouſie ſtill iarres with *Ioue*,
That bodie-priſon'd ſoules of that could boaſt,
Which ſhe (although Heauens Queene) had not aboue.
Thus euen for enuy of our rare delights,
The fatall Siſters by the heauens ſubborn'd,
Of my ſoules treaſure cloſd the louely lights,
By which they thought the earth too much adorn'd.
O but he is not dead, he liues in me,
Ah but I liue not, for I dide in him,
The one without the other can not be,
If death haue ſet his eyes, mine muſt looke dim.
Since to my ſight that Sunne no more appeer'd,
From whom my beauties borrowed all their rayes,
A long ecclipſe that neuer ſhall be cleer'd,
Hath darkned all the points of my ſad dayes.
Ay me! I liue too long, he dide too ſoone,
Thus ſtill the worſt remaine, the beſt depart,
Of him who told how this black deede was done.

The words like ſwords ſhall euer wound my hart.
Fierce tyrant Death, that in thy wrath didſt take
One halfe of me, and left an halfe behind,
Take this to thee, or giue me th'other backe,
Be altogether cruell, or all kind.
For whilſt I liue, thou canſt not wholy dye,
O ! euen in ſpite of death, yet ſtill my choyce,
Oft with th'Imaginations loue-quicke eye,
I thinke I ſee thee, and I heare thy voyce.
And to content my languiſhing deſire,
Each thing to eaſe my mind ſome helpe affords,
I fancie whiles thy forme, and then afire,
In euery ſound I apprehend thy words.
Then with ſuch thoughts my memorie to wound,
I call to mind thy lookes, thy words, thy grace,
Where thou didſt haunt, yet I adore the ground,
And where thou ſtept, O ſacred ſeemes that place!
My ſolitary walks, my widowd bed,
My driery ſighs, my ſheets oft bathd with teares,
Theſe can record the life that I haue led
Since firſt ſad newes breath'd death into mine eares.
I liue but with deſpaire my ſprite to daſh,
Thee firſt I lou'd, with thee all loue I leaue;
For my chaſte flames extinguiſhd in thy aſh
Can kindle now no more but in thy graue.
By night I wiſh for day; by day for night;
Yet wiſh farre more, that none of both might bee;
But moſt of all, that baniſhd from the light
I were no more, their courſes for to ſee.
At night revoluing my deſpaird eſtate,
I go to ſumme with ſighs my wonted ioyes,
When in an agonie, a grieu'd conceate
Doth blot th'unperfect compt with new annoyes.
When Sleepe the eldeſt brother of pale Death,

The Child of darkeneſſe, and Father of reſt,
In a free priſon hath confinde my breath,
That it may vent, but not with words expreſt.
Then with my ſprite thou enterſt for to ſpeake
With honyed ſpeaches to appeaſe my griefe,
And my ſad heart that labourd for to breake,
In this fayn'd comfort finds a while reliefe.
Yea, if our ſoules remaind vnited ſo,
This late diuorcement would not vexe my mind,
But when I waken, it augments my woe,
Whilſt this a dreame, and me a wretch I find.
O happy, if I had been happy neuer,
But happier, if my happineſſe had laſted:
Yet had I in this ſtate chanc'd to perſeuer,
My dayes had with exceſſiue ioyes ſoone waſted.
Why waſte I thus, whilſt vainely I lament,
The precious treaſure of that ſwift Poſt Time?
Ah! pardon me, (deare Loue) for I repent
My lingring here, my Fate, and not my crime.
Since firſt thy body did enrich the Tombe,
In this ſpoild world, my eye no pleaſure ſees,
And *Atis*, *Atis*, loe, I come, I come
To be thy Mate, amongſt the Mirtle trees.

CHORVS.

LOe all our time euen from our birth,
In nought but miſerie exceeds,
For where we find a moments mirth,
A Month of mourning ſtill ſucceeds,
By all the euills that Nature breeds,
Which daily do our ſprites appall,
Th'infirmities that frailtie ſends,
The loſſe of it, that fortune lends:

And such disasters as oft fall:
Yet to farre worse our states are thrall,
Whilst wretched man with man contends,
And euery one his whole force bends,
How to procure anothers losses;
But this torments vs most of all,
The mind of man, which many a fancie tosses,
Doth forge vnto it selfe a thousand crosses.

O how the Soule with all her might
Doth all her heau'nly forces straine!
How to attaine vnto the light
Of Natures wonders, that remaine
Hid from our eyes, we striue in vaine
To seeke out things that are vnsure:
In Sciences to seeme profound,
We dive so deepe we find no ground,
And the more knowledge we procure,
The more it doth our minds allure,
Of mysteries the depth to sound:
Thus our desires we neuer bound,
Which by degrees thus drawne on still,
The memorie may not indure:
But like the tubs that Danaus *daughters fill,*
Doth drinke no faster then it's forc'd to spill.

Yet how comes this? and O how can
Diuine Knowledge the Soules chiefe treasure
Occasion such a crosse to man?
That should afford him greatest pleasure:
O it's because we cannot measure
The limits that to it belong!
But for to tempt forbidden things,
Do soare too high with Natures wings:

Still weakest whilst we thinke vs strong,
The Heau'ns that thinke we do them wrong,
To trie what in suspence still hings,
This crosse vpon vs iustly brings:
With knowledge, knowledge is confusde,
And growes a griefe ere it be long.
That which a blessing is, being rightly vsde,
Doth grow the greatest crosse, when it's abusde.

Ah! what auailes this vnto vs,
Who in this vaile of woes abide,
With endlesse toile to studie thus,
To learne the thing that Heau'n would hide:
And trusting in too blind a guide,
To spie the Planets how they moue,
And too transgressing common barres
The constellation of the starres,
And all that is decreed aboue,
Whereof as oft th'euent doth proue,
Th'intelligence our welfare marres,
And in our breasts breeds endlesse warres,
Whilst what our Horoscopes foretell,
Our expectations do disproue,
Those apprehended plagues proue such a Hell,
That we would wish t'vnknow them till they fell.

This is the pest of great Estates;
They by a thousand meanes deuise
How to foreknow their doubtfull Fates,
And like new Giants scale the Skies,
Heau'ns secret store-house to surprise:
Which sacriligious skill we see
With what great payne they apprehend it,
And then how foolishly they spend it,

To learne the thing that once must be:
Why should we seeke our destinie?
If it be good, we long attend it,
If it be euill, none may amend it;
Such knowledge further rest exiles,
T'is best to abide the Heau'ns decree,
It's to be feard, those whom this Arte beguiles,
Do change their fate & make their Fortune wheeles.

And loe of late, what hath our King
By his prepost'rous trauels gaind,
In searching each particular thing
That Atis *Horoscope containd;*
But what the Heau'ns had once ordaind,
He could not by no meanes preuent,
And yet he labours to find out
Through all the Oracles about,
Of future things th'vnsure euent,
This doth his rauing mind torment,
Now in his age vnwisely stout
To fight with Cyrus, *but no doubt*
The Heauens are grieu'd for to heare told
Long ere the time their hid intent.
Let Tantalus *b'a terror to th'o're-bold*
That dare Ioues *cloudy secrecies vnfold.*

Act. V. Scen. I.

CYRVS. HARPAGVS.

GOe, Let vs triumph o're these vnthron'd thralls,
Whose maymed greatnesse to confusion runnes,
Who forfeited their glorie by their falles;

No hand that fights is pure, but that which winnes.
The rauisht world that fraught with doubts did stand,
To see the bloody end of this dayes toyle,
Saw how the Heau'ns placed lightning in my hand,
To thunder on all those that sought my foyle.
Now therefore let vs first deuoutly go
And lose our vowes, the gods deteste th'ingrate,
And who delight t'adore their deities so,
Do neuer faile t'establish their estate.
Goe load the Altars, smoke the sacred places
With Bullocks, Incense, Odours of all kinds,
Though none can giue the gods that flow in graces
A sweeter Sacrifice then thankefull minds.
Har. Though all that indenized in this Vale
Walke here confinde within this fertile Round,
And are tapestred with this azure Pale,
T'adore the gods by many meanes are bound.
Yet there are some particularly, I find,
Whose names are written in their deerest scrowles,
Whom extraordinary fauours bind,
Euen to prefer them to their very Soules.
Of which (Sir) you are one, your deeds declare,
Of you amidst innumerable broyles,
Euen from your cradle they haue had a care,
And led you safe through all your greatest toyles.
Though of the dangers of your youth I see
The thought no more with griefe your mind importunes;
Yet I thinke on who had the hap to be
An Actor in your Tragick-Comick fortunes.
Cyr. The accidents that in our Nonage chance,
When as our yeers grow rype, slide out of thought
Like fabulous dreames that Darkenesse doth aduance,
And are by Day disdaind as things of nought.
For our Conceptions are not then so strong

As

As for to leaue th'impreſſion long behind,
Yet mixe (deare Friend) old griefes new Ioyes among,
And call afflicted Infancy to mind.

Har. Who would not wonder at thy wondrous Fate,
Whoſe ruine ere thy Birth appeard conſpir'd?
Who vnbegun, ſeemd to expire that date,
Which now begun, ſhall neuer be expir'd.

Your Mother firſt her Syre with cares did ſting,
While as he dreamd, which yet his ſoule confounds,
That from her wombe there did a Vine-tree ſpring,
Which did o're-ſhadow all great *Aſiaes* bounds.

Then to the Magies ſtrait he gaue in charge,
To trie what this ſtrange Viſion did preſage,
Who hauing ſtudied their darke Art at large,
Gaue this reſponſe with a prophetick rage.

That once his Daughter ſhould bring forth a Sonne,
For glorious Acts exceedingly renownd,
By whom th'Empire of *Aſia* ſhould be wonne;
By whom his Grandfather ſhould be vncrownd.

This to *Aſtiages* a terrour bredde,
Who labouring to anull the heau'ns decree,
Aduiſde as beſt his Daughter for to wedde
T'a powreleſſe ſtranger, but of baſe degree.

Then of *Cambiſes* he by chance made choyce,
And for his barb'rous Countries cauſe the rather,
Whom by your birth the Princeſſe did reioyce,
And further then before affright her Father.

Thus tyrannie by feeble ſprites begun,
Doth force the Parents in deſpaire to fall,
A daſtard to attempt, prowd hauing wonne,
Which being feard of all, doth ſtill feare all.

And tyrants no ſecuritie can find,
For euery ſhadow frights a guiltie mind.

This Monarch, whom ſcarce Armies could ſurpriſe,

Whom gallant Guards and ſtately Courts delighted,
Who triumphd o're th'Earth, threatned the Skies,
A Babe ſcarce borne, come of himſelfe, affrighted.
And whilſt *Lucina* the laſt helpe did make,
As if ſome vgly Monſter had been borne,
A Minotoure, a Centaure or a Snake,
The worlds terror, and the Mothers ſcorne.
The Nephews birth, that would haue ſeemd t'impart
Vnto the Grandfather great cauſe of ioyes,
As if the naked hand had pierc'd his hart,
Did winde him in a maze of ſad annoyes.
And to preuent a but ſuſpected ſpight,
By giuing an occaſion of iuſt hate,
He ſought by robbing you the new-found Light,
To make your birth and buriall of one date.
Soone after this he ſent for me in haſt,
Whom at that time (and not in vaine) he lou'd,
Then ſhewd me all the circumſtances paſt,
Wherewith his marble mind ſeemd nothing mou'd:
Out of the which, as he would let me know,
All complements of pittie were not blotted,
He would this ſuperficiall fauour ſhow,
Not with your blood to haue his owne hands ſpotted.
Thus hauing lulld aſleepe the conſcience, ſtill
The wicked would extenuate their crimes,
Not knowing thoſe that but allow of ill,
Are Actors in effect, guiltie all times.
Yet with his fault he would haue burdend me,
And willd that I an Innocent ſhould ſlay,
I promiſde to performe his raſh decree,
Well weighing whom, but not wherein t'obay.
When I had parted from his Highneſſe face,
And caried you (then ſwadled) with me too,
Through th'apprehended horror of my caſe,

I ſtood perplex'd and wiſt not what to do.
Neceſſitie tooke place, I waild with teares
Th'vntimely funeralls (as I thought) of you,
My ſoule confounded with a ſwarme of feares,
Did with ſad ſighes my meſſage diſallow.
Yet t'him I ſend a ſeruant of mine owne,
Who for the time was Heardſ-man to the King,
To whom I made all my commiſſion knowne,
But as direct to him ſhew'd euery thing.
Deliuering you with an vnwilling breath,
Then with a mantle of pure gold array'd,
I threatned him with many a cruell death,
If that your death were any way delay'd.
Straight for to execute th'intended doome,
He from my ſight did all aſtoniſh'd go:
Too great a charge for ſuch a ſimple groome,
The ſhew of Maieſtie amaz'd him ſo.
O what a wonder is't for to behold,
Th'vnfailing prouidence of powrefull *Ioue*,
Whoſe brazen edicts can not be controld,
Firme are the ſtatutes of the ſtates aboue.
That mortall whom th'Immortalls fauour ſhields,
No worldlie force is able to confound,
He may ſecurely walke through dangers fields,
Times and occaſions are t'attend him bound.
For loe before the Herdſ-man was come home,
His wife of a dead burden was deliuered,
Who wondred ſo to ſee her Husband come,
That with a ſecret terrour faintlie ſhiuered.
She ſtraight grew curious for to know the forme
How he a Babe ſo beawtifull obtaind,
Who did her ſuddainly of all informe,
And to what crueltie he was conſtraind.
She quickly then th'occaſion to imbrace,

No doubt inſpir'd by ſome celeſtiall powre,
Prayd him t'expoſe her dead child in your place,
Yet where no beaſts repair'd him to deuoure:
So ſhall we haue (ſaith ſhe) a double gaine,
Our off-ſpring ſhall receiue a ſtately tombe,
And we a princely infant, to remaine
Still nurſt with vs as th'iſſue of my wombe.
The Husband likte ſo well his Wiues intent,
That all what ſhe affected he effected,
And ſoone I had one of my houſhold ſent,
To try if all were done as t'was directed:
He ſeeing the babe dead, dead in that weed,
With that rich funerall furniture about him,
Told what the fellow told, and I indeed
Repoſd on his report, for who could doubt him?
In end, Time poſting with houre-feth'red wings,
Had giuen you ſtrength with others of your yeeres,
You paſt the time, not nephews vnto Kings,
But for that time admitted for your peeres.
They faile, call Fortune blind, ſhe ſight bewrayd,
And your authoritie by lot inlarg'd,
In paſturall ſports who ſtill the ſcepter ſwayd,
And as but borne for that, that beſt diſcharg'd.
Then with the other children as it chanc'd,
A noble man of *Medeas* ſonne remaind,
Who ſwolne with enuy to ſee you aduanc'd,
Your childiſh charge with ſcornefull words diſdaind.
You ſpighting at that proud attempt of his,
Did puniſh him as it became a Prince:
I doubt now (Sir) if that you thinke on this,
The reſt of raſhnes did your deed conuince.
Cyr. More mightie matters now to muſe vpon,
My memorie with the remembrance cloy,
That thoſe are all forgot, and yet tell on,

For

For I delight to heare this childiſh toy.
Harpa. The father of the child inform'd the King
How ſuch a baſe-borne boy abuſd his ſonne,
And cauſd an Eſquire ſtraightway you to bring,
To ſuffer for the fault that you had done.
And when the King accuſd you in his ſight,
As the preſumptuous brat of a baſe clowne,
You boldlie did maintaine that you had right
To ſcourge one that rebeld againſt your crowne.
The King aſtoniſh'd at th'imperious words
Of one ſo magnanimous, and ſo yong,
Doth pawſe awhile, and ſtraightway he records,
That you were you, and I had done him wrong.
The tortour to the Net-heard was preſented,
Who ſoone for feare confeſt (O ſuddaine change)
The King as ſeem'd exceedinglie contented,
Sent one for me to heare the tidings ſtrange.
And as he had good cauſe, in ſhew delighted,
Did for a ſolemne Sacrifice prepare,
And me as his moſt ſpeciall gueſt inuited,
Who with my ſonne did ſtraight to Court repaire.
When light was baniſh'd by nights ſhaddowie ſable,
The candles by his forfait taking place,
They ſeru'd me with my ſonnes fleſh at the table,
Then did vpbraid me with his bloodleſſe face.
What anguiſh, or what rage ore-flow'd my ſoule,
A louing father may imagin beſt,
Yet at that time I did my rage controule,
But laid it vp for euer in my breſt.
Cyr. Some of the wiſe men then I heard remain'd,
Who from their former ſentence did recoyle,
Saying, no danger was ſince I had raignd,
And ſo diſmiſt me for my natiue ſoyle:
Where when I had my vnripe ſeaſon ſpent,

Your

Your Letter came to giue my fire new fuell,
And told how many of the *Medes* were bent,
T'abandon their owne Lord that prou'd so cruell:
And wish'd if to that Scepter I aspir'd,
That I should moue the *Persians* to rebell,
Which did succeed euen as my soule desir'd,
For they disdain'd in seruitude to dwell.
I plac'd my gallant troupes in warlike ordour,
And left th'occasion should haue slipt away,
March'd with my armie to my enemyes bordour,
Whereas you had the conduct for that day.
Harpa. Lo how those wretches that the heau'ns would wrack
Are spoild of iudgement: that proud Tirant offred
The charge to me not thinking I would take
A high reuenge for th'iniurie I suffred,
Which was so deepelie rooted in my hart,
My countryes thraldome, and mine owne disgrace,
And all the horrours that death could impart,
Seem'd nought to me so my disdaine tooke place.
Cyr. T'is dangerous trusting one that's wrong'd we see,
Iust rancour vnreueng'd can neuer die.
Harpa. That was the first beginning of your glorie,
Which since hath been augmented by degrees,
And which by time may breed so braue a storie,
As may be pretious in all Princes eyes.
Cyr. Behold how *Cræsus* with his riches blinded,
Durst come t'encounter with my warlike bands,
And through a long prosperitie high-minded,
Was not affrayd to fall before my hands.
But he and his confederates haue seene,
How Victorie doth still my troupes attend,
And *Persia* must be once all *Asiaes* Queene,
Or we shall warre vnto the worlds end.
Now *Cræsus* is ore-come rich *Sardis* taken,

And

And *Lidia* fraught with gold is made our ſpoyle,
Th'*Egiptians* haue th'vnproſp'rous league forſaken,
This is the happie end of all our toyle.
But ah one ſowre vnſeaſons all my ſweetes,
Braue *Abradatus* my brother in armes,
Whoſe praiſe through all the peopled circuit fleetes,
And with his loue each generous courage warmes.
Whilſt but ouer-bold for to be backt ſo badlie,
Th'*Egiptian* Chariots deſperatlie he charg'd:
There with euill-fortun'd valour fighting madlie,
His ſoule out of th'earths priſon was enlarg'd.
Harpa. No doubt that dame this trouble hardlie beares,
Who only ſeem'd for him t'account of life:
I heard him whilſt ſhe bath'd his Coach with teares,
Wiſh to proue worthie of ſo rare a wife.
When their farewell was ſeal'd, laſt ſpeaches ſpent,
She kiſt the Coach that did containe her truſt,
And with eyes big with pearle gaz'd where he went,
Still till her ſight was choak'd with cloudes of duſt.
Cyr. I heare you haue not heard how his death prou'd
The black beginning of a bloudie ſcene,
His wife *Panthea* at the firſt not mou'd,
Seem'd as ſhe had ſome marble image beene.
The bodie that had oft her fancies fir'd
She cauſd beare out of ſight, ſtill deere, though dead,
But being to *Pactolus* banks retir'd,
She in her boſome did entombe his head.
And then from rage ſhe did ſome reſpit borrow,
For ſorrow by degrees a paſſage ſeekes,
Vapouring forth ſighes that made a cloude of ſorrow,
A tempeſt then of teares rain'd downe her cheekes.
And whilſt her eye the wonted obiect miſſes,
She many a languiſhing looke doth caſt,
And on the ſenſeleſſe lips ſtill lauiſh'd kiſſes,

As affectionedlie as in times past.
I poasted thither for to haue releeu'd
This Ladie of a portion of her woes,
Heauen beare me witnes I was greatlie grieu'd,
Who would, to saue one friend, spare hosts of foes.
She first a space me passionatlie eyde,
Then with these words her lips did slowlie moue,
My husband loe hath valourouslie dyde,
Well worthie of your friendship, and my loue.
When I had all the flowres of comfort vsde,
That a sad soule o'recharg'd with griefe could show,
I went away with words that were confusde,
And scarcely could my last farewell forth throw.
I was not well departed from her face,
When as she char'gd the Eunuchs out of sight,
Then pray'd her nurse to burie in one place
Her and her Lord, as they deseru'd of right.
Then looking on his corps she drew a sword,
And euen as if her soule had flowne in him,
She stabd her selfe, then falling on her Lord,
Her beauties blubbered starres were waxing dim.
The faithfull Eunuchs for their Sou'raigne sorie,
And scorning to suruiue so rare a date,
In emulation of their mistresse glorie,
Dide violentlie partners of her fate.
O sweet *Panthea* rich in rarest parts!
I must admire thy ghost though thou be gone,
Who mightst haue made a monarchie of harts,
Yet loth'd vnlawfull loues, and lou'd but one.
O wondrous wonders, wonders wondrous rare!
A woman constant, such a beautie chaste,
So pure a mind ioyn'd with a face so faire,
Beautie and Vertue in one person placde!
Both were well match'd as any could deuise,

Whose vndiuided end their choyce alowes,
He valorous, she vertuous, both wise,
She worthie such a mate, he such a spouse.
And *Harpagus*, lest that it should be thought,
The memorie of vertuous minds may dye,
Cause build a stately tombe with statues wrought,
Where their dead bodies may respected lye.
Har. I'le raise a Piramide of *Crœsus* spoyles,
Where all their famous parts shall be compriside,
But how t'insist in these tumultuous broyles,
T'is best now (Sir) that you were well aduisde.
Your aduersarie doth attend your will,
This hautie citie humbled hath her crest,
And therefore go to pardon, or to kill,
To saue, or sack, euen as you shall thinke best.
Cyr. As for old *Crœsus* I am else resolu'd,
He with some captiues which I keep in store,
Shall haue their bodies by the fire dissolu'd,
As offrands to the Gods that I adore.
This citie shall my souldiers paines defray,
Since by their force it hath been brought to bow,
I yeeld it vnto them as their iust pray,
Who taste the sweetnes of their trauels now.
Of other things we shall so well dispose,
That our renowne o're all the world shall shine,
Till *Cyrus* name b'a terrour to all those,
That dare against his Sou'raigntie repine.

Act. V. Scen. II.

NVNTIVS. CHORVS.

AH to what part ſhall I my ſteps addreſſe,
The burden of baſe bondage to eſchue?
Lo, deſolation, ruine, and diſtreſſe,
With horrour doth my natiue home purſue.
And now poore countrey take my laſt farewell,
Farewell all ioy, all comfort, all delight:
Chor. What heauie tidings haſt thou for to tell,
That tear'ſt thy garments thus, tell thy ſad plight?
Nun. I tell the wrack of vs, and all that liue
Within the circuit of this wretched ſoyle.
Cho. A hideous ſhout we heard the Citie giue,
Is't in th'enemies hands, is't made his ſpoyle? (kild?
Nun. It's made his ſpoyle. *Cho.* And is our Sou'raigne
Nun. No, but yet neerely ſcapt doth liue in danger.
Cho. Then let our eares be with diſaſters fild,
And muſt we beare the yoke of that prowd ſtranger?
Nun. You know how *Cræſus* at th'aduantage lay,
Still ſeeking meanes t'abate the *Perſians* pride,
And his confederates had aſſign'd a day
When they ſhould for th'intended warre prouide.
But *Cyrus* hauing heard how that they ſhould
Againſt his ſtate ſo great an armie bring,
Straight raiſing all the forces that he could,
Preuents, inuades, o'recomes and takes our King.
Chor. This ſhews a Captaine both expert and braue,
Firſt well t'aduiſe, then t'execute with ſpeede:
No circumſtance (friend) vnrelated leaue,
Which with our Kings did our confuſion breed.
Nun. When *Cræſus* ſaw that *Cyrus* came ſo ſoone,
He ſtood awhile with a diſtracted minde,

Yet

Yet what time would permit, left nought vndone,
But made his Muſters, march'd his Foe to find.
Our ſtately Troupes that gliſterd all with gold,
And with vmbragious Feathers fann'd the ayre,
They with vnwarie inſolence growne bold,
More how to triumph, then to o'recome, tooke care.
The *Lidian* Horſemen are of great account,
And are for valour through the world renownd,
Them *Cyrus* chiefly labourd to ſurmount,
And this deuiſe for that effect was found.
Vntruſſing all their baggage by the way,
Of the disburthen'd Camels each did beare
A grim-fac'd Groome, who did himſelfe array
Euen as the *Perſian* Horſemen vſe to weare.
To them th'Infanterie did follow next,
A ſolide Squadron like a braſen wall,
But thoſe in whom all confidence was fixt,
The braue Cauallerie came laſt of all.
Then *Cyrus* by the raynes his Courſer tooke,
And being mounted, holding out his handes,
With an aſſured and Imperious looke
Went breathing valour through th'vnconquer'd bandes.
He willd all them that at Deaths game ſhould ſtriue,
To ſpare none of their foes in any forme,
But as for *Cræſus*, to take him aliue,
And keepe him captiue for a greater ſtorme.
Where famous *Hellus* doth to *Hermus* poſte
In his broad waues t'entombe his ſtrength and name,
Our Armie ran againſt a greater Hoſte
T'enrich it likewiſe with our force and fame.
Our Troupes a time with equall valour ſtood,
Till giuing place, at length we tooke the chace,
While as the Riuer ranne to hide our blood,
But ſtill his borders bluſht at our diſgrace.

For ſo ſoone as the Camels once were come,
Our Horſes loathing to indure their ſight,
Ranne raging backe againe, and of them ſome
Diſordring rancks, put many to the flight.
Yet others that were of more martiall mindes,
Perceiu'd the Stratagem that did deride them,
And lighting on their feet, like mighty windes,
Bare downe before them all that durſt abide them.
There, whilſt the world proou'd prodigall of breath,
The headleſſe troncks lay proſtrated in heapes,
This field of funeralls, proper vnto death,
Did paint out Horror in moſt hideous ſhapes.
There men vnhorſde, horſes vnmaſtred, ſtrayed,
Some calld on them whom they moſt dearely tendred,
Some ragde, ſome groand, ſome ſigh'd, roard, wept & prayd,
Fighting, fainting, falling, deſp'rate, maymde, rendred.
Thoſe that eſcapt, like beaſts vnto a Den,
Fled to a Fortreſſe, which true valour drownes,
Walles are for women, and the fields for men,
For Townes cannot keepe men, but men keepe Townes.
And we were ſcarcely entred at the Portes,
When as the enemies did the Towne incloſe,
And rearing many artificiall Fortes,
To the Defenders did huge paines impoſe.
There all the military ſlights werere found,
Which at the like encounters had preuaild,
Both for to vſe th'aduantage of the ground,
Or for to helpe with Arte where Nature faild.
They euer compaſſing our Trench about,
Still where the Walls were weakeſt, made a breach,
Which being ſtraight repaird, we threw tooles out,
And killd all thoſe that came within our reach.
There all the bolts of death edgde by diſdaine,
That many curious wits inclinde to ill,

Helpt

Helpt by th'occaſion, and the hope of gaine,
Had powre t'inuent, were put in practiſe ſtill.
Yet as we ſee, it oft times hath occurrde,
Where we ſuſpected leaſt, we were ſurpriſde,
Whilſt fortune and the fates in one concurrde
To haue our ruine in their rolles compriſde.
The ſide of *Sardis* that was leaſt regarded,
Which lyes t'wards *Tmolus*, and was thought moſt ſure,
Through this preſumption, whilſt t'was weakely guarded,
Th'orethrow of all *Lidia* did procure.
As one of ours (vnhappily it chanc'd)
T'o're-take his helmet that had ſcapt his hand,
Alongſt that ſteepy part his ſteps aduanc'd
And was returning backe vnto his Band:
He was well markt by one that had not ſpard
No kind of danger for to make vs thralles,
For *Cyrus* had propoſde a great reward
To any one that firſt could ſcale our walles.
And this companion ſeeing without ſtay,
One in his ſight that craggie paſſage clim,
Straight followd on his footſteps all the way,
And many a thouſand followd after him.
By whom all thoſe that durſt reſiſt were killd,
The reſt were forc'd, and knew not where to flee:
For euery ſtreet was with confuſion filld,
There was no corner from ſome miſchiefe free.
O what a piteous clamour did ariſe,
Of rauiſht virgins, and of widowd wiues!
Who pierc'd the heau'ns with lamentable cries,
And hauing loſt all comfort, loathd their liues.
Whilſt thoſe prowd Victors did inſiſt t'haue ſtaind
Themſelues with all the wrongs that ſuch like vſe,
They by a charge from *Cyrus* were reſtraind,
And durſt no more their captiues thus abuſe.

Chor.

Chor. No doubt but deſolation then abounded,
Whilſt with diſdaine the Conqu'rors boſom boylde,
Some with the ſword, ſome with diſgrace confounded,
Sacred Temples, priuate houſes, all were ſpoylde.
None can imagine greater miſerie
Then all the ſuffrings of a captiu'd Citie.
But whilſt this famous Citie was diſtreſſed,
What could become of the hard-fortun'd King?
Nun. He ſeeing th'enemie of his State poſſeſſed,
And that confuſion ſeazde on euery thing,
Stood firſt amazd, ſcarſe truſting his owne ſight,
His former fortune had him ſo tranſported,
Yet it is hard for to deny the light,
He ſaw a ſtranger that his wealth extorted.
And when that he had deepely apprehended
Th'vnbounded horrors that o'reflow'd his ſoule,
As one whoſe Ioyes had long before been ended,
He could no more the ſignes of griefe controule.
But burſting out in bitter ſighs and teares,
Plungde in the deepeſt depth of blacke deſpaire,
Through o're great feare, leauing all kind of feares,
Did of his ſafetie take no further care,
And neuer wiſht he ſo for a long life,
But he o're-wiſht it, wiſhing for death now,
Still ſeeking danger in the bounds of ſtrife,
Prouiding that he dyde, he car'd not how.
Whilſt thus he foſtred furies in his breaſt,
A certaine ſouldier by the way him meetes,
As inſolent as any of the reſt,
That drunke with blood, ran raging through the ſtreetes:
And ſeeking but an obiect to his ire,
He made to him, and he to him againe,
I wot not which of them did moſt deſire,
Th'one for to ſlay, or th'other to be ſlaine.

But

But whilſt ſo baſe a hand towring aloft,
Did to ſo great a Monarch threaten death,
His eldeſt Sonne, that as you haue heard oft,
Was barrd from the right function of his breath.
I cannot tell you well, nor in what faſhion,
If that the deſtinies had ſo ordaind,
Or if the vehemency of his paſſion
Did breake the ſtrings that had his tongue reſtraind.
But when he ſaw his Syre in ſuch a danger,
He burſted forth into thoſe words the rather,
Hold, hold thy hand in haſte thou furious ſtranger,
Kill not King *Cræſus*, murther not my Father.
The other hearing this, his hand retyrde,
Then call'd his Kings commandement to minde,
And to no ſmall preferment he aſpyrde,
To whom this deſert did his Sou'raigne binde.
Now, when that *Cræſus*, who for death did languiſh,
Was of this faire occaſion diſappointed,
O're-chargd with griefe, and ſurfeiting of anguiſh,
To ſee himſelfe for further euils appointed.
He with ſad ſighs thoſe ſyllables did accord,
Now cruell deſtinie do what thou can,
Which would not vnto me the grace afford
That I might periſh like a priuate man.
Ah! muſt I liue to wiſh t'haue been vnborne,
Charactring ſhame in a deiected face?
Ah! muſt I liue to my perpetuall ſcorne,
The finger-pointed obiect of diſgrace?
Yet this vnto his ſoule more ſorrow bred,
He King-like as in former times arrayde,
Was with a mightie acclamation led
Strait to the Tent whereas their Emp'rour ſtayde.
So ſoone as *Cyrus* got him in his powre,
He cauſde bring bands of yron, burd'nous chaines,

And clogd him hand and foot at that ſame howre,
As one that was deſign'd for grieuous paines.
Then cauſde in haſte a pile of wood to make,
And in the midſt where all men might eſpy him,
Cauſde bind the captiu'd King vnto a ſtake,
With fourteene others of the *Lydians* by him.
There, as th'oblation for his Victorie,
With ſacred flames their bodies to combure,
Although *Ioue* hates prepoſtrous pietie,
And doth delight in offrings that are pure.
Now whilſt the fires were kindling round about,
As one that to ſome powrefull god had vowd,
With eyes bent vp, and with his hands ſtretcht out,
O *Solon*, *Solon*, *Cræſus* cride alowd.
Some hearing him to vtter ſuch a voyce,
And ſeeing *Cyrus* curious for to know,
Now of what Deitie dying he made choyce,
Did pray him liberally his mind to ſhow.
He anſwered; vpon one in wit profound
He calld, with whom he wiſht, if it might be,
That all the Rulers of th'inferior round
Had had ſome conference as well as he.
For he had told him whilſt his fortune laſted,
As one expert in good aduiſes giuing,
That all his flowres of bliſſe might ſoone be blaſted,
And could not be accompliſht he being liuing.
Then he proceeded for to ſhew at length
The Dialogue twixt *Solon* and twixt him,
Who prayd him not to truſt in worldly ſtrength,
By which vnto true bliſſe no man could clim.
This ſpeech mou'd *Cyrus* deepely, for to ponder
The great vncertaintie of worldly things,
As thinking that himſelfe might be brought vnder,
Who had no priuiledge more then other Kings.

Then

Then hauing ſuch a paterne plac'd before him,
Whoſe farre-changd fortune throughly was revolu'd,
He freely did his libertie reſtore him,
And willd him from the fire to be abſolu'd.
O now Deuotion! well appeard thy force,
Which bindes the earth and opens vp to Heauen,
In the celeſtiall breaſts a deepe remorſe
Was ſtrangely wrought whilſt *Cræſus* prayd; for euen
Whileas the flaſhing flames, in vaine to quench,
All men did labour, but could do no good,
The cloudes were opend and a ſhowre did drench
The firie aſhes of the flaming wood.
Now whilſt that *Cræſus* comming from the fire,
Saw ruthles ſould'ers ſacking all the Citie,
To ſaue the ſame he had a great deſire,
And ſpake to *Cyrus* melting all in pitie.
Great Prince, for famous Victories renownd,
Who doſt in armes all others ſo ſurmount,
That it contents me much to be vncrownd
By one ſo worthie, and in ſuch account:
And ſince I am conſtraind your thrall to be,
I muſt conforme my ſelfe vnto my fate,
And cannot hold my pace whereas I ſee
Ought to preiudge the greatnes of your State,
Which ah! is wounded now with your owne powres,
Whilſt this rich Citie is ſackt and o'rethrowne,
It is not mine no more, no, it is yours,
And therefore (Sir) haue pitie of your owne.
Yea, though the loſſe of ſuch a populous Towne,
That's rich, that's yours, your mind could nothing moue,
Yet thinke of this that doth import your Crowne;
A piece of policie which time will proue.
The barb'rous *Perſians* borne with ſtubborne mindes,
Who but for pouertie firſt followd you,

Their matchlesse worth in armes all *Asia* findes,
Their feare is fall'n vpon all Nations now.
But if you suffer them in such a sort
T'enrich themselues with plenteous *Lidiaes* spoile,
Not able then their Conquest to support,
The Victor of the vanquisht gets the foile.
For this will make them wealthie out of measure:
Wealth to confusion many a Countrie leades;
Whilst feebled with delights, in-vilde with pleasure,
No thought of honour harbours in their heads.
Then *Cyrus* strait approuing what he spake;
His souldiers from their pillage were restraind,
Pretending first the tenth part for to take,
As a rich offring for the Gods ordaind.
Of our distresse, this is the ruthfull storie;
A stranger is possest of this Prouince;
Our King hath with the losse of all his glorie
Bought breath a while, a poore thing for a Prince.
Chor. O wofull people! O vnhappy King!
Our ioyes are spoyld, his happinesse expyrde,
And no new chance can any comfort bring
To either now, whose fall the Fates conspyrde.
Goe wofull messenger, hold on thy course,
For to haue heard too much, it yrks our eares,
We euer must bewaile thy sad discourse,
Accented with sighs, and poynted with teares.

Exeunt.

Cræsus.

WHat needs me more of my mishap to pause?
Though I haue tasted of afflictions cup,
Yet it may be, the gods for a good cause
Haue cast me downe to raise a thousand vp.

And

And neuer let a Monarch after me,
Truſt in betraying titles glorious bates,
Who with ſuch borrow'd feathers raſhlie flee,
Fall melted with the wrath of greater ſtates.
O had this pretious wit enrich'd my mind,
Which by experience I haue dearely bought,
Whilſt fortune was within my court confind,
And that I could not thinke a bitter thought.
Then ſatisfide with Soueraignties earſt prou'd,
I had diſdain'd new dangers to imbrace,
And cloath'd with maieſtie, admir'd and lou'd,
Had liu'd with pleaſure, and had dide in peace.
Yet it is wonderfull in any ſtate,
To ſee a worldling proſper, and not prowd;
But chieflie we whoſe fortunes grow ſo great,
It's hard for vs to haue our high thoughts bowd.
What could the world afford, or man affect,
Which did not glad my ſoule whilſt I was ſuch?
Who now am paſt the compaſſe of reſpect,
Plagu'd with proſperitie, clog'd with too much.
Long luld aſleep with ſcornefull fortunes lyes,
A ſlaue to pleaſure, drown'd in baſe delights,
I made a couenant with my wandring eyes,
T'haue entertain'd them ſtill with pleaſant ſights.
I held not from my heart none of her wiſhes,
But wallowing in vaine-glorie this worlds toy,
Still ſeru'd with daintie, but ſuſpitious diſhes,
My ſoule was ſick with pleaſure, faint for ioy.
There wanted nothing that might help to eaſe me,
All did diuine my will, ayme at my thought,
And ſtriue to do that which they trow'd would pleaſe me,
Which if I but allowd, no more was ſought.
What euer come of me was held of waight,

My words were ballanc'd and my lookes were marked,
Thoſe whom I grac'd were had in honour ſtraight,
All ſpeeches in my praiſes were imbarked.
I in magnificence exceld all Kings,
Whilſt drowſie in ſecuritie I ſlumbred,
My coffers ſtill were full of pretious things,
My treaſure infinite could not be numbred.
I reard rare buildings all emboſt with gold,
Made ponds for fiſhes, forreſts for wild beaſts,
And with tranſported fancies vncontrold,
Oft ſpent the day in ſport, the night in feaſts.
I ſeem'd t'vſurp the powre that earſt was *Ioues*,
And of the Elements the courſe would change,
For ſtately fountaines, artificiall groues,
Theſe were ſo common, they were not thought ſtrange
With me (what more could any Monarch craue)
In all the parts of pomp none could compare,
My minions gallant, my counſellours graue,
My guards were ſtrong, my concubines were faire:
Yea ere my ſtate was caſt vpon this ſhelfe,
I wanted nought that could with ſeeming merites
Breed wonder in the world, pride in ones ſelfe,
For to puffe vp the fleſh and ſpoile the ſpirits.
Thus preſſing with delight the grapes of pleaſure,
I quafft with Fortune ſtill ſenſe-pleaſing vines,
Till drunke with wealth, and riotous out of meaſure,
I card not to conſume all *Tmolus* mines.
Then wearie to be well, and tir'd of reſt,
T'engender diſcord I th'occaſion ſought,
Yet for to cloake th'ambition of my breſt,
Did with deuotion long diſguiſe my thought.
I ſend of all the Oracles to inquire,
What was to come of this intended warre,

Who

Who said as seem'd to second my desire,
That I a mightie Monarchie should marre.
Those doubtfull words I wresting to my will,
In hope t'expugne th'imperious *Persians* powres,
Did ruine quite whilst all succeeded ill,
What many a age had conquer'd in few howres.
And this most wondrous is, because most strange,
I who disdain'd an equall of before,
(What cannot Fortune do, being bent to change)
Must a Superior now serue, and adore?
What eye not fraught with scorne my state surueyes?
Whom Fates haue forc'd for to o're-liue my shame,
And in mine enemies danger for some dayes,
But borrowd with the intrest of my fame.
Though this sweet gale of life-bestowing windes,
Would seeme a fauour (so it seemes to some,
Who by the baseneſſe of their muddie mindes,
Shew of th'ignoble multitude they come)
I scorne vnlike my selfe for to be seene,
Though to my comfort this appeard to tend,
As if that all misfortunes past had beene,
A Tragicke entrie to a Comicke end.
Of all that plague my state the greatest pest
It is base life, that faints from th'earth to seuer,
And hath in one vnited all the rest,
To make me die each day, and yet die neuer.
Life in my breast no comfort can infuse,
An enemies gift could neuer come for good,
It but giues time of miserie to muse,
And bathe my sorrowes in a bitter flood.
Ah! had my breath euanish'd with my bliſſe,
And closde the windowes that giue light to life,
I had not apprehended as it is

The height of my misshaps that now are rife:
Whilst with a thousand sighes I call to mind,
The death of *Atis* and mine owne decay,
My sprite in such perplexitie I find,
That to liues passage I would faine make way.
But since I see reseru'd for further spight,
I with sad thoughts must burden yet my soule,
My memorie t'a melancholious spright,
Of all my troubles shall present a scroule.
Of which while as th'account I go to cast,
Th'enormities still numbring of my fate,
I'le whiles looke back vpon my pleasures past,
And by them ballance my (now) hapless state.

CHORVS.

IS't not a wonder for to see
How by experience each man reedes,
In practiz'd volumes pen'd by deeds,
Th'inconstant courses that there bee,
Yet whilst our selues continue free,
We ponder oft, but not apply,
That pretious oyle, which we might buy
Best with the price of others paines;
Which as what nought to vs pertaines,
To vse we will not condiscend,
As if we might the Fates defye,
While as vntouch'd our state remaines:
But soone the heau'ns a change may send,
No perfect blisse before the end.

When first we fill with fruitfull seede,
The apt-conceauing womb of th'earth,

And

And seeme t'expell all feare of dearth,
With the increase that it may breede,
Yet dangers do our hopes exceede,
The frosts may first with cold confound
The tender greens that deck the ground,
Whose wrath though th'Aprils smiles asswage,
It hath t'abide th'Eolian rage,
Which t'orepasse whilst we attend,
T'haue Ceres *wandring tresses bound,*
The raines let from their cloudie cage,
May spoyle what we expect to spend,
No perfect blisse before the end.

Lo whilst the Vine-tree great with grapes
With nectard liquor striues to kisse
Th'imbracing Elme not lou'd amisse:
Those clusters loose their comely shapes,
Whilst by the thunder burnd in heapes,
All Bacchus *hopes fall downe and perish:*
Thus many a thing doth fairely flourish,
That no perfection can attaine,
And yet we worldlings are so vaine,
That our conceats we highlie bend,
If fortune but our spring-time cherrish,
Though we haue stormes for to sustaine,
Ere to the harueſt our yeeres ascend,
No perfect blisse before the end.

By all that in this world haue place,
There is a course that must be runne,
And let none iudge himselfe t'haue wonne,
Till he haue finish'd first his race,
The forrests through the which we trace,

Breed rauenous beasts that do abhorre vs,
And lye in wait for to deuoure vs,
Whilst brambles do our steps beguile,
The feare of which though we exile,
And to our marke with gladnes tend,
Then balles of gold are laid before vs,
To entertaine our thoughtes a while,
And our good meaning to suspend,
No perfect blisse before the end.

Behold how Cræsus *long hath liu'd,*
Throughout this spatious world admir'd,
And hauing all that he desir'd
A thousand meanes of ioy contriu'd,
Yet now is suddenly depriu'd
Of all that wealth, and strangely falles;
For euery thing his sprite appalles;
His Sonnes decease, his Countries losse;
And his owne State which huge stormes tosse:
Thus he, who could not apprehend,
Whilst as he slept in marble walles,
No, nor imagine any crosse,
To beare all those, his breast must lend:
No perfect blisse before the end.

And we the Lydians *that design'd*
To raigne ouer all that were about vs,
Behold how Fortune too doth flowt vs,
And hath vs vtterly resign'd:
For we that had t'our selues assign'd
A Monarchie, but knew not how,
Yet thought to make the world to bow,
That at our forces stood afraid;

We,

We, we, by whom theſe plots were laid,
To thinke of bondage muſt deſcend,
And beare the yoke of others now;
O it is truth, that Solon *ſaid,*
While as he yet doth breath extend;
No man is bleſt, behold the end.

FINIS. W. A.

THE TRAGEDIE OF DARIVS.

By William Alexander
of Menſtrie.

Omne tulit punctum qui miſcuit vtile dulci.

LONDON
Printed by G. Elde *for* Edward Blount. 1604.

THE
TRAGEDIE
OF DARIUS.

By Wi: Alexander

Printed by G. Eld: for Edward
Blount. 1603.

In praiſe of the Author, and *his Poeme.*

A SONNET.

Giue place all yee to dying Darius *wounds*
(VVhile this great Greeke him in his throne enſtalles)
That fell before ſeauen ported Thebes *walles,*
Or vnder Ilions *olde ſky-threatning rounds.*
Your ſowre-ſweete ſighes not halfe ſo ſadlie ſounds,
Though, I confeſſe, moſt famous be your falles,
Slaine, ſacrifizd, tranſported, and made thralles;
Præcipate, burnt, banniſh'd from your bounds:
VVhome Sophocles, Euripides *haue ſong,*
Æſchylus *end in ſtately Tragick tune:*
Yet none of all hath ſo diuinely done,
As matchleſſe Menſtrie *in his natiue toung.*
So Darius *ghoſt ſeemes glad for to be ſo*
Triumpht on twiſe by Alexanders *two.*

Io. Murray.

A Sonnet.

VVHen as the *Macedonian* conquerour came
To great *Achilles* Tomb, he ſigh'd, and ſaid;
Well may thy ghoſt, braue champion, be appay'd,
That *Homers* Muſe was trumpet of thy fame.
But if that Monarch great indeedes and name,
Now once againe with mortall vaile array'd,
Came to the Tomb where *Darius* hath beene lay'd,
This ſpeech more iuſtly ſighing might he frame:
My famous foe, whom I leſſe hate, then pitty,
Euen I, who vanquiſh'd thee, enuie thy glory,
In that ſuch one doth ſing thy ruines ſtory,
As matcheth *Homer* in his ſweeteſt ditty;
Yet ioy I that he *Alexander* hight,
And ſounds I thy ore-throw my matchles might.

W. Quin.

Eiuſdem in nomen Authoris GVLIELMVS ALEXANDER,

Anagramma.

I, LARGVS MELLE EXVNDA.

Tetraſticon.

CVm tibi det Genius, Muſa, ingeniumque, Poëſis
Floribus é varijs Attica mella legas;
I, largus melle exunda, *mellitáque funde*
Carmina: ſic facias nomine fata iubent.

THE

THE ARGVMENT.

DARIVS, *the fourteenth from* Cyrus *King of* Persia, *being after the death of* Occhus *for his singular valour from the gouernment of* Armenia *aduanc'd to the* Persian *empyre, became so arrogant (Fortune, as it were, setting him forward to confusion) as he sent to demand tribute of* Phillip, *then King of* Macedonia: *who being of a hautie nature, and inferiour to none of that age in courage, or militarie discipline, requited this contumelius message with as disdainfull an answere; threatning that he would come and deliuer it in* Persepolis. *But being preuented by death he left the execution of his designe to his sonne* Alexander, *who for the great victories which thereafter he obtained was surnamed the great. He inheriting the hatred of his Father towards* Darius, *and far surmounting him in ambition, past in person to* Asia *with an armie of thirtie thousand only.*

After his arriuall, Darius *wrote to him in a proud and contemptible manner, ascribing to himselfe the title of the King of Kings, and kinsman of the Gods, and naming* Alexander *his seruant. Hee also in vaunting manner boasted that he would haue that mad boy, the sonne of* Philip *(for so in derision he tearmed him) bound, and beaten with rods, and after brought to his presence apparelled like a Prince. For performance whereof he directed one of his Minions with fourtie thousand, to make impediment to his passage at the riuer of* Granick; *where by the wonderfull valour of* A-

lexander *they were ouer-throwne.* Darius *being aduertiſed of this, came himſelfe in proper perſon, accompanied with infinite (but euill ordered) nombers, and encountred* Alexander *beſide* Iſſo, *in the ſtraites of* Cilicia: *where hauing fought a doubtfull and bloody battell, in ende by the invincible valour, and neuer-fayling Fortune of* Alexander *his armie was defeated, himſelfe put to flight, and his mother, wife, and children made captiues. They were moſt courteouſlie entertained by* Alexander: *who notwithſtanding their exceeding great beautie yet would not abuſe them, or ſuffer them to be abuſed by others: nor viſited he them more oft then once (and that to comfort them) all the time of their impriſonment.*

Darius, *notwithſtanding of all his loſſes (his courage being in the full, whilſt his Fortune was in the waine) wrote very proudly to* Alexander, *taking ſtill the title of a King to himſelfe, but not giuing it him, offering him as much gold, as* Macedon *could containe, for ranſome of the Captiues. Which being very diſdainfully refuſed by* Alexander, *he hauing re-enforced his troupes, & comming forwarde to fight with greater force then before, was enformed how his wife had died in priſon, whoſe death he bewaild with exceeding great ſorrowe. And vnderſtanding what courteſie* Alexander *had vſed towards her, he ſent to ſue for peace, not for any feare of his force, but allured (as he alledged) by his courteſie. This ſute being likewiſe reiected, he fought beſide* Arbella *with no better Fortune then before. Yet for all theſe misfortunes being of an inuincible courage, and diſpayring of peace, he re-aſſembled all his forces, which were augmented by the comming of the* Bactrians, *& was comming forward with intention at laſt either to die, or preuaile. But*

in

In the meane time two traiterous subiects of his owne, to wit, Bessus *whom he had promoted to be gouernour of* Bactria, *&* Nabarzanes *one in speciall credite with him, conspired his death. Which danger, though it was reueated to him by* Patron, *Captaine of the Greekes, yet he could not, or rather would not eschue. At length, those two traitours tooke and bound him with golden chaines, and cast him in an olde Chariot, with purpose to present him to* Alexander. *But they hearing how he would not accept their present, and how he was comming to inuade them, threw their darts at* Darius, *and left him for dead. In this estate he was found by* Polistratus, *and after the deliuery of some fewe words dyed.* Alexander *hauing exceedinglie lamented his miserable and vndeserued end, directed his bodie to his mother* Sisigambis *to be honourably buried.*

The perſons names that ſpeakes.

Darius.
Siſigambis, *his mother.*
Statira Re. *his wife.*
Statira Virg. *his daughter.*
Tiriotes, *their Eunuch.*
Nabarzanes } *two traitours.*
Beſſus. }
Alexander.
Parmenio, *his Lieutenant.*
Hepheſtion, *his Minion.*
Poliſtratus, *a ſouldier.*
Artabazus, *a noble man of Perſia.*
Patron, *Captaine of the mercenary Greekes.*
Nuntius.
Chorus, *all Perſians.*

The Scene ſuppoſed in Babilon.

THE TRAGEDY OF *DARIVS.*

Actus Primus.

DARIVS.

*W*Hat thundering power grow'n jealous of my ſtate
With ſuch hoſtilitie my troupes o're-throwes,
And arm'd with lightning, breathing flames of hate,
Big with diſdaine, high indignation ſhowes
Whil'ſt ſooth'd with ſelfe conceits aſham'd to doubt,
In greatneſſe ſhadowe I ſecurelie ſlept,
Lo, change-affecting Fortune wheeles about,
And ruines all that me from ruine kept.
Thus I, whoſe onlie name amaz'd my foes,
Whom th'earth ador'd, as Monarche, once ouer all,
Am ſo degraded now, and ſunke in woes,
That who admir'd my might, admire my fall.
Ah then indeed I fell, when gallants ſtood,
And *Phœnix*-like renew'd their life by death,
Who hauing ſeald their force and faith with blood,
Would rather die, then draw a borrowed breath.
Yet I, but then not I, view'd not aveng'd,
Thoſe monſtrous mountaines of my ſubjects ſlaine,
Although my conſcience hath my courage cleng'd,
And knowes what valour was employ'd in vaine.

Through greateſt dangers death I did purſue,
Till heapes of ſlaughtred bodies bar'd my way,
And chang'd my Chariot to a ſcarlet hue,
Ere wounded honour could be drawne away.
O how I enuy yet their happie Ghoſtes,
Who died whil'ſt hope of victorie remain'd,
And in the preſence of two famous hoſtes
Left bloodie recordes that they died vnſtain'd?
Shall I ſuruiue that ſoule-ouerwhelming ſhame,
To be th'eternall ſtaine of *Perſians* praiſe?
No rather let me die, and let my name,
Be quite exſtinguiſh'd with my hatefull dayes.
Starre-boſting *Babilon* bluſh to behold
One cald thy King ſurmounted and abated:
How may thy Towrs but tremble, when it's told,
Thy Prince entreats, whome Princes earſt entreated?
Not vaſſal-like; I will not yeeld to this:
Were all my Empire to a period come,
Yet none ſhall vaunt that euer I was his:
Hartes holding courage are not all o're-come.
This tongue inur'd ſtill to command doth ſcorne
To breath baſe words, to ſcape a minutes paines.
Let them obey, who to obey were borne:
For *Darius* this indignitie diſdaines.
Since I was once iudg'd worthie to command,
Shall I returne to be a baſe entreater?
No, whil'ſt a ſword yeelds homage to this hand,
Ile not acknowledge in the world a greater.
Braue ſpirites, who now poſſeſſe the pleaſant bowers,
And glorious gardens of *th'Eliſian* plaine,
(For if deſetts may moue th'infernall powers,
That happie ſhade your ſhadowes muſt containe)
Thoſe fields where-as your praiſes are ſet forth
Do burie but your bodies, not your fame:

Men

Men ſhall adore the relickes of your worth,
And reare immortall Trophees to your name.
Ile ſacrifize as incenſe to your ſoules,
His dying ſighes, and ſorrowing parents teares,
Who now, while none his inſolence controules,
Our conquer'd enſignes in his triumphe beares.
For it may eaſe your Ghoſtes to heare his grones,
Whil'ſt th'earth ouer-burdend ſends rebounding back
A plaintife *Echo* from the woods and ſtones,
To ſound through all the aire his armies wrack.
Why ſpend I ſpeaches to diſturbe your reſt?
What idle diſputations do I hold?
A mightie furour hath enflam'd my breſt,
And burnes me, till I be aueng'd ſeuen-fold.
Did I that ſtrong *Caduſian* firſt affront,
Who durſt aduance himſelfe to braue our bandes,
Then turn'd applauded, and in high account,
Charg'd with his ſpoiles the honour of my hands?
And could I then all kinde of doubt remooving,
Aduenter only to an Armies ſhame?
And ſhould I now that auncient praiſe diſprouing,
With ſquadrons compaſt looſe that glorious name?
Blinde fortune, O, thy ſtratagems are ſtrange:
Thou wrak'ſt my greatnes, wound'ſt mine honour to,
And hauing made my ſtate the ſtage of change,
Haſt acted all inconſtancie could do.
Lo I, who late of ſwarming troupes did boſt,
Am ſpoil'd of all in whome I then repos'd,
And thoſe impriſon'd, whome I fancie moſt,
Are to th'inſulting victours pride expos'd.
O torment but to thinke, death to beleeue,
That any may command my deereſt part,
And wretched I not able to releeue
The Iewell of mine eye, ioy of my hart.

Deere obiect of my thoughtes, my life, my loue,
Sweete ſource of my delights, my one, my all,
Bright Image of excellencies aboue,
What? do'ſt thou breath, and com'ſt not when I call?
And can I be, and not be where thou art?
Hath heauen the force me from thy face to barre?
Or are my hands growne traitors to my hart,
That they ſhould ſhrinke from doing what it dare?
O could my minde but diſtribute a ſpace
Theſe emulating thoughts that toſſe my breſt,
Among thoſe pointles Cyphers that ſpend place:
Then I alone might animate the reſt.
Since in this great diſgrace I chanc'd to fall,
Now nothing reſts to raſe my fame forlorne,
But to doe deſperatly, and hazard all.
Ile liue with praiſe, or by my death flie ſcorne.
Some proſperous iſſue afterward may purge
This crime, with which th'euent would burthen me,
This crime, that carries with it ſelfe a ſcourge:
No greater torment than the want of thee.
But what hope reſts to re-obtaine that treaſure,
Which auaritious tyrants once poſſeſſe?
Another now diſpoſes at his pleaſure
Of all my wealth: how can I looke for leſſe?
Now, not till now, I deeme my ſtate in danger,
When I imagine how my beſt belou'd
Muſt entertaine my enemy a ſtranger,
I being far from offering aide remou'd.
A hoſt of furies in my breſt I finde,
Which do my ſoule with dreadfull horrours fill,
And foſter in my melancholious minde
Strange apprehenſions that affright me ſtill.
And this ſurmiz'd diſgrace, grown throughly ſtrong,
Reades hourely in my eares a hatefull ſcroule

Of an imagin'd, yet recureles wrong,
Such poiſon'd thoughtes like ſerpents ſting my ſoule.
Blind loue beguiles me not, ſharpe-ſighted feares
Finde great apparances for to ſuſpect thee:
Would God I had no hart, nor eyes, nor eares,
To thinke, to ſee, or heare thou ſhouldſt neglect me.
This aggrauates the wight of my diſpaire,
When doubt obiects, t'annull loues faſt defence,
How he is young and feirce, ſhe young, and faire,
He bent t'offend, and ſhe expoſd t'offence,
From which I feare both cannot long abſtaine:
Her beauty is ſufficient to allure:
His brauery is ſufficient to obtaine.
Captaines will force, and captiues muſt endure,
O *Alexander*, render my renowne,
Although thou trauell to vſurpe my throne.
I rage to haue ariuall in my Crowne:
But in my loue I can comport with none.
Lode her not with diſgrace, and me with griefe,
Leaſt ſo thou rob her honour, and my life:
Spare in this point t'ouercharge me with miſchiefe:
In all things els let armes decide our ſtrife.
But where doth fury thus tranſport my ſpirits,
With light beleefe my beſt halfe to miſtruſt?
Deere, pardon, I treſpaſſe to wrong thy merits,
Whom I haue ſtill found faithfull louing iuſt.
Pure chaiſtitie doth then moſt firmelie ſtand,
When fortified it is with wedlockes band.
Yet let me doubt, or let me leaue to loue:
To feare the worſt it is affections part.
I'l not miſtruſt thy truth? yet it may proue,
Thy face betray thy faith, thy hap thy hart.
But on thy loue approou'd my hope relyes,
This doth diſſolue ſuſpitions power to nought.

I will repell reports, as ſll inderous lyes,
Which ſecond not thy vertue, and my thought.
Though vertues foe, and worth-enuying fortune,
Hath wrong'd my valour with an euill ſucceſſe;
Life of my life, yet muſt I thee importune,
Ioyne not with her to double my diſtreſſe. *Exit.*

CHORVS.

O More then miſerable minde,
That of all things it ſelfe worſt knowes,
And being through preſumption blinde
Is puffed vp with euery winde,
Which fortune in deriſion blowes.
Such one no ſtable bliſſe can finde,
Whoſe hart is guided by his eye,
And truſtes vnto betraying ſhowes,
Which ſeeme not as they be.
Oft ſhort proſperity,
Breedes long aduerſity:
For who abuſe the firſt, the laſt o're-throwes.
A dead ſecurity all care exiles:
Tis no ſmall danger to be happie whiles.

Who on himſelfe too much depends,
A makes an Idole of his witt,
For euery fauour fortune ſends,
Self-flatterer himſelfe commends,
And will no ſound aduiſe admit,
But at himſelfe beginnes, and ends,
And neuer takes a moments leaſure,

To

To try what fault he may commit,
But drunke with frothes of pleasure,
Thirstes for praise aboue measure,
Imaginary treasure,
Which slowly commes, and soone away doth flit:
And what is most affected at this time,
Succeeding ages may account a crime.

A Potentate that is respected,
And by his subiects thought a God,
Thinkes, as his name on high erected
Hath what he list at home effected,
It may like wonders worke abrod.
O how his folly is detected!
For though he sit in Royall seate,
And as he list his vassalls lod;
Yet others that are great.
Liue not by his conceate,
Nor ponder what he threat,
But plague his pride ost ere he feare the rod.
There are rare qualities required in Kings:
A naked name can neuer worke great things.

They who themselues too much esteeme,
And vainly vilipend their foe,
Ost finde not fortune, as they deeme,
And with their treasure would redeeme
Their errour past: Behold euen so
From blame who can our King exeeme,
Who his aduersary to scorne,
Thought he who in his name did goe
The laurell should haue worne,
His triumphe to adorne?
But he with shame hath shorne

The fruites of follie euer ripe with woe.
An enemie (if it be well aduis'd)
Though he seeme weake, should neuer be despis'd.

But what? the Minions of our Kings,
Who speake at large, and are beleeued,
Dare boast of many mightie things,
As they could flie, though wanting wings,
And deeds by wordes might be atcheeued,
But time at length their lies to light,
Their soueraigne to confusion brings.
Yet so they gaine, they are not greeue'd,
But charme their Princes sight,
And make what's wrong seeme right.
Thus ruine they his might,
That when he would, he cannot be releeued.
Moe kings in chambers fall by flatterers charmes,
Then in the field by th'aduersaries armes.

All that the successe hath approoued
By Charidemus *was foreshowne:*
Yet with his wordes no man was mooued:
For good men first must be remooued,
Before their worth can well be knowne.
The King would heare but what he looued,
And what him pleasd not did despise.
So were the beeter sort o'er-throwne,
And Sycophants vnwise,
Who could the trueth disguise,
Were suffered for to rise,
That him who rais'd them vp, they might cast downe.
Thus Princes will not heare, though such deceaue them,
Things as they are, but as themselues conceaue them.

ACTVS.

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

ALEXANDER. PARMENIO.

BEholde, the heauens with a benigne aſpect,
To proſper this braue enterpriſe intend,
And with propitious ſtarres ſeeme to direct
This great beginning to a glorious end.
Who would be famous muſt of force aſpire:
All thoſe aſtoniſh'd, who my troupes do view,
Doubt of thoſe two which moſt they ſhould admire;
My comming, or my conquering with ſo few.
So mightie mindes t'atchieue great actions bent
Force Fortune oft to fauour them in all:
Where baſer breaſts deuining euill euent,
Through ſuperſtitious feares procure their fall.
O howe I wonder, when I call to minde
That monſtrous camp, which not ſo much as doubted!
Dimme ſeem'd the Sunne, while-as their armour ſhind
Men had not heard the thunder, whil'ſt they ſhouted.
Th'auant-courours, that came for to examine,
When they ſo meane my nombers had perceau'd,
Did thinke them ſmall to ſatisfie the famine,
That their huge hoſte of ſlaughter had conceau'd.
And yet in end this prou'd a poyſon'd foode,
Which of their owne to their confuſion yeeldes
Mountaines of murthered corps, and ſeas of blood:
Vn buried bodies buried all the fieldes.
So now that fewe, whome they contemn'd ſo farre,
(See how mortalitie it ſelfe deceaues)
Haue farre ouer-match'd their multitudes in warre,

And made the world waſte to people the graues.
Then, deere *Parmenio*, ſince the fates afforde
So faire an entrie to our firſt deſignes,
Let vs goe proſecute with dint of ſworde
That fortune, which the heauens our hopes aſſignes.
Parm. This high attempt, as we would wiſh ſucceeds.
What hoſtes haue we ouerthrow'n? what citties raz'd?
Loe, populous *Aſia* trembles at our deedes,
And martiall *Europe* doth remaine amaz'd.
Proud *Greece*, whoſe ſpirits oft preaſt to skorne the (skyes,
A proſtrate ſupplicant before thee falles:
Rebellious *Thebes*, that durſt thy power diſpyſe,
Lyes now entomb'd within her broken walles.
That ſea-impyring *Tyre*, repoſing much
In liquide Caſtels, and a wauing maine,
Hath ratified thy forces to be ſuch,
That nothing can reſiſt thy iuſt diſdaine.
No doubt the auncient *Græcians* ghoſts are glad
To ſee the fierce *Barbarians* brought ſo lowe;
Yet are for enuy of thy fortune ſad,
And though vn-bodied bluſh at this ouerthrowe.
Miltiades by all men was admir'd,
Who once in *Greece* their flying troupes purſued:
And he that with a ſtratageme retir'd,
And *Salaminaes* ſtraites with blood imbrued.
But yet for all the Captaines of that age
The Eaſterne Monarckes empire was enlarg'd,
Who comming to their countrie, warres to wage,
The ſea with ſhippes, the land with armies charg'd.
He with moe ſwarmes of mē, then th'Autumns clu- (ſters,
Dry'd riuers vp, & march'd on *Neptunes* backe;
By meaſure, not by nomber made his muſters,
And did attempt the mountaines plaine to make.
Then *Europe* fear'd for to be forc'd to bowe,

Whil'ſt

Whil'ſt th'earth did groane to beare ſo great an hoſt:
But thou haſt come, ſeene, and ouercom'd them nowe
Euen in the boundes wherein their might was moſt.
That hautie foe, who vilipended oft
Our predeceſſours armies, and our owne,
Now laide as lowe, as he was once aloft,
With his diſgrace muſt make thy valour knowne.
He cannot but acknowledge his diſtreſſe
In labouring firſt to haue his friends reſtor'd:
This meſſage (potent Prince) imports no leſſe:
By his requeſt thy conqueſt is decor'd.
For the recouerie of his captiu'd Queene
He offred hath innumerable golde;
And would preſent a treaſure to be ſeene
More, as they ſay, then *Macedon* may holde.
My counſell is that you accept thoſe offers,
And render her, as th'auncient cuſtome bindes;
Who would make warre muſt not haue empty coffers:
For hope of gaine moues mercenarie mindes.
And further, if thoſe Princeſſes doe tarrie,
It ſumptuous is to entertaine their ſtate.
Wemen, and babes are cumberſome to carrie;
Th'one young in yeares, and th'other in conceat.
Alex. If I were come to traffick in this land,
And like a greedie merchant to embrace
Before all hope of glorie gaine in hand,
This your inuild opinion might haue place.
But ſoone I ſurfet of ſuch melting things,
And famiſh but for fame, and crownes of Kings.
Parm. So, were I *Alexander*, would I do.
Alex. If I *Parmenio* were, ſo would I to.
Par. Their ranſome would defray your ſouldiers fee.
Alex. I'le rather without ranſome ſet them free.
Parm. The good is loſte that's done vnto a fo.

Alex. The greater glorie to o'recomme him ſo.
Parm. Golde is the God that conquers in all parts.
Alex. True magnanimitie doth rauiſh harts.
Parm. Riche treaſures ſerue for th'arters of the war.
Alex. No, but couragious harts that all things darre.
Parm. The want of wages makes a mutinous band.
Alex. But who dare diſobey, when I command?
Par. Why ſhould you, Sir, cõtemne ſo rich a treaſure?
Alex. A noble ſpirit with praiſe no gain doth meaſure.
Parm. But who delites in ſuch an airie ſtore?
Alex. If I be ſingular, I aske no more.
Parm. Although that you conceaue no ſuch ſuſpitiõ,
Yet I heare how your ſouldiers oft exclame,
They ſacrifize their bloods for your ambition,
And periſh to perpetuate your name.
And yet, without regarde what they indure,
You compaſſe all the empire of the Eaſt,
And more within your minde: this may procure
Some ſuddaine tumult, when you feare it leaſt.
Retire in time, while as the heauens are cleare:
You haue perform'd, perform'd, and that right ſone,
More thẽ your own could hope, your foes could feare,
Or then the world can credite, when 'tis done.
Your worth in warre is wonderfullie ſhowne,
And to the terrour of all *Aſia* tryde:
Now let your skill in peace be likewiſe knowne,
And for the maint'nance of your ſtate prouide.
Good gouernment the fame of Kings doth raiſe
No leſſẽ then conqueſt made of Realmes and townes:
'Tis harder farre, and doth deſerue more praiſe
To guide, then get: to keepe, then conquere crownes.
Your glorie in her hieſt ſpheare is plac'd,
And may not moue except it be more lowe:
And if it once diſcend to be diſgrac'd,

Each

Each artizan your ſtatues will o're-throwe,
For in the warre, as you may well perceiue,
No little part dependeth vpon fame:
If we but once the leaſt affront receiue,
The world will gather to exſtripe our name.
Then tempt not Fortune further then you neede,
Let reaſon bridle this aſpyring thought:
Leaſt, whil'ſt your hopes with trophees faind you feed,
A moment turne your trauels all to nought.
Let *Darius* be a liuelie patrone now
Of th'euer-changing courſe of ſtates and crownes:
That Prince to whom the Orient once did bow,
His deſolation onely now renounes.
He ſcarſelie loat length become content
To call you King, though twiſe put in diſ-order:
In dowrie with his daughter doth preſent
The famous *Euphrates*, to be your border.
Or otherwiſe he condiſcends to giue
Great ſtore of Gold, or what your ſelfe deſires,
If that his mother, wife, and children liue,
To haue them rend'red, as he oft requires.
And let not vaine ambition blind your eies:
Remember what ſtrange nations will imbrace him,
Whom ſcarce he knowes by name, or neuer ſees,
Where if he fled, your troups would tire to chace him.
Alex. Peace, peace *Parmenio*, now thou makeſt me
With theſe thy words vn-worthy of our eares: (rage,
It ſeemes the coldeneſſe of decaying age,
Hath kil'd thy courage with a froſt of feares.
Did I abandone thee my natiue ſoile,
And ſhaddow'd with my Enſignes vnknow'n coaſtes;
That after infinite diſtreſſe and toile,
Whil'ſt in contempt of vs our foe yet boaſtes,
I ſhould retire, effecting nought at laſt,

But sharpned a desire, t'augment my merites,
Then die in discontentment, when 'tis past
The time, that should haue pacified my spirites?
No, I will raigne, and I will raigne alone:
From this desseigne my fancie neuer wanders,
For as the heau'ns can hold no Sunne but one:
The earth cannot containe two *Alexanders*.
The ample circuite of this spacious round
Seemes insufficient to confine my thought:
And ô would God there could moe worlds be found,
That many might t'adorne our deedes be brought.
O, I could wish that th'Ocean were firme land,
Where none but hideous Giants had retreat,
Such as at *Phlegra* fielde in striefe did stand
Against the Gods for the Etheriall seate.
These could encourage martiall mindes to strike,
Who being wonne would yeeld eternall praise:
I conquere men, but many did the like:
And after-ages may my equall raise.
But since none such my triumphes are to grace,
Such as there are I'le to subiection bring:
And heere I sweare no kinde of ease t'embrace,
Till all the world adore me for their King.
If you or any else that liue in dreede
With-drawe your selues, your Princes part despysing;
Remember alwaies in his greatest neede
Ye flie to stop his honour in the rysing.
Passe home, and liue like men in prison pent:
I measure not my courage by my numbers.
Parm. Your Maiestie misconsters my intent:
You know what I haue thold, what cares, what cumbers,
And all for you: I to your eies appeale,
Which well can witnes what my hands haue wrought.

All

All that I ſpake, proceeded of a zeale
And not of cowardice, or feare of ought.
Nor matche I vile repoſe with honeſt paines:
My courage is not yet become ſo colde:
That wounted vigour hath not left my vaines,
Which ſpurd my ſpirit in youth, though I be olde.
Alex. 'Tis not ynough that you your ſelfe be ſo:
To be the ſame you ſhould the reſt exhort.
Is he return'd, who was ordain'd to go
And viewe the Captiues, what doth he report?
Parm. As we were ſince by ſome of them inſtructed,
While they as yet not of ſupport diſpair'd,
And to a tent were courteouſly conducted,
Which we of purpoſe caus'd to be prepar'd;
Euen in the way one fortun'd to eſpy
The Diademe that *Darius* earſt had borne,
Which on the earth ſo abiectly did lie,
As each thing his calamitie would ſcorne.
Then they imagin'd, from his royall head,
Whoſe dignity it ſome-time did decore,
None could it caſt, except himſelfe were dead:
And if ſo were, they long'd to liue no more.
When they had entred in the tent to weepe,
Leonatus came and at the entrie knocked:
They ſtood ſo ſtill, he thought an yornie ſleepe
Had lock'd their eies, or elſe that he was mocked.
At length by force he made a patent way,
And was aduanc'd them louingly to greet;
When loe, theſe dolorous Ladies proſtrate lay,
And with a flood of teares bedew'd his feete.
Then ſobbing ſaide, we not refuſe to die:
Let vs entombe firſt *Darius* like a King:
Then when that we his latter honour ſee,

Death cannot but a great contentment bring.
This so they vrg'd, as he could scarce perswade
That *Darius* was not dead as they suppos'd,
But liu'd, in hope through dangers Seas to wade
And in the pow'r of other Realmes repos'd.
And further he protested on your part,
That they might looke for clemencie and grace.
Thus after that I had asswag'd their smart,
It seem'd they longd to see my Soueraignes face.
Alex. Of my good-will they may themselues assure:
I neuer war'd with such as were subiected:
And if my presence may their ease procure,
Straight to their tent my steppes shall be directed.

Exeunt.

CHORVS.

OF all the passions that possesse the soule,
None so disturbes vaine mortals mindes
As this Ambition, that so blindes
The sense of man, that nothing can controule
Nor curb their thoughts who will aspyre.
This raging vehement desire
Of soueraignty no satisfaction findes,
But in the breastes of men doth euer roule
The restlesse stone of Sisiph to torment them.
And as his hart, who steal'd the heu'nly fire,
The vulture gnawes, so doth Ambition rent them:
Had they the world, the world would not content them.

This race of Ixion *to embrace the cloudes,*

Contemne the ſtate wherein they ſtand,
And would all but themſelues command,
As one deſire is quench'd another buds:
When they haue trauel'd all their time,
Heapt blood on blood, and crime on crime,
There is a hier power that guides their hand.
More happie he whome a poore cottage ſhroudes
Againſt the tempeſt of the threatning heauen,
He ſtands in feare of none, none enuy him:
His hart is vpright, and his wayes are eauen,
Where others ſtates are ſtill twixt ſixe and ſeauen.

That damned wretch vp with Ambition blow'n,
While-as he turnes the wheele about,
Whiles caſt within, whiles caſt without,
In ſtriuing for the top is ſtill throwne downe.
Thoſe that delight in climbing hie
Oft with a precepice doe die:
So doe the ſtarres ſky-climbling worldlings flout.
But this diſeaſe is fatall to a croune:
Kings, who haue moſt, ſtriue moſt t'augment their bounds;
And if they be not all, they can not be:
Which to their domage commonly redounds.
Too great a ſtate her proper waight confounds.

Th'ambitious toyling to enlarge their ſtate
Themſelues exceedingly deceaue,
In hazarding the hap they haue
For a felicitie that they conceate.
Though their dominions they incres,
Yet their deſires growe neuer les:
For though they conquer Climats, more they craue.
This is the miſerie of being great.
Such eye-beguyling pompe is all but fume;

Such glorious ſhowes diſguiſe the minds diſtres;
And who to conquere all the earth preſume,
A little earth ſhall them at laſt conſume.

And if it fortune that they die in peace
(A wonder wondrous rarelie ſeene)
Who conquere firſt; their empire cleene
Is ruin'd by ſome perſons of their race:
Who comming to the crowne with reſt,
And hauing all in peace poſſeſt,
Do ſtraight forget what bloody broils haue bene
Before their Fathers could attaine that place.
As th'Ocean flowes, and ebbes, ſtates riſe and fall:
And Princes, when their actions proſper beſt,
For feare their greatnes ſhould oppreſſe the ſmal,
Are of ſome hated, and envy'd of all.

We knowe what end the mightie Cyrus *made,*
Whome, while he ſtriu'd to conquere ſtill,
A woman did moſt vildlie kill,
And in a bloodie veſſell rold his head;
Then ſaid, Content thy ſelfe with blood:
Thou ſtill didſt famiſh for ſuch food:
Now quench thy thirſt of blood with blood at will.
Some of his ſucceſſors, ſince he was dead
Haue raign'd a ſpace with pompe, and yet with paine.
Now all their glorie cannot doe vs good.
What they ſo long haue laboured to obtaine,
All in an inſtant muſt be loſt againe.

Loe, Darius *once ſo magnified by fame,*
By one whome he contemn'd o'recome,
For all his brauerie now made dombe,
With downe-caſt eyes muſt ſignifie his ſhame.

Who puft vp with pernitious pride
Thinke ſtill t' haue fortune on their ſide,
They cannot ſcape to be a pray to ſome.
They ſpend their proſperous dayes as in a dreame,
And as it were in fortunes boſome ſleeping,
They in this dull ſecuritie abide,
And of their doubtfull ſtate neglect the keeping,
Whilſt gaiſtlie ruine comes vpon them creeping.

Thus the viciſſitude of worldly things
Doth to our eyes it ſelfe detect,
VVhen heauenly powers exalt, deiect,
Confirme, confound, erect and ruine Kings.
So Alexander *mightie now,*
To whome the vanquiſh'd world doth bow.
VVith all ſubmiſsion, homage, and reſpect
Doth flie a borrow'd flight with Fortunes wings:
Nor enters he his dangerous courſe to ponder,
Yet, if that Fortune bend her cloudie browe:
All thoſe, who at his ſuddaine ſucceſſe wonder,
May gaze as much to ſee himſelfe brought vnder.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

Scen. I.

SISIGAMBIS Regina, STATIRA Virgo.

O Diſmall day deteſted by the light,
And would to God (but God neglects our cace)
The world were wrapt in a Cymerian night,
That no proud eye might gaze on our diſgrace.

Why did the heauens reſerue my feeble age,
To goe to graue with infamie and grief?
Could nothing but my ſhame their wrath aſſwage
Thus offred vpon th'altar of miſchief?
Ah, haue I ſpent my youth in pompe and pleaſure,
And had my ſpring-time grac'd with pleaſant flowres,
That th'Autumne, which ſhould reape the Sõmers treaſure,
Might be diſaſtred with ſuch ſtormy ſhowres?
And did ſmooth calmes, and ſun-ſhines of delight
Make all my voyage through the world a ſport;
That toſſed with a tempeſt of deſpight
I now might periſh entring at my port?
Yet for all this, were I expos'd alone
Th'accurſed obiect of heauens plaguing-armes,
I ſhould not thinke I had iuſt cauſe to mone,
When I but waild mine owne, not others harmes.
Ay me, on thoſe, whom more then life I loue
The ſtate-diſturbing blaſtes of Fortune fall:
Yet each of them ſome ſeuerall ſorrowes moue,
But wretch I ſuffer ſhip-wracke in them all.
I ſuffered, when I ſawe *Oxatres* ſlaine,
My louing ſonne, and moſt entirelie lou'd:
I dy'd in *Darius*, when he try'd in vaine,
What fates would doe, yet ſtill their hatred prou'd.
Ah, doe the deſtinies extend my breath
For further euill? O extreame crueltie,
To vſe ſo many inſtruments of death,
Againſt one burthend with calamitie.
Yet *Ioue*, if this may diſ-en-flame thine ire,
Let all thy lightning light vpon mine head:
To be conſum'd with a celeſtiall fire
Some comfort were, ſince that I muſt be dead.

Stat. Reg. Leaue mother theſe immoderate laments
To me the very ſource, and ſeate of ſorrowe,

Whoſe

Whose dayes are burthen'd with so sad euents,
That hell it selfe may of my torments borrow.
Loe, the deere Lord and treasure of my thought,
Whose presence I my Paradice esteem'd,
To such a headlong præcipice is brought,
That with the world his glorie dead is deem'd.
Ah, on what prop can I repose my trust,
When first the greatnesse of his state I ponder;
Next how his Diademe drencht in the dust
Was Fortunes Trophee, and all *Asias* wonder?
He whose imperious speach the world respected,
And as an oracle had in regarde,
Now vanquish't and contemptiblie neglected
Can scarcely as a supplicant be heard.
And yet I know this more his minde afflicts,
Then doth the ruine of his rigall state,
That him my sight another interdicts,
Who am the soueraigne of his soules conceat.
Shall he, pure quintessence of my best part,
Then onely testifie the loue he beares?
No, by mine eyes I will distill my hart,
And for his sake dissolue my selfe in teares.
Would God my breast like Cristall were transparent,
That all the world might see my sinceare minde,
And that my loyall thoughts were all apparent,
Whose great affection cannot be confinde.
They haue impriſon'd onely my poore eies,
And banish'd them from th'obiect of their ioy:
My firie hart with winged fancies flies
And where thou goest doth still my steps conuoy.
Thy Queene is such, as whilst thou draw'st this aire,
In counting captiues men may still accept her:
For whilst thou liu'st, how can thy spouse dispaire,
Whom thou prefer'st euen to thy soule and sceptre?

Yet flatter I my ſelfe that am accurſt:
The apprehenſion, which with griefe I cheriſh,
Of thy miſhap may ſerue to make me burſt.
Ah, ah I faint, I feele my ſpirits periſh.
Siſ. Help, help allace, allace, the Empreſſe falles.
Sta. Virg. O dolefull day of darknes; world of woes.
Siſ. This greeuous ſpectacle my ſpirite appalles:
Heauen, earth, and all are now become our foes.
Sta. Virg. I may more iuſtly mone then any other,
Whoſe eares haue heard the hard hap of my father;
Whoſe eies behold the anguiſh of my mother,
Whom both do loade with all the woes of either.
Stat. Reg. What inhumaine humanity is this,
With ſuch a cruell pittie to oppreſſe;
To bring pale ghoſtes backe from the fields of blis,
Yet to be plung'd in th'Ocean of diſtreſſe?
O vnkinde kindeneſſe that by ſauing ſlayes,
And would with loueleſſe loue my loue controule.
Ah, of this odious Sunne th'unhappie rayes
Doe cleere mine eyes but to confound my ſoule.
Siſi. Deare daughter, ſtriue your paſſions to reſtraine,
Leaſt that the torrent of your greefe grow ſuch,
That it both carie you to'agroundleſſe maine,
And him o'rewhelme for whom, ye mourne ſo much.
No doubt but he, if we reſt captiues thus,
Diſdaining theſe indignities of ours,
T'auenge himſelfe in re-obtaining vs
Will hazard all his Orientall pow'rs.
But ah, what comfort can a wretch afforde,
Whoſe care-worne breaſt the worſt of wo containes?
Yet though my hart would faine impugne my worde,
I hope leſſe ſpeake of hope, t'appeaſe her paines.
Stat. Reg. Such conſolations now came not in ſeaſon,
Since we muſt hold our greefe the greateſt good:

Diſſemble not your ſorrow, we haue reaſon
Yea to ſigh out our ſprites and weepe our blood.
Sif. I waile my ſonne. *Stat.Reg.* And I my husbandes (fall.
Sta.Virg. I waile my father, and in him vs all.
Sif. No woe like mine, mine cannot be releeu'd.
I waile his woe, who ſhould my woe aſſwage,
Who liues by me, by whom I ſhould haue liu'd,
Sport of my youth, and piller of mine age.
Stat.Reg. No wo like mine, who faithful to my pheere
For loue of him all others had forſaken.
But what a pheere? my ſelfe, or one more deere:
Yet from my ſelfe my ſelfe by force am taken. (childe
Stat.Virg. No wo like mine, who borne a Monarkes
Thought that my birth good hap ſhould heape vpon
Yet all my expectations are beguil'd, (me:
And what I hop'd in moſt hath moſt vndone me.
Sif. I mourne for him who in my womb was form'd.
St.Reg. I mourne for him in whō loue me transform'd.
Stat.Virg. I mourne for him by whom I formed was.
Sif. Shall I not ſee my ſelfe in that cleere glaſſe?
St.Reg. Ah! ſhall I neuer in his ioy reioyce?
St.Virg. Ah! ſhall I neuer here his cheerefull voice?
Sif. Would God frō death my death might him exceeme.
St.Reg. would God my life my liues life might redeeme.
St.Vir. Would God the life he gaue him life might giue.
Sif. Muſt theſe gray haires my ſons green youth ſuruiue?
Sta.Reg. I will preuent him and not liue to languiſhe.
Sta.Virg. Can I remaine behinde to liue in anguiſhe?
Sif. But whiles our wretched ſtate we iuſtly mone,
We may lament this infant too a ſpace,
Who in miſhap inferiour were to none,
If he could apprehend his tragick cace.
Sta.Reg O then how can my hart burburſt a-ſunder,
Whom nature moues moſt to be mone his harmes?

I thinke I ſee the hoſtes of heau'n all thunder
On me, my ſpouſe, and this babe in my armes.
Deere image of my ſelfe, in whom I liue,
Thy ſhape ſhames not the greatneſſe of thy Syre,
But of thy birth cleere euidence doth giue:
Thy ſoure-ſweete ſight addes coales to my deſire.
Thou that ſhouldſt comfort moſt, tormē'ſt thou me?
Huge hoſtes of paſſions now my ſoule aſſembles.
O how I grieue! and yet am glad to ſee
Thee, though not him, whom thy ſweet face reſembles,
Goe, beare this babe from hence: a wound too deep
Makes in my breaſt compaſſion of his part:
Yet let him ſtay; I ioy to heare him weepe:
This motherly affection melts my hart.
Of many woes this laſt is not the leaſt,
That vn-begun thy glorie muſt be ended;
Thy fortunes Sunne, my Sonne, ſet in the Eaſt,
While thy faire-ryſing all the world attended.
Ah! muſt this innocent taſte of miſhap,
Whoſe tender age cannot diſcerne his ſtate,
And be thus plagu'd, yea in his nurſes lap
Inherite woe by birth? Ah cruell fate.
If thou could'ſt hope, what great hopes haſt thou loſt
That art defrauded of ſo faire a throne?
Ah in thy cradle muſt I ſee thee croſt,
Whom I deſign'd ſo great when we were gone?
Yet happy hapleſſe childe, thou canſt not know
From whence the fountaine of our ſorrow flowes,
Nor what it is for to be hie, or low,
Nor on what thorne the roſe of honour growes.
Yet haſt thou felt the pricke before the ſmell.
Is this the benefit thy birth-right brings
Heere in conſtrain'd captiuitie to dwell?
Then better not be borne, then come of Kings.

O what a noiſe is that that doth affright me?
I trow to interrupt theſe teares of mine,
Leaſt that ſuch ſad lamentings ſhould delight me,
They will not let me plaine, yet make me pine.
Or is it ſome that doth condole our cace,
And commes with pittie moou'd to ſee vs pyn'd,
And to beholde how we can death imbrace,
Death ſoueraigne ſalue of a diſeaſed minde?
Sis. By many ſignes we may our ſelues aſſure,
'Tis *Alexander*, whom we long'd not for.
Stat. Reg. What? ah I die! and muſt my eye indure
Th'vpbraiding obiect which I moſt abhorre?
Sis. Suppreſſe ſuch ſpeaches now, leaſt all go wrong.
We are enuiron'd with outrageous hoſtes:
And weakneſſe muſt giue place vnto the ſtrong:
For Victours rage, when as the vanquiſh'd boſtes.
I will entreat him to, not for my ſelfe
(Mine olde age is become to death a debter)
But that you may eſchew this wrackfull ſhelfe,
Whoſe flowre not faded yet deſerueth better.
Stat. Reg. No, if you needs will ſue, ſue for my graue:
I will not be indebted to him liuing:
I rather death ſhould once the maiſtrie haue,
Then I ſhould die ſo oft with death ſtill ſtriuing.

ACTVS TERTIVS. Scen. II.

ALEXANDER, SISIGAMBIS, STATIRA Regina, HEPHESTION.

Alex. RIſe mother, riſe, remoue thoſe cauſles feares:
I come t'appeaſe, not to procure your woe:

The honour which I owe those aged heares
Permits me not to see you prostrate so.
Sis. Most gracious Prince, forgiue me if I er'd,
In taking him for you, that standeth by.
Alex. I finde no fault to see my friend prefer'd
Euen to my selfe: this is another I.
Sis. My sorrowes so confounded haue my minde,
That scarce I know my selfe, much lesse another:
My soule in such an agonie I finde,
As if some mightie mountaine did me smoother.
Alex. I pray you, mother, set those plaints apart:
They vexe me more then sterne *Bellonaes* broiles.
Sis. This tender name of mother wounds my hart,
Pronounc'd by him who of that name me spoiles.
I was (woe that I was) a mother late
Of two faire sonnes, faire sonnes lights of my life:
Now th'one is dead, and in a worse estate,
Doth th'other liue involu'd in woe and strife;
Like th'auncient trunke of some dis-branched tree,
Which *Eols* rage hath to confusion brought,
Dis-arm'd of all those impes that sprung from me,
Vn-profitable stock I serue for nought.
Stat. Reg. I serue for nought, since him I cannot serue,
Whose sight may onlie my dead ioyes reuiue.
I with the famine of all comfort sterue,
Since I want him for whom I wish'd to liue.
I liue without my halfe, without my whole,
Prodigious monster, whome the world admires:
I want the point, the Pilote, and the Pole,
That drew, addrest, and gouern'd my desires,
Now tos'd with stormes in th'Ocean of dispaire
By ruine onely I attend releese,
Threatned aboue with pitchie cloudes of care,
Threatned belowe with swelling gulfes of greese.

My

My ſoule ſeemes to preſage diſaſtrous chances,
And varying with her ſelfe hath neuer peace:
My hart oppreſt falles into deadly trances:
My eyes muſt grace the ground of my diſgrace.
Hell hath aſſembled all her horrours heere:
Ah, in the concaue of this curſed breaſt,
As in the darke Tartarian groues, appeere
A thouſand ſhaddowes to bereaue my reſt.
Alex. Faire Princeſſe, ſpare thoſe paſſionate cõplaints
Which may augment, but not amend your harmes:
This voice, which with your woe the world acquaints,
Doth moue me more, then all the *Perſians* armes.
Madame, take courage, be affraide of none:
You may expect what helpe I can afforde:
I ſweare by *Ioues* inviolable throne,
And doe proteſt by my imperiall worde,
That neither I, nor any wight ſhall wrong you.
Yea more then this, I lay my faith in paund,
You ſhall be honoured heere as doth belong you:
And, as it were, in your owne Court command.
Sta. Reg. Ah how can I command, whilſt I am thrall?
What can I haue who wanting one want all?
Alex. Though it ſeeme glorious in ſome victors ſight
T'abuſe their captiues, and triumph in ill:
The larger growe the limites of my might,
The more I ſtriue for to reſtraine my will,
The ſauegarde of my fauour ſhall extend
Not only t'wards you, but t'wards all your traine.
I ſhall haue care that who on me attend
From offering wrong to you, or yours refraine.
If any preaſe t'impugne what I appoint,
Or would in ambuſh for your honour lie,
Or diſcontent you but in any point,
As *Alexander* liues, that wretch ſhall die.

Sta.Reg. O what a hoſte of euils, where ere I goe,
Are ſtill encroaching on my down-caſt ſtate?
And muſt I be beholden to my foe,
Who doth deuide me from my royall mate?
Should he helpe me who would extermine him?
Curſt be my hart, if it betray him thus.
Eternall ſhaddowes mot theſe eies firſt dim,
Ere ſuch a ſight be gratefull vnto vs.
I holde not of my ſelfe; Lord, I am thine:
Thy loue was ſow'ne not in a barren field,
But in a fertile ground: this hart of mine
To thee, my deere, no ſmall increaſe doth yeeld.
Yet this good fortune doth miſ-fortune bring;
My conſtancie ſhall now be clearlie knowne:
Another might haue lou'd a happie King:
But I will loue thee though thou be ore-throwne.
Alex. Faine would I ſtriue to cõfort in ſome meaſure
This mourning Queene, and mitigate her paine;
Whoſe woe doth make my victorie no pleaſure,
But hath enſowr'd the ſweetneſſe of my gaine.
Siſ. Moſt mightie King, thou do'ſt deſerue indeed
That, as for *Darius*, we ſhould pray for thee,
Who doeſt ſo farre in clemencie exceed,
That thou bewailſt our loſſe no leſſe then he.
Thou haſt not onely by thy worth ſurmounted
All other Kings in dignitie alone,
And benefits of Fortune moſt accounted,
But in all vertues worthie of a throne.
Thou do'ſt vouchſafe on me (more then I craue)
The title of a Queene, and mother ſtill:
But I confeſſe my ſelfe thy humble ſlaue,
Whoſe life hath now no limits but thy will.
I haue all that imagin'd good forgote,
Which greatneſſe gaue: I'le looke no more ſo ſadlie:

But will alow of this my preſent lot,
And beare the burthen of my bondage gladly.
If that this wretched woman heere were free,
Who hath no heauen except her husbands face,
I could content my ſelfe (great Prince) to be
The meaneſt hand-maide that attends your grace.
Alex. You may command me, as I were your Sonne,
Whoſe duteous loue ſhall prooue no leſſe intire.
Sif. Heauens recompence the court'ſy thou haſt done
Which all ſucceeding ages ſhall admire.
Alex. Thoſe captiu'd Princeſſes haue pierc'd my ſoule,
Who eu'n amid'ſt our heauen haue found a hell.
Hep. What ſtoick brow his paſſions could controule,
As not to weepe, if he re-marked well
The teares of theſe faire Ladies cauſing wonder,
Who neede not challenge nature of her duty;
But borne to bring, although they be brought vnder,
Giue greeſe a grace for to apparrell beauty,
Sir, ſuch a victorie hath not beene ſeene
As you haue gain'd, whoſe greatneſſe well appeares;
The largeſt kingdome, and the faireſt Queene,
That *Aſia* vaunted of theſe many yeares.
Durſt *Ledaes* or *Agenors* brood compare
With that ſweete Queene, the honour of her kinde?
But as ſhe is aboue all other faire,
As farre her daughters make her go behinde.
It ſeem'd at firſt that ſorrow had beene ſleeping
While as theſe Virgines in their Grand-dames boſome
With weeping beautie, and with beauties weeping
Did with a haile of pearle blaſt beauties bloſſome.
So large a pow'r is to no Prince allotted,
As to loues Empire in their face confynd.
Alex. O how is my *Hepheſtion* thus aſſotted?
Dare follie ſeeke t'aſſault ſo braue a minde?

Dare *Cupid* enter in an armed campe,
And *Mars* owne minions thus presume to danton?
Must his soft seale steele-wearing stomacks stampe,
And make them tributaries to that wanton?
Hep. We dare resist (whil'st many a thousand dies)
Against th'inuasion of a world of men:
Yet if in yuorie orbes two Sunnie eies
Assault the soule at vnawares, O then
Some secret sympathie, some vn-knowne motion
So charmes the minde, that vaine are all defenses.
The hart drunke with the eies contagious potion
Corrupts the spirits and poysons all the senses.
Alex. But I in my conceat doe skorne all such:
No, I resolue to be a thrall to none:
Yea, ere I but abase my selfe so much,
I'le rather die ten thousand deathes in one.
Should I be bound with vile affections chaines,
As one obliuious of my former fame?
This resolution still my soule retaines,
To ballance nothing with a noble name.
O what a great indignity is this
To see a Conquerour to his lust a slaue?
Who would the title of true worth were his
A minde surmounting euery vice must haue.
The braueſt trophee euer man obtain'd
Is that, which ou'r himselfe himselfe hath gain'd.
Hep. I ioy, my soueraigne, that as you excell
Not onely men, but *Mars* himselfe in armes:
So you by vertues might the power repell
Of beautie, loue, and *Cithereas* charmes.
Your vertue bright, whose rayes shine in your words
And thence to my harts center are reflected;
Now ouer my selfe such pow'r to me affords,
That with fond loue I loth to be infected. *Exeunt.*

A C.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

Scen. III.

BESSVS, NARBAZANES.

Bes. NOw since, *Narbazanes*, we are come hither,
Let vs accompliſh what we haue intended:
And ioyne our wit, our force, and all together,
That it may be no ſooner knowne then ended.
You ſee occaſion call vs, whil'ſt we ſleepe,
And point vs out the way to be aduanc'd;
Yea blames our ſluggiſhneſſe that cannot keepe
The courſe of things which for our weale haue chanc'd
The heauens abhorre our King, & ſtriue t'vndo him:
Nothing doth proſper that he enterpriſes:
Some new diſaſter daylie falles vnto him:
Some croſſe o'er-thwarts all things that he deuiſes.
In no ſtrict limites ſhould our thoughts be bounded
Whom ſo great happines ſeemes to importune:
For ſince our King is like to be confounded,
Vpon his fall we both may builde our fortune.
Na. I ſhall not faile for to performe my part:
I of your words exceedingly allow:
Honour, and wealth are the idols of my hart,
Which if I may obtaine, I care not how.
And yet I would we had ſome faire pretence.
Our countries care muſt ſeeme our ſoules to comber:
This ſeeming zeale muſt ſhaddow our offence:
For ſuch a ſhow will ſatisfie a number.
Let vs be well aduiſ'd, ere we reſolue:

And then endeuour t'execute it soone.
If we our selues once in this worke involue,
And then not finishe it, we are vndone.
Bes. He hath sent one to *Alexander* late
To speake of peace, but did the same in vaine:
And now involu'd in a despair'd estate,
Bar'd from accorde, he cannot warre sustaine.
His purpose is his Captaines to conuene,
To aske of them some counsell for his saftie:
A time more fit for vs could not haue beene.
Who minde to compasse Kings must needs be crafty.
For to atchieue that which we thinke to doe,
A course more fit we by no meanes could finde,
Then crooked seeming-vpright counsell to
Disguise our practises, and maske our minde.
We will aduise him to renounce a space
His state to some one, whom he may desire
But for the fashion to accept his place,
And as himselfe a certaine time impyre.
Whose better fortune may perchance bring back
That which his euer ebbing beares away:
Then he againe his Diademe shall take,
And as before the regall scepter sway.
Na. Well then amongst our selues, t'auoid, debate
Which vndermines so many a mighty action.
I will preferre you to the imperiall seate.
And to approoue the same will frame my faction.
Bes. All that is one, which of vs two receiue it,
Since euery thing doth equallie belong vs:
I'le take it for the forme, not that I craue it,
For we will part his Empire all among vs.
But if he condiscend to this we craue,
Which at the first vnfolding would seeme good:
Let him not thinke vs two such fooles to leaue

And

That which ſo many Monarkes buy with blood.
Who once aduanc'd would willingly goe downe,
And not loue in authoritie to ſtand?
'Tis not the cuſtome ſo to quite a Crowne,
When one hath know'n how ſweet it's to command.
This name of faith but to get credite fain'd,
If it were ballanc'd with a kingdome, ſtraight
In them whoſe conſciences are moſt reſtrain'd
T'would ſoone ſuccumbe, a ſcepter hath ſuch waight.
Na. Yet to betray our King we haue no reaſon:
When I muſe on th'attempt it makes me ſorrie:
Our name ſtain'd with this odious ſtile of treaſon
Shall leaue our ſucceſſours more ſhame, then glorie.
We firſt muſt end all our deſignes with paine,
Then raigne with feare, and liue ſecurelie neuer;
As in a dreame a ſpace with pompe remaine,
Then die diſgrac'd, in infamie for euer.
The ſacred title of a Soueraigne King
Doth ſtrike a terrour in my troubled thought,
And maieſtie, t'amaze my minde, doth bring,
Whoſe aſpect only hath great wonders wrought.
Beſ. To idle ſounds, and frivolous reports
Giue thou a paſporte, for they laſt not long:
And all that thou alledgeſt nought imports.
A Crowne may couer any kinde of wrong.
What hainous thing ſo odious is by nature,
That for a Kingdome hath not beene committed:
To be a King let me be cal'd a traitour;
Faith, if for ought, for this may be omitted.
Thoſe are but feeble braines, which fancies lode
With timorous dreames, that bare ſurmiſing brings.
Who feare vaine ſhaddowes muſt not come abrode.
Too warie-wits dare neuer worke great things.
If our braue proiect happilie ſucceede,

(As now I doubt not but it ſhall do ſoone)
We ſtraight will finde enough t'applaud our deede,
And ſooth vs vp in all that we haue done.
Na. To haue the time and manner then præfixt,
Command the *Bactrians* all themſelues to arme,
And to attend till we aduertiſe next,
Prompt for all perils at the firſt alarme.
Then through the Campe a rumour we will ſpread,
That hopeleſſe *Darius* hath diſpairdlie gone
With violence to dwell amongſt the dead,
And ſeeme therefore exceſſiuelie to mone.
The *Perſians* we with promiſes muſt feede,
So to diſarme him of his natiue pow'rs:
Then we will apprehend himſelfe with ſpeede:
For while that he is free nothing is ours.
That we may ſeeme to vſe him with reſpect,
(As to the ſtate of ſuch a Prince pertaines:)
We will not this laſt ornament neglect;
He ſhall be bound, but bound with golden chaines.
To *Alexander* after we will ſend,
And offer *Darius* in his hands t'appeaſe him;
Then craue his fauour, that he will defend
Vs as his friends, who haue done all to pleaſe him;
If his good-will we cannot thus procure,
And he vs with extremitie purſue;
With *Darius* death we will our ſtates aſſure,
Then raiſe freſh forces, and the warres renue.
Beſ. Let vs henceforth for nothing be diſmaide,
But ſtriue our ſelues courageouſlie to beare:
This dangerous action would not be delai'd,
Leaſt time worke his aſſurance, and our feare.
Exeunt.

CHO.

CHORVS.

TYme, through Ioues iudgement iuſt,
Huge alterations brings:
Thoſe are but fooles that truſt
In tranſitory things,
Whoſe tailes beare mortall ſtings,
Which in the end will wound.
And let none thinke it ſtrange,
Though all things earthly change
In this inferiour rounde.
What is from ruine free?
The elements which be
At variance (as we ſee)
Eache other doe confound:
The earth and aire make warre:
The fire and water are
Still wreſtling at debate:
All thoſe through colde and heate,
Through drouth, and moiſture iar:
No wonder though men change and fade,
Who of thoſe changing elements are made.

How dare vaine worldlings vaunt
Of fortunes goods not laſting,
Euils that our wittes enchaunt,
Expos'd to loſſe and waſting.
Loe we to death are haſting,
Whilſt we theſe things diſcuſſe.
All things from their beginning,

Vnto an end are running:
Heauen hath ordain'd it thus.
We heare how heauen doth thunder;
We see th'earth burst a sunder;
And yet we neuer ponder,
What this imports to vs.
Those fearfull signes doe proue,
That th'angrie pow'rs aboue
Are mou'd to indignation
Against this wretched nation,
Which they no longer loue:
What are we but a puffe of breath,
Who liue assur'd of nothing but of death?

Who was so happie yet,
As neuer had some crosse:
Though on a Throne he sit,
And is not vs'd with losse,
Yet fortune once will tosse
Him, when that least he would.
If one had all at ones
Hydaspes *pretious stones,*
And yellow Tagus *golde,*
All th'Orient all treasure,
And euery earthly pleasure,
Euen in the greatest measure,
It should not make him bold.
For while he liues secure,
His state is most vnsure.
When it doth least appeere,
Some heauie plague drawes neere,
Destruction to procure.
We may compare th'earths glory to a flowre,
That flourisheth and fadeth in an houre.

In what we moſt repoſe
We finde our comfort light:
The thing we ſooneſt loſe
That's precious in our ſight.
For honour, riches, might
Our liues im-paund we lay:
Yet all like flying ſhadowes,
Or flowers enambling medowes,
Euaniſh and decay.
Long time we toile to finde
Thoſe idols of the minde,
Which got we cannot binde
T'abide with vs one day.
Then why ſhould we preſume
On treaſures that conſume,
Difficile to obtaine,
Difficile to retaine,
A dreame, a breath, a fume;
Which vexe them moſt who them poſſeſſe,
Who ſtarue with ſtore, and famiſh with exceſſe.

ACTVS QVARTVS. Scen. I.

DARIVS, TIRIOTES.

Tir. AH, muſt I poyſon now my Princes eares
with the worſt newes that euer burthē'd fame?
Had I as many tongues, as I haue teares,
All would not ſerue my ſorrowes to proclame.
Dar. Great ſignes of greefe I in thy face diſcerne:

Spare not for to report this heauie crosse
To one, I feare, whome it doth most concerne.
Ist death, disgrace, distruction, treason, losse?
Tell on the summe of horrour at the first:
With no ambiguous words my paine prolong:
'Tis comfort to a wretch to know the worst:
And I haue learn'd to be vnhappy long.
What least I speake, and yet suspect too much,
Ist some ludibrious message of my skorne,
Which must wound me? but ah no torment such,
As this to them who that disgrace haue borne.
Tir. She was not wrong'd, as you haue misconceiu'd.
The Gods haue had a care for to preserue her:
Such fauour of the victour she receiu'd,
As of her subiects that were bound to serue her.
But what a vollie doth my voice prepare
Of woes to charge your eares, woes full of dread?
Would God ere I the somme thereof declare,
That I might die in saying she is dead.
Curst caitiue, was it not enough, allas,
That I beheld her die, and would haue died,
But that I must arm'd with sad tydings pas
To wound all them that heare what I haue spied?
See how he fares shot with these words of mine,
As one become the pray of greefe, and death.
Dar. Yet doth the Sunne on my affliction shine,
And sees the aire infected with my breath.
And can I liue, and looke them in the face,
That haue my ignominious o're-throw seene?
And how I vanquish'd, vanquish'd with disgrace
Engag'd at once my kingdome, and my Queene?
Heauen bruse me all to powder with thy thunder,
That I no more may in the world remaine
The obiect of thy wrath, and Fortunes wonder;

Spoil'd

Spoil'd of all hope; yet kept for greater paine.
Ah! art thou dead, and doe I liue behinde thee?
Thy faultie husband think'st thou so to flie?
If it be thus, then I know where to finde thee.
This onely greeues me that too late I die.
O *Alexander*, what such hainous ill
Haue I done thee, that thou requit'st me thus?
Whom of thy friendes, or kindred did I kill?
This crueltie comes vndeseru'd of vs.
Think that thou hadst iust causes to make warre:
Yet vpon women should thy wrath be wroken?
This Tirrannie shall all thy Triumphe marre,
And euer shall to thy reproach be spoken.
Tir. Sir, without cause you guiltie him esteeme.
I know her death did grieuously displease him:
A wondrous thing (which few, or none would deeme)
He tooke it so, that nothing could appease him.
Euen as my Soueraigne now, so then he smarted;
And when he came to ease your mothers griefe,
As if that his owne mother had departed;
He seem'd to need, not for to giue reliefe.
Dar. If any sparkes of that respect remaine,
Which should with reason mooue thy minde to ruth,
I pray the *Tiriotes* now be plaine,
Or els strange torments shall exact the truth:
I loth to let this question scape my mouth,
Which both I blush to craue, and long to know,
Ist possible so insolent a youth
Did neuer tempt the treasure which I owe?
Could this imperious Prince in flowre of age
Haue such a peereles beautie in his power,
And yet not seeke to quench his ardent rage
With the destruction of her honours flowre?
Spare not to tell vpon what deadly shelfe

My ioy is periſh'd quite, and I defac'd.
The feare of euill is worſe then th'euill it ſelfe:
I'ts to die twiſe, to die, and die diſgrac'd.
Ti. Let not thoſe loue-bred feares abuſe your thought:
By all the world no fable I contriue.
If I ſpeake partiallie, or lie in ought,
Earth open vp, and ſwallow me aliue.
He whom your Grace ſo wrongfully ſuſpects,
No, not in thought, hath once your Queene abuſ'd,
But as his ſiſter ſtill in all reſpects,
As chaſtlie, and as honourablie vſ'd.
When fortune firſt our warlike troupes had ſcattered,
And with great ſlaughter put them all to flight;
We, whom ſhe late ſo louingly had flattered,
Were made the patternes of that changlings might.
For hauing found a Crowne troad on the ground.
Dar. O laſting ſhame that cannot be recur'd.
Tir. We ſtraight imagin'd that ſome cruell wound
Had kild my Lord, and wail'd it as aſſur'd.
Dar. Would God I then had died, as I deſir'd,
So t'haue preuented thoſe enſuing harmes;
Before my honour and my hap expir'd,
With Crowne on head, & with my Queene in armes.
Tir. But *Alexander* hauing heard our cries
Sent one t'enquire th'occaſion of our woe;
Who finding whence our errour did ariſe,
Gaue full aſſurance that it was not ſo.
Then he himſelfe vnto our tent reſorted,
And with moſt courteous ſpeaches full of loue
Your mother, wife, and children oft exhorted
Such vaine ſurmized terrours to remoue.
With proteſtation that they ſhould expect
No harme of him their courage to appale:
Each thing he did accordinglie direct,

That

That no man might endomage them at all.
Thus hauing them againſt all dangers arm'd
(I thinke for feare, for who would not haue fear'd
Leaſt ſuch an Angels graces had him charm'd)
He neuer more before her face appear'd.
Or was it vertue that would flie the ſting
Of truſtleſſe pleaſures that abuſe the ſenſe?
So continent a victour, and a king
Was neuer ſeene. He fled what caus'd offence.
He doth his fame aboue all things prefer,
And will not be where it may blemiſh finde,
Nor giue his eyes commoditie to erre,
Nor ſuffer impure thoughts to ſtaine his minde.
He ſtai'd till that faire face had loſt all vigour,
And with the coulours of pale death was painted.
Dar. Iniurious heauen that with ſuch helliſh rigour
The pureſt worke that nature made hath tainted.
Tir. When he beheld death triumph in that face,
Which late had triumph'd ou'r a Monarcks hart,
He mon'd no leſſe her miſerable cace,
Then you that loſte in her your better part.
And when ſome dayes his dolour had ou'r-come,
Her funerals ſolemnelie to decore
He vſ'd ſuch honour, as might well become
The *Perſian* pompe in proſperous times before.
Dar. O ſupreame pow'r that of Empires diſpoſeſt,
And ratifieſt thy will with fearfull thunder,
Who, as thou pleaſeſt, placeſt, and de-poſeſt
Vncertaine worldlings whiles aboue, whiles vnder,
I pray thy Deitie in my ſoules diſtreſſe,
If that th'inhabitants of heauen can heare
The plaints of thoſe who this lowe point poſſeſſe,
Or that th'immortall can giue mortals eare,
Vouchſafe this my laſt ſute for to fulfill:

Eſtabliſh firſt this ſcepter in my hand:
But if through my deſerving, or thy will
The race of *Cyrus* muſt no more command;
And if thy heauenly breaſt ſuch hate contracts,
That I muſt needs my Diadem forgoe:
Let him ſucceed who prooues in all his acts
So iuſt a Victour, and ſo milde a foe.

ACTVS QVARTVS. Scen. II.

DARIVS, ARTABAZVS, NARBAZENES PATRON, BESSVS.

Dar. IF Fortune had ioynd me with daſtard mindes,
Who to a noble death baſe life preferd,
I ſhould not harrengue heere vnto the windes,
But be content to haue my fate defer'd.
O, I repent I proou'd your worth too much,
Who ſtill haue follow'd me in all eſtates.
I rather ſhould, then doubt that you are ſuch,
Preaſe to proue worthy of ſo worthie mates.
Yee onlie reſt of all that I conducted,
Of whoſe great force and faith, which many ſing,
I by two fights, and flights haue beene inſtructed:
Yet hauing you I thinke my ſelfe a King.
He hath plac'd traitours in my townes moſt ample,
Not that he honours them (he hates their humour)
But to ſeduce you to by their example,
Then banniſh all for euery little rumour.
Yee haue not to my Fortune had regarde,
But freelie-follow'd my euill fortun'd warres:

Which,

Which, though that I might not, *Ioue* would reward,
And all the world extoll you to the ſtarres.
How long ſhall I a vagabond remaine,
And flie a ſtranger who my right would reaue?
Since by one battell we may re-obtaine
All that we loſt, or looſe all that we haue.
Like thoſe vile traitours, whom I will arraigne
To holde me vp, ſhall I goe caſt me downe?
Muſt *Darius* onlie by entreatie raigne?
No, none hath pow'r to take, or giue my Crowne.
I ſhall not my authoritie ſur-viue,
Nor will I proffer a ſubmiſſiue breath:
My hand ſhall holde a ſcepter while I liue:
My head ſhall beare a Diadem till death.
If thoſe franke thoughts that doe poſſeſſe my ſoule,
Such flames of vertue kindled haue in you;
A *Macedonian* neuer ſhall controule
Our noble actes, nor laugh to ſee vs bow.
My ſtate may teſtifie fraile Fortunes change:
May ſhe not him o're-whelme, as well as me?
At leaſt our hands beare death, if not reuenge:
For who can ſtop a ſtout hart for to die?
Thinke of your aunceſtors, I you exhort,
Who made the *Grecians* tributaries euer;
And of whoſe wondrous actes men do report
Great things, the fame whereof ſhall periſh neuer.
Shall future ages in your praiſe be dombe,
Whil'ſt they your Fathers memorie adore?
I am reſolu'd, my Triumphe, or my Tombe
A Laurell, or a Cipreſſe ſhall decore.

Art. What vaine amazement doth diſturbe our ſpirits?
Let vs conſult no further but goe to.
He, who the *Perſians* wonted worth inherites,
Will not reſt long aduiſing what to doe?

Come let vs with our beſt attire and armes
Accompanie our King to this laſt ſtrife:
Through bloody ſquadrons, and through hote alarmes
By ſlaughter onlie we muſt looke for life.
And when our hoſt, as I hope ſhall preuaile,
Our countrie ſhall haue peace, we praiſe of right:
And if our Fortune, not our courage, faile,
We die with honour in our Soueraignes ſight.
Let vs, if vanquiſh'd, be aſham'd to be.
A glorious death may greater honour giue.
Doe to o're-come, and yet not feare to die.
It's needfull that we fight, not that we liue,
Na. My words will firſt your Maieſtie diſpleaſe:
Yet dutie makes me ſpeake where ſilence ſpilles:
The fine Phiſician cures a ſharpe diſeaſe
With ſome ſowre potion that corruption killes.
The skilfull Pilote when he feares a ſtorme,
To ſaue the ſhip will caſt out precious things:
Yet I perſwade you not in any forme
To further, but to ſtay what ruine brings.
We warre againſt the Gods, we cannot ſpeede:
To all our actions Fortune is oppoſ'd.
We muſt of force ſome other way proceede:
So haue the heau'ns of our affaires diſpoſ'd.
Deare Sir, giue ou'r the gouernment and ſtile
To ſome more happie man, not in effect:
But cloth him with your ſhaddow for a while,
Till he your Realmes halfe ruin'd re-erect.
When he hath clam'd this tempeſt now ſo hote,
And ſetled *Aſia* with a good ſucceſſe:
He will your kingdomes loſt with what he gote
Reſtore: appearance promiſes no leſſe.
All *Bactria* yet abides at your command:
The *Indians*, loe, would die to doe you good:

Yea

Yea many thousand thousands armed stand,
Bent for your pleasure to bestow their blood.
What? should we rush like beastes to needlesse strife?
Be well prepar'd, and then pursue that stranger:
Braue mindes should death despise not lothing life.
Base cowards craue to die for feare of danger.
But vertue, to haue no support ou'rpast,
Will first on all meanes possible be thinking:
And when that all is proou'd, death is the last,
To which it is ynough to goe not shrinking.
Now for the time let *Bactria* be our seat,
To *Bessus* for the forme your Crowne resigne:
Who, when he once hath re-aduanc'd you state,
Shall quite all soueraigntie at the first signe.
Dar. Wretch, trauellest thou thy soueraigne to betray?
Such treason darest thou to our eares impart?
Such treason vnder trust? Stay traitour, stay:
Ile sheath my sworde euen in thy traiterous hart.
Art. Sir, you must striue to haue this passion broken.
Consider what they are, what is the time:
It may be they through ignorance haue spoken:
In thought, and not in word, consists a crime.
Since to affront your enimie you goe,
You must not stirre for euery little obiect:
But tollerate your owne, t'offend your foe.
For now i'ts time time to loue not lose a subiect.
I shall get triall vpon what pretence
This ou'r-sight in aduise hath beene committed.
If through simplicitie, not for offence,
He must be pardon'd and his speech remitted.
Dar. I wish that it were so. I take no pleasure
To ruine them that would my fortune cherish.
Na. Your grace wil grant me mercie in some measure.
First heare, and if I faile then let me perish.

I call the Gods to witneſſe of my cace,
Who can decipher euery ſecret thought:
If I intended treaſon toward your Grace,
Straight where I ſtand let me be turn'd to nought.
I counſel'd but according to my skill:
It was my vpright minde that made me bolde.
I rue my wit not anſwer'd to my will:
Yet zeale what it conceiues muſt needes vnfolde.
We ſhould beware to ſpeake in great affaires,
Where words are damn'd, or ballanc'd by th'euent.
For if things faile, the fault is ſtill thought theirs
Who gaue th'aduiſe, though of a good intent.
I fall before your feete heere for refuge:
Then let me not be without cauſe reiected:
At leaſt, examine firſt before you iudge:
Ile rather die abſolu'd, then liue ſuſpected.
Dar. Your fond opinion firſt was to be feared,
Which ſeem'd indeede ſiniſtriouſlie inclind:
For at the firſt your ſpeech to me appear'd
Th'envenom'd birth of ſome malitious minde.
But ſince you purge you ſo, Ile not araigne you,
Nor further call your loyalty in doubt:
But in the ſame degree of grace retaine you,
That you were in before theſe wordes brake out.
I thinke that *Patron* lookes with ſpeaking eies,
As if his minde were mightily perplexed:
Come, *Patron*, tell what in thy boſome lies,
Wherewith thou ſeemeſt ſo wonderfullie vexed.
Pa. Sir, I would ſpeake in priuie, If I could,
That which th'affection of my ſoule affordes:
It muſt be ſeal'd with ſilence, and I would
That none were preſent to report my words.
Of fifty thouſand *Greekes* foure only reſt,
Companions in all perils with your hoſt:

A like

Alike with you delighted and distrest:
As faithfull now as when you florish'd most.
Where you remaine we must remaine with you:
All kinde of fortunes haue vs ioyn'd together.
Appoint our tents for your Pauilion now;
And we will guard you, if that you come thither.
We haue abandon'd *Greece*, our natiue soile:
We haue no *Bactria* to be our retreat:
Our hope is all in you: those that would spoile
Vs of your person ruine all our state.
Would God that all your armie did their due:
To vse moe words th'occasion is not fit.
I should not vrge you, if your owne were true,
Your custodie to strangers to commit.
Dar. What suddaine accident doth this dismay you
That you such inconveniences forecast?
Pa. Sir, *Bessus* and *Narbazines* betray you:
This day to you, or them will be the last.
They faine repentance onlie to dissemble,
Till euery thing be for the fact prepar'd.
Their friends in hast doe all their force assemble,
And once ere night minde to inuade your guarde.
Dar. I credite you: but yet I cannot wrong
My subiects so, to thinke of them the worst:
Shall I leaue them who follow'd me so long?
By doing so to make my selfe accurst.
I will awaite on what the heau'ns will offer,
For who can stand when fates his fall conspire?
Among mine owne I willingly will suffer.
I liue too long if they my death desire.
Bes. Take heede, Sir, to this subtile-witted Greeke:
The *Grecian* faith to all the world is knowne.
I am enform'd he by all meanes doth seeke
To win his grace who hath your state o're-throwne.

And

And maruell not though mercenarie men,
Who ſell themſelues, ſell all: beleeue them neuer.
They haue no God but gold, nor houſe: how then
Can they be conſtant that are changing euer?
Although that he pre-occupie you thus,
And others who themſelues abuſe your Grace:
Faith ſhall be found inuiolate in vs,
When our accuſer dare not ſhow his face.
Dar. Who hope to haue of *Alexander* gaine,
Or honour to be falſe, they haue no reaſon:
No man on earth doth traitours more diſdaine,
Nor more ſeuearly will b'aueng'd on treaſon.
Beſ. Well, Sir, you ſhall ſee ſhortlie what we are:
I will goe ſee your Enſignes all diſplaied.
Dar. It's better now ſince things are gone ſo farre,
Then ſeeme for to miſtruſt, to be betraide.
Loe *Artabazus*, I haue acted heere
My part of greatneſſe, and my glaſſe is run.
Now *Patrons* ſpeech doth euident appeare.
I ſee my end, yet can it no way ſhun.
Art. The *Bactrians* only medled haue with this.
Go to the *Græcians* campe, when that is done.
And when your danger once diuulged is,
The *Perſians* all will follow after ſoone.
Dar. And what if I were gone to patrons Tent,
And guarded with the *Greekes* as you deſire:
He hath but thouſands foure that are well bent;
They thirty thouſand that my fall conſpire.
And doing this I ſhould their deede excuſe,
In giuing them a motion who haue might.
They may indeede my lenitie abuſe:
But by my deede they ſhall pretend no right.
Art. O deplorable Prince, who can but weepe
To ſee thee now reduc'd to this eſtate?

Dar.

Dar. Retire you all, and seeke your selues to keepe:
I heere attend the issue of my fate.
I knowe yee wonder all how I can stand,
Downe from the top of all contentment throwne,
And not die desperately by mine owne hand.
Ile die through others guilt, not through mine owne.
None of you all haue falsified your troath,
But with me loyall still to th'end yee abide.
Now I you all disburthen of your oath:
Leaue me alone, and for your selues prouide.

Exeunt.

DARIVS.

O Wretched Monarchie, vaine mortals choice,
The glorious step to a disgrace-full fall:
Our pow'r depends vpon the peoples voice,
And to seeme soueraigne needs we must serue all.
Yet blowne, like blathers, with ambitions winde,
On enuied scepters weaklie we relie:
And calling not our fraile estate to minde,
Not onlie earth, but heauens themselues defie.
This hellish hag our restlesse minde doth tosse,
While carried with a popular applause,
T'enlarge our limites with our neighbours losse,
We of our owne confusions are the cause.
And when th'eclipse comes of our glories light,
Then what auailes th'adoring of our name:
A meere illusion made to mock the sight,
Whose best was but the shaddow of a dreame?
Let greatnesse of her glascie scepters vaunt;
Not sceptours, no, but reeds, soone brus'd soone broke:

And let this worldlie pompe our wits inchant.
All fades, and ſcarcelie leaues behinde a token.
Thoſe golden Pallaces, thoſe gorgeous halles,
With fourniture ſuperfluouſlie faire:
Thoſe ſtatelie Courts, thoſe sky-encountring walles
Evaniſh all like vapours in the aire.
O what affliction iealous greatneſſe beares,
That ſtill muſt trauell to hold others downe;
Whil'ſt all our guardes not guard vs from our feares?
So greevous is the burthen of a Crowne.
Where are they all who at my feete did bowe,
While I was made the idole of ſo many?
What ioy had I not then? what haue I nowe?
Then honoured of all, now ſcarce of any.
Our painted pleaſures but apparrell paine:
We ſpend our dayes in dread, our liues in dangers,
Balles to the ſtarres, and thralles to Fortunes raigne,
Knowne vnto all, yet to our ſelues but ſtrangers.
A golden Crowne doth couer leaden cares:
The Scepter cannot lulle their thoughts a-ſleepe,
Whoſe breaſts are fraught with infinite diſpaires,
Of which the vulgar wits ſounds not the deepe.
The Bramble growes, although it be obſcure;
While mightie Cedars feele the bluſtering windes:
And milde Plebeian ſpirits may liue ſecure,
While mightie tempeſts toſſe imperiall mindes. (ces,
What are our daies, but dreames, our raignes but trã-
Whil'ſt brain-ſick reaving with our Fortunes feuer.
We ſtill are vext with changes and miſchances,
Till death vs both from life and ſcepter ſeuer?
The vanitie of greatneſſe I haue proou'd,
And beene the wonder of each gazing eye:
Now that deceauing ſhaddow is remoou'd;
And I my wretched ſtate too late eſpie.

Now

Now bound with chaines, (which though they be of [gold,
Diminish not my thraldome ought the more)
When this prepostrous honour I beholde,
It but vpbraides me what I was before.
And what was I before (though to each eye
The forme of my affliction was not knowne)
But fettred in effect, while I seem'd free,
And in a labyrinth of labours throwne?
Was I not bound to serue then all mens humour,
Or to be censur'd with some Critick storie;
Still clog'd with cares, aflought for euery rumour.
O glorious bondage, burthen-able glorie.
That dignitie which deified me late,
And made the world doe homage to my name,
Now cannot succour my accursed state,
But hath with my mis-fortune fethered fame.
My best was but a momentarie blis,
Which leaues behinde this euerlasting sting,
That of all woe no woe is like to this,
To thinke I was, and am not now a King.
No man with me in all accomplish'd ioyes,
That satisfie the soule, could once compare:
No man may matche me now in sad annoyes,
And all the miseries that breede dispaire.
Thrise Fortune did my gallant troupes entrap,
And I to fall did desperately stand;
Yet could not be so happie in mishap,
As for t'haue died by some renowmed hand.
But for my greater griefe, disgrace, and scorne,
(The mindes of men so apt are to deceaue)
They whome aloft my favours wings haue borne,
Ev'n they made me their maister thus a slaue.
Ah, did not death in prison from me reaue
The sacred soueraigne of my soules desires,

I wretch not being preſent to receaue
The laſt cold kiſſe that might aſſwage my fires?
Yet ô thriſe happie thou, that haſt not liu'd
To beare a burthen of this great diſgrace.
More then a thouſand deaths this had thee grieu'd,
To know I died, and died in ſuch a cace.
Ah, doe the pledges of our mutuall loue
(The onlie comfort that the fates haue left me)
Reſt priſon'd yet? And may I not remooue
My mother thence? then is all bliſſe bereft me.
My paines are more then with my pleaſures ev'n,
Since firſt I in authoritie did enter.
Was I exalted once vp to the heau'n,
To be caſt head-long downe to miſchiefes center?
My ample Empire, and my Princelie birth,
My great magnificence, and vaine exceſſe,
All cannot yeelde my minde one minutes mirth,
To eaſe me now in this extreame diſtreſſe.
Loe heere, reduc'd vnto the worſt of illes,
Paſt helpe, paſt hope, and only great in griefe,
I wait vpon two abiect vaſſals willes,
And dare not, no, not thinke vpon reliefe.
Death would I ſcorne (my courſe muſt once haue rũ)
If I had firſt repair'd mine honours breach,
Whoſe wounds ſo thrill my ſoule, as vnbegun
The life I wiſh that does my fame impeach.
This mortall vaile I willinglie reſigne,
Since to an ende my dayes the deſtinies bring:
Nor will I ſo from Maieſtie decline,
As to doe ought vn-worthie of a King.

Exit.

CHO-

CHORVS.

Some new disaster daylie doth forshowe
Our comming ruine: We haue seene our best.
Now fortune bent vs vtterly t'ore-throw,
Throwes down our King from her wheels top so low,
As by no meanes his state can be redrest.
And since his foes by armes haue him opprest,
His friendes, and seruants leaue him all alone.
Few haue compassion of his state distrest:
Yea, false to him themselues doe many show.
So foes and fained friendes conspire in one;
Fraile Fortune, and the fates with them agree.
With axes all runne on this falling tree.

This Prince in prosperous state hath florish'd long,
And neuer dream'd of any euill successe,
But was well follow'd while his state was strong:
Him flattering Syrens with a charming song
Striu'd to exalt: while-as he did possesse
This earthly drosse, that with a vaine excesse
He might reward their mercenary loue.
But now when fortune driues him to distresse,
His fauorites whom he remain'd among,
With foes and fortune straight their faith remoue.
And who for gaine to follow him were wont,
They after gaine by his destruction hunt.

O more then happie ten times were that King,
Who were vnhappie but a little space,
So that it did no vtter ruine bring,

But made him proue (a profitable thing)
Who of his traine, did best deserue his grace;
Then could, and would of those the best imbrace,
And flie such vultures as deuour him liuing;
That these whom he found faithful might haue place.
O how this doth a generous stomacke sting,
To see some grac'd for craft and lies contryuing?
This is the griefe that bursts an honest hart;
Lords fauour commes by chance, not by desart.

Those Minions to whom Princes do extend,
Aboue their worth, immoderate good-will,
To the disgrace of good men, shew in end
They onely in prosperity depend
Not vpon them, but on their Fortune still.
Which if it change, they change. thē though they fil,
Their hopes with honour, and their chests with coine
Yet if they fall, or their affaires goe ill,
Those whom they rais'd, will not with them descend,
But with th'ascending Sunne wil straight way toyne.
And doe forget all that they gaue before,
For that of them they can expect no more.

The truth hereof in end now hath th'euent
In Bessus, *and* Narbazanes *approoued:*
On whom their Prince so prodigallie spent
Affection, honour, titles, treasure, rent,
And all that might each honest mind haue mooued
So bountifull a Prince for to haue loued,
Who so beningly tendred their estate.
Yet they to him vyle traitours now haue proued:
By them he is in-chain'd, disgrac'd, and shent;
So as he well may rue, although too late,
That he such slie Camelions changing hew

Pre-

Prefer'd to seruants dutifull and trew.

But though a while those traitours speede,
No doubt the heau'ns once vengeance will exact:
The very horrour of this haynous deede
Doth make the harts of honest men to bleede:
Yea, euen the wicked hate this barbarous act:
The heauens no hier choller can contract,
Then for th'invasion of a sacred King:
Who, as it were, out of the starres extract,
Should feare and reuerence inferiours breede,
To whom from him both health and wealth doth spring.
But though on earth men should neglect this wrong,
Heauens will those traitors plague ere it be long.

ACTVS QVINTVS.

Scen. I.

HEPHESTION, ALEXANDER, POLISTRATVS.

He. WHat story or what fable can recorde
Of such a nombrous troupe so strangely lost?
I know they quak'd to know it was my Lord,
Whose name alone is worth anothers host.
It scarce seemes credible in many partes:
But traitors feare though al the world would backe thē.
They were but bodies destitute of harts:
Moe prisoners they were then men to take them.
Who would beleeue so few durst striue to finde
So great an armie, and the armie shrinkes
What is impossible to a braue minde?

True valour dare attempt all that it thinkes
Alex. In this encounter for t'haue had the beſt
It would content more then a common thought:
But ſince we want the chiefe, what of the reſt?
I would be ſatisfied in all, or nought.
Thoſe traitours thought t'haue finiſh'd all the warre
With giuing me their Lord, whom they had bound:
But I diſtruſt not mine owne force ſo farre,
As for to builde vpon ſo baſe a ground.
Although indeede that *Darius* did me wrong,
I will not ſuffer others to oppreſſe him.
I keepe him for my ſelfe: he doth belong
To me alone: none other ſhould diſtreſſe him.
Whilſt he did onely in himſelfe confide,
I labour'd by all meanes to make him bow:
But ſince his hard eſtate abates that pride,
Turn'd is my fury to compaſſion now.
Although he oft contemn'd me by his letter,
Yet I am greeu'd to ſee him ſo deceiu'd.
If he had but acknowledg'd me his better,
'Twas not his blood, nor kingdome that I crau'd.
And if thoſe traitours haue not kild him ſtraight,
Yet his deliuerie ſhall my name renoune:
I would not looſe a ſubiect of ſuch waight,
By which my clemencie might be made knowne:
Po. Sir, now your comming cannot doe him good.
Al. What al are fled? none haue my force withſtood?
Po. Yet *Darius* cannot be redeem'd againe.
Al. Why, haue they ſet him free? or is he ſlaine?
Po. Now hath he got a liberty at laſt
With no leſſe ranſome then his deareſt breath.
Al. Then is all *Aſia's* expectation paſt.
Tell on at length the maner of his death.
Po. The boyling ardour of th'aſcending Sunne

Had

Had caus'd in me a moysture-parching drouth,
Which made me from the way a little runne,
To finde some fountaine to refresh my mouth,
Their where a source her liquors softly scatters,
Which shaddow'd was from *Titans* parching beames,
I coold my thirst with the colde christall waters,
Which seem'd to murmur that I forc'd their streames.
When loe I sawe (a lamentable sight)
Two wounded horses draw a bloody coache,
All clad with skinnes in most vncomely plight,
Which narrowlie t'espy I did approach.
One was within, who could not long escape
The doubtfull passage of th'infernall gates:
Yet maiestie triumphing ou'r mishap,
He seem'd to threaten Fortune; and the Fates,
And as not to so basse a fortune borne,
While as his blood aboundantly deval'd,
Burst forth into these words in Fortunes scorne,
As one whose courage could not be appal'd.
You gaze to see, and haue good cause wherefore,
A man, no man; a King, no King; what monster?
Now lesse then nought, who once was both, and more:
Which few now by my present state would conster.
And yet amid'st my euils I must reioyce,
That this last comfort doth fore-goe my end:
I speake to one that vnderstands my voice,
And not in vaine my dying-speaches spend.
I am, but how? in name, but not in pow'r,
That wretched *Darius* (which I should suppresse)
Once happy, as you heard, but at this houre
The very patterne of extreame distresse;
Then a while pawsing after thus proceeded:
Tell *Alexander* these last wordes from me:
Although my hatred still t'wards him exceeded,

Yet I am forc'd far in his debt to die.
I thanke him highlie for his great good-will,
My mother, wife, and children ſo preſeruing.
Pray him t'vſe them that reſt as gently ſtill
For his owne goodneſſe ſake, not my deſeruing.
They to his foe pertaine, and yet he ſtriues
To haue them honour'd now, as in times paſt:
But thoſe who held of me both lands and liues,
Of land and life haue me depriu'd at laſt.
I pray you on my part entreat him thus
Not to permit that vnreueng'd belowe
My ghoſt do wander. By his care of vs
That men his Iuſtice, and their fault may knowe.
Beſide the honour, which he ſhall acquire
In plaguing them that haue betraide my truſt;
Men ſhall his magnanimitie admire,
And feare t'offend him whome they finde ſo iuſt.
Loe, all my pompe is paſt, my time expir'd:
My wealth evaniſhed like watrie bubbles.
Ou'r many a mightie people I impyr'd:
Yet hath my life beene but a ſtage of troubles.
And ſince my glaſſe is runne, my glory gone,
And I dead to the world, the world to me;
I wiſh that all parts of th'earths globe in one
May condeſcend his ſubiects for to be.
Then drouping downe, faint, bloodles, and halfe (dead,
He prai'd to giue him water that ſtood by.
(A ſmall requeſt by ſuch a Monarcke made)
Which when that he had gote: yet, ere I die,
This croſſe muſt come (ſaid he) t'vndoe me quite:
Though moſt parts of the world once homage ought (me;
I haue not now the power for to requite
This little benefit that thou haſt brought me.
But *Alexander* ſhall reward thee well;

And

And him the heauens, who hath not done amisse,
To those that haue beene mine: his foe must tell
That vndeserued courtesie of his.
Though none haue pow'r his pleasure to controule;
If he entreate them well whom he retaines;
It will procure no small rest to my soule,
And make him famous, while the world remaines.
When my sprit parts out of this tent of clay,
Entreat some with my buriall to take order;
Least churlish *Charon* force me for to stray
An vn-respected ghost on *Stygian* border.
Let first my corps be carried to my mother,
Who may it with my aunce stors entombe:
And, as she hath more cause then any other,
May waile this wofull burthen of her wombe.
In pledge of that affection, which I beare
Thy Soueraignes worth, whom now I must see neuer,
Haue heere a Princes hand, I hold him deare,
And recommend me to his grace for euer.
I scarce had got his hand, or toucht his vesture,
When like a torch whose waxe and weeke is spent,
Somewhat perplext, yet with a princely gesture,
He died in peace: his sprit appear'd content.
Alex. Who could refraine frō teares to heare declar'd
The desolation of this wretched wight?
Haue subiects slaine their prince whō strangers spar'd?
Vs hath he fled, that perish thus he might?
I for his fall am wonderfully sorie,
Who *Nestors* age was worthie t'haue attain'd:
I envie death, because it rob'd the glorie,
Which I in giuing him his life had gain'd.
Hep. Since death hath put a periode to his woes,
The fauour that t'wards him you thought t'extend,
Conuert to furour now against his foes.

For your deſignes can haue no fairer end.
So ſhall you both attaine perpetuall praiſe,
And winne their harts who ſee their Lord reveng'd;
Then reape no little profite in your dayes,
To haue the countrie of ſuch vipers cleng'd.
If but one vertue ſhould adorne a King,
It ſhould be Iuſtice: many great defects
Are vaild thereby; whereas each vertuous thing
In one that is vniuſt, the world ſuſpects.
Alex. Although your counſell, or yet his requeſt
Had not the pow'r to penetrate my eares:
A generous ſtomack could not well diſgeſt
So great a wrong: my minde it hardly beares.
My ſpirit impatient of repoſe diſdaines
That they ſo long this infamie ſurviue.
But I will puniſh with moſt greevous paines
The horrid treaſon that they did contriue.
What? do they thinke, deceau'd with ſome illuſion,
That *Bactria* is a bulwarke for my ire?
Flie where they liſt, they cannot ſcape confuſion:
My wrath ſhall follow like conſuming fire.
Heauen cannot be a ſanctuarie for them:
I dare to force th'infernall caves adventer:
Th'earth cannot keepe them ſafe, if I abhorre them:
Ile ſearch them out though they were in the center.
And hauing gotten once thoſe malefactors,
Betwixt the bending boughes of two ſtrong trees,
Vnto th'eternall terrour of all traitours,
They ſhall diſmembred be before my eyes.
Pol. Sir, may it pleaſe your Grace to take ſome care,
That ſome his funerall offices performe.
Alex. Goe preſentlie and euery thing prepare
According to the militarie forme.

Exeunt.

Actus

ACTVS QVINTVS.

Scen. 2.

SISIGAMBIS, NVNTIVS, CHORVS.

Sisi. THis looke, allace, hath fraught my ſoule with (feare
Speake, for my life doth on thy lips depend:
Thy count'nance (ah) a dolefull coppie beares
Of ſome ſadde ſummons to denounce my end.
Starue not my eares which famiſh for thy words:
That ſwallow'd yet may make my hart to burſt.
Nun. Madame the meſſage that my ſoule affordes
Muſt once be known, and once knowne ſtill accurſt,
Sis. Be not a niggard of euil newes. *Nun.* And why?
Sis. Fame will tell all the world. *Nun.* But firſt to you.
Sis. Tel ſone. *Nun.* Your ſon is dead. *Sis.* Then let me die.
Cho. Her ioyes and pleaſures are all perſh'd now.
Sis. Why opens not the earth for to deuour
A curſed caitiue, that all ioy hath loſte?
The longer that I liue, my griefe growes more:
Borne I am to miſchiefe, kept to be croſt.
Would God this body in miſhappes abounding
Were couered with ſome mountaine of huge waight;
Or elſe that th'Ocean ou'r theſe fieldes inunding
Might make my buriall in her boſome ſtraight.
O *Alexander*, haſt thou robd his life,
Yet entertain'd me ſtill in hope to finde him?

Why didst thou not first kill this poore old wife,
Who was not worthie to haue liu'd behind him?
Ah, tended all thy courtesie to this,
That I should liue till thou hast slaine my sonne?
Nun. You wrong that worthie Prince: for he and his
Came him to helpe, who was ere then vndone.
Sis. What impious hands durst one that wore a crown,
And was thereof most worthie, murther so?
Nun. Two whō himselt rais'd vp haue cast him down:
More faithfull then his owne he found his foe.
Sis. Tell on thy message, message of my death,
And load my minde with all mischiefe and horrour:
That in sad sighes I may dissolue my breath,
Whilst thou relat'st these tydings full of terrour.
Nun. When *Alexander* eftsoones back had sent
Th'Ambassadours that peace had sought in vaine,
A generall muster, then to try th'euent
Of doubtfull *Mars*, King *Darius* did ordaine,
And in one battell to aduenture all
Intending, caus'd his will to be proclaim'd,
While two vile traitours did conspire his fall,
Who *Bessus*, and *Narbazanes* were nam'd.
These two in counsell did discouer first
Some portion of the poison of their hart:
Which caus'd the King suspect, but not the worst.
Yet with a sword he sought to make them smart.
But hauing scap'd the first brunt of his rage,
With teares of Crocodiles they so lamented,
As they his indignation did asswage,
Whil'st in appearance onlie they repented.
They came to *Artabazus*, honest man,
Who iudg'd of others by his vpright minde,
And could not, or through bountie would not scan
What they with craft and malice had desing'd.

Chor.

Chor. A sinceare minde is euer least suspitious:
They think all faulty who themselues are vitious.
Nun. They vrg'd him with the King to interceede.
That in his fauour he would giue them place;
With promise that by some notorious deede
Of armes they would seeke to deserue his grace.
He in their fauour first enform'd the King,
The battell would beare witnesse of their truth;
Then both before his maiesty did bring,
Who was by their submission moou'd to ruth.
Their hands streatchd vp to heau'n, & hũbled knees,
Their teares like those the Crocodiles doe shed,
Woe in their face, and pitty in their eyes
Did for compassion and for mercie plead.
The king of nature milde, prompt to receiue them,
While they dissembledly were thus complaning,
Not onelie of his lenitie forgaue them,
But wept in earnest too while they were fayning.
Then as he vs'd, his danger now not feeling,
He mounted to his Coach: they came behinde
With a submissiue voyce most humbly kneeling
To him, whom shortly they were bent to binde.
The *Grecian* Captaine follow'd them with speede,
Who being cal'd, and ask'd what he desir'd,
Sollicited the King to take good heede
Of those that had against his life conspir'd.
He tolde him how he had their treason tri'de,
And seene the *Bactrians* to a tumult bent;
Then prai'd him for his safety to prouide,
In going with him to his trusty tent.
The King grow'n careless'e, and his safety shunning
Refus'd this offer on affection grounded.
Or with some pow'rfull fate his fall fore-running,
Was carried headlong thus to be confounded.

The *Greeke* past thence dispairing of his safety,
Who thus recureleſſe helpe and health refus'd:
Then *Beſſus* did begin with ſpeeches crafty
To purge himſelfe, and errours past excus'd.
The King then *Artabazus* did command
T'approch, and *Patrons* ſpeech at length reported:
He then did doubt what danger was at hand,
And to go with the Greeke his Grace exhorted.
But when he found this reſolution plac'd,
Within his breſt, no peril for to flie:
With mutuall teares each other they embrac'd,
Parting like two, that liuing went to die,
Now ſilent night in pitchie vapours cled
Had muſtred miſts, and march'd vnto the weſt:
A ſhadowie horrour ou'r the earth was ſpread,
The Sentinelles were ſet, and all at reſt.
When a ſtrange terrour troubled all the hoſte:
The multitudes did murmure in all parts:
They did reſemble ſhips in ſtormes neere loſt,
Whilſt each to th'other cauſe of feare imparts.
Thoſe who their King appointed were to guarde
All ſhrunke away to corners none ſtai'd there:
And hauing to his danger no regarde
His better-fortunes Minions fled elſe where.
The deſolation then was wonderous great:
With a few Eunuches *Darius* left alone
Did enter deepely to reuolue his ſtate,
And thus be-ſpake them; who did for him mone.
Depart in peace and for your ſelues prouide,
Leaſt ye be likewiſe with my ruine caught:
I will the iſſue of my fate abide:
They hearing this, as of their witts diſtraught
Went howling through the hoſt with dolorous cries:
This made the King as dead to be bewail'd.

And

And in the armie did a rumour riſe,
That he had kild himſelfe, when all hope fail'd.
The *Perſians* greeu'd, while theſe things did occurre,
Did firſt encourage all their countrie bands
To helpe their Prince: but yet they durſt not ſturre
For feare of falling in the *Bactrians* hands.
Ev'n in the time when this confuſion was
The traitours, to deferre the fact no more,
Did to their ſoueraignes owne Pavilion paſſe,
And tooke, and bound him, whome they ſeru'd before.
He, who in golden coach ſuperbelie rode,
Was caſt in one for baſſeſt carriage vſ'd:
And who of late was honoured like a God,
By ſeruants as a bond-ſlaue was abuſ'd.
Thoſe royall hands to beare a ſcepter borne
Were boũd with chains: this alſo much did grieue him
That fortune his aduerſitie would ſcorne
With golden bands, that ſeru'd not to releeue him.
Then *Alexander*, hauing heard in end
That *Darius* came not forward to affront him,
To finde him out did all his forces bend,
Not doubting but he eſtſoones would ſurmount him.
But being at the laſt at length inform'd
How he was made a Captiue to his owne,
At this indignitie he highlie ſtorm'd,
And ſwore he would avenge it by his crowne.
Out of his hoſte he did ſelect a fewe,
Who were beſt horſ'd, whoſe equipage was light:
With whom his foes he did ſo faſt purſue,
That, ere they could ſuſpect, he came in ſight.
The traitours troubled with this he had done
Came to the Cart wherein the King was carried,
And bad him mount on horſe-back, and flee ſoone,
Leaſt that his foe ſhould take him if he tarried.

He look'd aloft, and cry'd aloud: this day
Th'eternall Iusticer sees through the starres:
I will not with such periur'd rebelles stay,
And flie from him, who moou's but honest warres.
Then those in whom impietie aboundes,
Throw'd darts at him whō they should haue defended
And hurte the horses with an hundreth woundes.
While they perform'd the Parricide intended.
Their hands were feeble, as their harts vntrue:
For when their foes began them once to comber,
The traitours first, then all the traiterous crue
Fled them, who were inferiour farre in number.
But to the confines of deathes kingdome brought
The King retir'd out from the way aside,
More wounded with ingratitude then ought,
Did flie the world whose follies he had tri'de.
Scarce was the lasting last diuorcement made
Twixt soule and body whilst that th'eyes grew dim
When *Alexander* came, and found him dead,
Who long had labour'd for t'haue ruin'd him.
Yet with the vesture which himselfe then wore
He couered the dead corps, and not eschew'd it;
But eu'n with teares his coffin did decore,
To the great wonder of all them that view'd it.
And hauing waild his death aboue all measure,
For t'haue his funerals made in Princely wise
He bids you spare no coste, but vse his treasure,
And them, as best becommes, to solemnise.
He hath his body hither sent by me,
That the last honours you to him may do:
He thinkes they so shall best accompliſh'd be,
And who him bare shall see him buried to.
Cho. Behold how griefe hath her of sense bereft,
And choak'd her breath with super-abounding grones,

No

No will or power to liue is to her left,
Since all her weale evaniſh'd is at ones.
Siſ. Ah ſhall I ſee (no let me firſt be blinde)
That body breath-leſſe, which I brought to light?
Where would my ſoule a force ſufficient finde
T'endure the dolour of that deadly ſight.
O flintie hardned hart, that wilt not breake
With the remembrance of ſo many woes,
Why part'ſt thou not, faint ſprit, that whil'ſt I ſpeake,
In opening of my lips mine eyes might cloſe?
This heritage of death, this withered ſtock
Is but a receptacle of diſpaires:
A torture to it ſelfe, a ſtumbling block,
Whoſe aged furrowes fertile are in cares.
What helpes it now to haue bene made the mother
Of one who to ſuch dignitie did clim?
More miſerable now then any other,
I liue to waile my death, who di'd in him.
Aye me, malitious Fates haue done me wrong:
Who came firſt to the world ſhould firſt depart.
It not becommes the olde t'ou'r-liue the yong:
This dealing is præpoſterous and ou'r-thwart.
Ah, why ſhould death ſo indiſcreet be found
To ſaue a caitiue, and confound a Prince:
My halfe-dead body, weigh'd downe to the ground,
Through griefe is grow'n ripe for the graue long ſince.

CHORVS.

WHat makes vaine worldlings ſo to ſwell with pride,
Who came of earth, and to the earth returne?

So helliſh furies with their fire-brands burne
Proude and ambitious men, as they deuide
Them from themſelues, and ſo turmoile their mindes,
That all their time they ſtudie ſtill
How to content a bound-leſſe will,
Which neuer yet a full contentment findes.
Who ſo this flame within his boſome ſmothers
Doth many fantaſies contriue,
And euen forgets himſelfe a-liue,
To be remembred after death by others.
Thus while he is his paines are neuer ended;
That while he is not, he may be commended.

What can this helpe the happineſſe of Kings,
So to ſubdue their neighbours, as they doe,
And make ſtrange nations tributaries to?
The greater ſtate the greater trouble brings.
Their pompes and triumphes, ſtands them in no ſtead:
Their Arches, Tombes, Piramides hie,
And Statues are but vanitie:
They die, and yet would liue in what is dead:
And while they liue, we ſee their glorious actions
Oft wreſted to the worſt: and all their life
Is but a ſtage of endleſſe toile and ſtriſe,
Of tumults, vprores, mutinies, and factions.
They riſe with feare, and lie with danger downe:
There is no burthen weightier then a Crowne.

And as Ambition Princes vndermines;
So doth it thoſe that vnder them rule all.
We ſee in how ſhort time t'ey riſe, and fall;
How oft their light eclips'd but dimlie ſhines.
They ſtudie by all ſhifts and ſlights to moue
Their Prince of their deſerts t'account:

And when they by his fauour mount,
O what a danger is't to be aboue?
For ſtraight expos'd to hatred, and deſpight,
With all their skill they cannot march ſo euen,
But ſome opprobrious ſcandall will be giuen:
For all men enuy thoſe that haue moſt might.
And if the King diſlike them once, then ſtraight
The wretched Courtiers fal with their own waight.

Some of a poorer Spirite, who would be prais'd,
And yet haue not wherefore to be eſteem'd,
What they are not indeede would faine be deemd,
And indirectly labour to be rais'd.
This crue each publike place of honour haunts,
And changing garments euery day
While they woulde hyde, doe but bewray
With outward ornaments their inward wants.
And men of better iudgement iuſtly loth
Thoſe, who in outwarde ſhowes place all their care,
And deck their bodies, while their mindes are bare,
Like to a ſhaddow, or a painted cloth.
The multitude, who but th'apparrell notes,
Doth homage not to them, but to their cotes.

Yet Princes muſt be ſeru'd, and with all ſorts,
Some both to doe, and counſell what is beſt:
Some ſerue for Ciphers to ſet out the reſt,
Like liue-leſſe pictures, that adorne the ports.
Faire pallaces repleniſh'd are with feares:
Thoſe ſeeming pleaſures are but ſnares:
The Royall Robe doth couer cares,
Th'Aſſyrian dye deere buyth he, that it beares.
Thoſe dainty delicates, and far fetch'd foode
Oft through ſuſpition ſauour out of ſeaſon:

Embrodered beds and tapesteries hatche treason:
The golden goblets mingled are with blood.
Such glorious gorgeous showes deserue for nought:
All cannot calme the tempest of the thought.

O happy he, who far from fame at home
Doth sit securely by a quiet fire,
Who hath not much, and doth not much desire,
Nor curious is to learne who goe, or come,
For satisfied with what his father left
His minde he measures by his store,
And is not pyn'd to gape for more;
Nor eates ought that iniquity hath reft:
He hath his little cleanly, and in peace,
And lookes not with suspitious eye.
No poyson comes in Cups of tree:
No treason harbours in so poore a place.
No troublous dreame doth interrupt his sleepe:
A quiet conscience doth his cottage keepe.

He doth not study oft what stormes may blow:
His pouerty cannot be much impair'd:
He feares no forraine force, and craues no guarde:
None coueteth his spoile, none lookes so low:
Where as the great are commonly once croste,
As Darius *hath beene in his flowre,*
Or Sisigambis *at this houre,*
Who hath scap'd long, and now at length is lost.
But how commes this that Potentates oft fall,
Forc'd to confesse th'afflictions of their soule?
There is some hier pow'r that can controule
The Monarches of the earth, and censure all,
Who once will call their doings to accompt,
Their pride repressing, who t'oppresse were prompt.

Finis. *W. A.*

Some verſes written to his Maieſtie by the Authour at the time of his Maieſties firſt entrie into England.

SStay tragick muſe with thoſe vntimely verſes,
With raging accents and with dreadfull ſounds,
To draw dead Monarkes out of ruin'd herſes,
T'affright th'applauding world with bloudie wounds:
Raze all the monuments of horrours paſt,
T'aduance the publike mirth our treaſures waſt.

And pardon (olde *Heroes*) for O I finde,
I had no reaſon to admire your fates:
And with rare guiftes of body and of minde,
Th'vnbounded greatneſſe of euill-conquerd ſtates.
More glorious actes then were atchieu'd by you,
Do make your wonders thought no wonders now.

For yee the Potentates of former times,
Making your will a right, your force a law:
Staining your conqueſt with a thouſand crimes,
Still raign'd like tyrants but obey'd for awe:
And whilſt your yoake none willingly would beare,
Dyed oft the ſacrifice of wrath and feare.

But this age great with glorie hath brought forth
A matchleſſe Monarke whom peace highlie raiſes,
Who as th'vn'tainted Ocean of all worth
As due to him hath ſwallow'd all your praiſes.
Whoſe cleere excellencies long knowne for ſuch,
All men muſt praiſe, and none can praiſe too much.

For that which others hardly could acquire,
With losse of thousands liues and endlesse paine,
Is heapt on him euen by their owne desire,
That thrist t'enioy the fruites of his blest raigne:
And neuer conquerour gain'd so great a thing,
As those wise subiects gaining such a King.

But what a mightie state is this I see?
A little world that all true worth inherites,
Strong without art, entrench'd within the sea,
Abounding in braue men full of great spirits:
It seemes this Ile would boast, and so she may,
To be the soueraigne of the world some day.

O generous IAMES the glorie of thir parts,
In large dominions equall with the best:
But the most mightie Monarke of mens harts,
That euer yet a Diadem possest:
Long maist thou liue, well lou'd & free frō dangers,
The comfort of thine owne, the terrour of strangers.

Some

Some verſes written ſhortly thereafter by reaſon of an Inundation of Douen, *a water neere vnto the Authors houſe, whereupon his Maieſtie was ſometimes wont to Hawke.*

WHat wonder though my melancholious muſe,
Whoſe generous courſe ſome luckleſſe ſtarre controules:
Her bold attempts to proſecute refuſe,
And would faine burie my abortiue ſcroules.

To what perfection can my lines be raiſ'd,
Whilſt many a croſſe would quench my kindling fires:
Lo for *Parnaſſus* by the Poets prais'd,
Some ſauage mountaines ſhadow my retires.

No *Helicon* her treaſure here vnlockes,
Of all the ſacred band the chiefe refuge:
But dangerous *Douen* rumbling through the rockes,
Would ſcorne the raine-bowe with a new deluge.

As *Tiber* mindefull of his olde renowne,
Augments his floodes to waile the faire chang'd place:
And greeu'd to glide through that degener'd towne,
Toyles with his depthes to couer their diſgrace.

So doth my *Douen* rage greeu'd in like ſort,
While as his wonted honour comes to minde:
To that great Prince whilſt he afforded ſport,
To whom his *Trident Neptune* hath reſign'd.

And as the want of waters and of ſwaines,
Had but begotten to his bankes neglect:
He ſtriues t'encroch vpon the bordering plaines,
Againe by greatneſſe to procure reſpect.

Thus all the creatures of this orphand boundes,
In their own kindes moou'd with the common croſſe:
With many a monſtrous forme all forme confoundes,
To make vs mourne more feelingly our loſſe.

We muſt our breaſtes to baſer thoughts inure,
Since we want all that did aduance our name:
For in a corner of the world obſcure,
We reſt vngrac'd without the boundes of fame.

And ſince our Sunne ſhines in another part,
Liue like th'Antipodes depriu'd of light:
Whilſt thoſe to whom his beames he doth impart,
Begin their day whilſt we begin our night.

This hath diſcourag'd my high-bended minde,
And ſtill in doale my drouping Muſe arrayes:
Which if my *Phœbus* once vpon me ſhin'd,
Might raiſe her flight to build amidſt his rayes.

FINIS.

THE ALEXANDRAEAN TRAGEDIE.

By *William Alexander*, Gentleman of the Princes priuie Chamber.

Carmine dij ſuperi placantur, carmine manes.

LONDON

Printed by VALENTINE SIMMES for ED: BLOVNT.

1607.

THE
ALEXANDRAEAN
TRAGEDIE.

London

Printed by Valentine Simmes for
Ed: Brownt.
1607.

The Argument.

When Alexander *the great, after all his Conqueſts (ſhining through the glory of innumerable victories) was returned backe to* Babylon, *where the Ambaſſadours of the whole worlde did attend his comming, as one that was deſtinied to domineere ouer all: there being admired by the* Grecians, *adored by the* Barbarians, *and as it were drunken with the delights of an extraordinary proſperitie, hee ſuffered himſelf to be tranſported with an inundation of pleaſure; till ſitting at one of his feaſts by the meanes of the ſonnes of* Antipater *his cupbearers, in the beſt, both of his age and fortune, he was ſuddenly poiſoned.*

Incontinent after his death, thoſe that were in great eſtimation with himſelfe during his life, and then with the armie, aſſembled themſelues together, neglecting for a long time his funeralls, whilſt buſied about the diſpoſing of his Empire: at laſt (after diuers opinions) it was concluded, that if Roxane, *the widdow of their deceaſed ſoueraigne (who was then at the point to bee deliuered of her birth) happened to beare a ſonne, hee ſhould ſucceed in his fathers place, and till he were come to ſome maturitie of age,* Perdiccas, Leonatus, Craterus, *and* Antipater *were appointed to bee his Tutors: But the foote-men in a diſdaine, that their aduice was not required, proclaimed* Aridæus, Alexanders *baſtard brother*

king, and gaue him a guard, of which Meleager *procured himselfe to be made Captaine. At this sodaine alteration, the horsemen being troubled, they following* Perdiccas *pitched their campe without the citie; yet in the end, this tumult being by the eloquence of* Perdiccas *appeased, all the captaines re-assembled themselues, and hauing diuided the prouinces, made an agreement, which lasted not long: For such was the vehement ambition of those great men, that with all manner of hostilitie, they studied how to vndermine one another, and first of all,* Meleager *after a pretended reconciliation, (though hauing fled to a Temple for refuge) was slaine by the appointment of* Perdiccas, *who after aspiring to a superioritie ouer the rest, whilst he went to warre against* Ptolomie *in* Ægypt, *by a sudden mutinie of his owne souldiers was miserably murdered. Then the onely captaine of his faction that remained aliue, was* Eumenes, *a man singularly valorous, who encountering with* Craterus *and* Neoptolemus, *by the death of themselues defeated their armie, whereby being highly aduanced, he was greatly enuied: and (*Leonatus *hauing lately before dyed in a conflict betwixt him and the* Athenians,) Antigonus *in the name of the rest was sent against him with a great armie, betwixt whom there hauing passed diuers skirmishes with a variable successe, and some priuate conference without agreement: In the end, he was betrayed by his owne souldiers, and deliuered bound to* Antigonus, *who shortly after caused him to be put to death.*

Then Antigonus *(his riuals in the authoritie being remoued out of his way) did aspire to that himselfe, from which he was sent to seclude others, and hauing murdered diuers of the gouernors, hee disposed of their Prouinces as hee pleased: whereof* Cassander, Ptolomie, *and* Lisimachus, *aduertised by* Seleucus, *who fled for feare of incrring the like danger; they entred all together in a league against* Antigonus.

Now at this time Olimpias *plagued all the faction of* Cassander

der *in* Macedonie, *hauing cauſed* Arideus *and his Queene* Euridice *to be put to death; by which, and other cruelties (hauing loſt the fauour of the people) ſhee was conſtrained, when* Caſſander *came againſt her, to retire herſelfe within a Towne; which (by reaſon of the ſcarcitie of victuals) not being able to defend, ſhee rendred, together with herſelfe to* Caſſander, *by whom (notwithſtanding of his promiſe to the contrary) ſhe was publikely put to death, and ſo hauing proceeded ſo farre in wickednes, he thought it no time to retire till he had extinguiſhed all his maſters race; hee cauſed* Roxane *and her ſonne to bee murdered; and ſoone after,* Hercules, Alexanders *baſtard ſonne, which multitude of murders, gaue to him the crowne of* Macedone; *and to me, the Subiect of this Politragicke Tragedie.*

The Actors.

The ghoſt of *Alexander*,
Olimpias his mother,
Roxane his wife,
Ariſtotle his maiſter,
Phocion his old friend,
Philaſtrus a Chaldæan,
Chorus.

Perdiccas,
Meleager,
Ptolomie,
Antigonus,
Eumenes,
Liſimachus
Seleucus,
Caſſander.

} his greateſt Captaines.

THE

Alexandræan Tragedie.

Act. I.

The Ghost of Alexander the Great.

BAcke from th'umbragious bounds ſtill rob'd of reſt
Muſt I returne, where *Phœbus* gildes the fields,
A ghoſt not worthy to be *Plutoes* gueſt,
Since one to whom the world no buriall yields.
O what a great diſgrace is this to me,
Whoſe trophees th'earth in euery corner keepes,
That I (contemn'd) cannot tranſported be,
A paſſenger through the ſulphurean deepes.
Dare churliſh *Charon*, though not vſde to bow,
The raging torrent of my wrath guineſtand?
Muſt I ſuccumb amidſt hells dungeons now,
Though ouer the world accuſtom'd to command?
But it may be that this hath wrought me harme.
What bloodleſſe ghoſts ſtray on the *Stygian* bancke,
Whoſe falles (made famous by my fatall arme)
Gaue terrour oft to many a martiall rancke?
Yet for a prey expoſde to rauenous beaſts,
Could neuer haue the honour of a tombe.
But (though for ſuch rude gueſts too pretious feaſts)
Were baſely buried in their brutiſh wombe.
Thus as it ſeemes the horrour of ſuch deedes
With like indignitie attends my ſprite,

What stormie brest this thirst of vengeance breedes,
T'accuse for that which valour did acquite.
Ah might *Alcmenaes* sonne (as worthy of *Ioue*)
Once force th'infernall fortes of endlesse night,
T'encounter *Dis* in the *Tartarian* groue,
And draw foorth th'ougly *Cerberus* to light.
Then leading *Theseus* through the cauerns darke,
That would haue forc'd th'inferiour regions Queene,
By violence vsde he th'auernall barke,
As Conquerour of the pallide Empire seene.
And may not I downe in the center sit?
Their renting th'earth (as thence when vapours rise)
T'inlarge th'impriſon'd soules, the pitchy pit,
That once the light may lighten lightlesse eies.
What though I from th'ætheriall circles swerue,
Whom in this state it may be some mistake,
May not the voyce of *Alexander* serue
To make th'earth tremble, and the depths to shake?
Or shal I goe aboue with new alarmes,
To spoyle the princes of the peopled round?
And turne backe, back'd with squadrons all in armes,
T'affright the ghosts that are beneath the ground.
But (ah) what comfort can I find aboue,
Where those whom I aduanc'd, loe now in th'end
The titles of my of-spring striue t'improue?
And to my chaire by violence ascend.
Ingratitude torments my troubled sprite:
Would God therefore, that with a bodie stor'd,
I might returne t'enioy the dayes cleere light.
My backe with armes, my hand charg'd with a sword,
As when I entred in a populous towne.
To warre alone with thousands in my wrath,
Whilst (prizing honour deerer than my Crowne)
Ech of my blows gaue wounds, ech wound gaue death.

Then

Then thundring vengeance on rebellious bands
I would make them redeeme my grace with grones,
Where now my Ghoſt hedgd in with horrour ſtands:
Leſſe grac'd then thoſe whom I commanded once.
And yet th'aduancement by thoſe captaines had,
Whom firſt my Enſignes did acquaint with fame,
Doth make my ſoule a thouſand times more ſad,
Then all the ſuffrings that the hels can claime.
O now I ſee what all my minions blindes,
My funerals to performe that none takes paine,
My ſtate betraying me diſtracts their mindes,
That haue forgot all loue, but loue to raigne.
But *Ptholomie* doth yet by time intend
Backe t'*Alexandria* to tranſport me once:
Not mou'd by loue; no, for an other ende,
In hope my fortune will attend my bones.
And muſt I then ſo great a trouble haue,
That lately had all th'earth, and all th'earths ſtore,
For ſome few footes of earth, to be a graue
Which meane men get: and great men get no more?
Though many a thouſand at my ſigne did bow,
Is this the end of all my conqueſts then,
To be barrd from that little circuit now,
The benefit that's common vnto men?
But of it all that once was thrall to me,
Leſt that a little part my body bound,
I thinke all th'earth my fatall bed ſhould be,
That ſtill all confines ſcorn'd but the azure round.
O blind ambition! great mindes viprous brood,
The ſcourge of mankind, and the foe to reſt,
Thou guiltie art of many a millions blood,
And whilſt I raign'd, didſt raigne within my breſt.
This to my ſoule but ſmall contentment brings,
That I ſome Cities reard, and others razd:

And made Kings captiues, captiues to be Kings:
Then whilſt the wondring world did ſtand amaz'd,
All that but now torments me after death,
Which raiſde my fame on pillars, that were rare.
O coſtly conqueſt of a little breath,
Whoſe flattring ſounds, both come and go with th'aire!
Can I be he that thought it a diſgrace,
Once to be made with other mortalls euen,
That would be thought of an immortall race,
The of-ſpring of great *Ioue*, the heire of heauen?
I by all meanes the peoples mindes did moue,
T'haue Altars (as a god) with offrings ſtor'd;
Till of his glorie *Ioue* did iealous proue,
All Princes ſhould be reuerenc'd, not ador'd.
Ah whilſt tranſported with a proſprous ſtate,
I toyl'd t'exalt my throne aboue the ſtarres,
That pride of mine, the thunderer bent t'abate,
Did wound my fame with moſt infamous warres.
Made I not graue *Caliſtines* to ſmart,
That did diſdaine a dying fleſh t'adore?
And bent t'unknow my knowledge, by vaine Art
Though knowne a man ſought to b'imagin'd more.
All fear'd t'incurre the danger of my wrath:
Which as a ſleeping Lion, none durſt wake.
Mine anger was the meſſenger of death,
That many a time made armies all to quake.
So much Ambition did my thoughts ingage,
That I could not abide my fathers praiſe:
But (though my friend) kill'd *Clitus* in a rage,
That in my preſence *Philips* fame durſt raiſe.
Thus though that I mine enemies did abate,
I made my greateſt friends become my foes,
Who did my barbarous inſolencies hate,
And for the like afraid, waild others woes.

Thoſe tyrannies which thouſands chanc'd to ſee
As inhumane a multitude admirde:
And fear'd to be familar more with mee,
As from an odious tyrant ſtoode retirde:
Yea there were many too that did conſpire,
By baſe ambuſhments whiles t'entrap my life.
Of all my labours, loe this was the hire,
Thoſe muſt haue ſtore of toiles, that toyle for ſtrife:
And I remember that amidſt my ioyes,
Euen whilſt the chaſe of armies was my ſport,
There wanted not a portion of annoyes
To counterpoiſe my pleaſures in ſome ſort.
Of thoſe in th'earth moſt happy that remaine,
(As ag'd experience conſtantly records)
The pleaſures farre exceeded are by paine,
Life greater greife then comfort ſtill affords.
What rage and ſorrow ſeaz'd vpon my ſoule,
Whilſt big with hopes a battell bent to proue!
That ſudden ſickneſſe did my courſe controule,
Which *Cidnus* cold imbracings chanc'd to moue.
From the Phiſition then (though deem'd for ill)
I tooke his drinke, and gaue th'inuectiue lines.
Then whilſt he red did drinke, yet eyd him ſtil,
And by accuſing lookes ſearch'd guilty ſignes.
Not that ſuſpitious feares could make me ſad.
This was the ground whence did proceed my paine,
Leſt death that victorie preuented had,
Which I was ſure (if preſent once) t'obtaine.
But when that I extended had my ſtate,
From learned *Athens* to the barbarous Indes,
Still my tumultuous troupes my pride did hate,
As monſtrous mutinies vnmask'd their mindes.
I (ſo my name more wonderful to make)
Of *Hercules* and *Bacchus* paſt the bounds.

And (whilst that *Memnons* sun-burnt bands did quake)
Did write my worth in many a Monarchs wounds,
Kings were my subiects, and my subiects kings:
Yet my contentment further did require,
For I imagind still more mighty things,
And to a greater greatnesse did aspire,
The compasse of the carriere of the sunne,
By many a famous victory I wan:
Yet wept that there were no more worlds to win,
As all had beene to little for one man.
Was I not honord as a God by some,
Whilst what I interprizd it still preuaild?
Whom I assaild I alwayes did ore-come,
No project of my fancies euer faild.
This made me thought immortalizd to be,
Which in all mindes amazement yet contracts,
For I led Fortune, Fortune followed me,
As forc'd t'attend the greatnesse of my acts.
Yet I haue found it a more easie thing,
To conquer all the mansions of the winde,
Then mine owne selfe; and of my passions king
To order the disorders of my minde.
What comfort iustly could my soule receiue
Of all my conquests past, if that euen then
Whilst I triumph'd, (to wrath and wine as slaue)
I scap'd not scandall more then other men.
Ah, seazing without right on euery state,
I but my selfe too great a Monarch made:
Since all men gapt to get the golden bate,
Which by my death seemd easie to be had.
Whilst from humanitie too much deuorc'd
My deeds all hearts with feare and horror fild:
I whom the force of foes yet neuer forc'd,
Was by my friends most fraudulently kill'd.

But now I see the troublous time drawes neere,
When they shall keepe my obsequies with blood.
No wonder too, though such a warrieurs biere,
At last do swim amids a scarlet flood:
For as my life did breed huge broyles ouer all,
My death must be th'occasion of great cumbers,
And it doth best become a strong mans fall,
To be renown'd by ruining of numbers.
The snaky-tressed sisters shal not neede
T'vse fatall firebrands, lothsome *Plutoes* pestes,
Or poisonous inspirations, so to bred,
A thirst of murder in transported brests.
Yet my ambitious ashes once may shine
T'enflame my Minions minds with strange desires:
If of their spirits each keepe a sparke of mine,
To waste the world, their brests may furnish fires.
The beauties once of th'earth shall all looke red,
Whilst my lieuetenants through that pride of theirs
With vnkind armes, huge streames of blood do shed,
By murthering of mine heires to be mine heires.
Is this the gaine of greatnesse? did I pine
To be made eminent, to be ouerthrowne,
To ruine first my selfe then roote out mine,
As conquering others, but to lose mine owne?
O happy I, but happier far my race,
If with my fathers conquests still content,
I manag'd had th'*Aemathian* power in peace,
Which was made lawfull by a long discent.
Then farre sequestred from *Bellonaes* rage,
I had the true delites of nature tryed,
And ag'd with honor, honor'd in my age
Had left my scepter to my sonne and dyed,
And he succeeded had t'a quiet state,
Which then becaus lesse great had bin more sure.

And not expoſd to enuy, nor to hate,
That do againſt the greateſt States coniure.
But ſince they minde t'enearth mine earthly part,
Which now no badge of maieſtie retaines.
To roaring *Phlegeton* I muſt depart,
Farre from the lightſome bounds of th'ayrie Plaines.
And muſt I there, that did the world ſurmount,
(Arreſted by the Monarke of the Ghoſts)
To *Radamanthus* render an account,
Of all the deedes done by my rauenous hoſtes?
Ther whilſt with *Minos Aeacus* ſits downe,
A rigorous Iudge in Hells moſt horride court.
Though farre before his Nephew in renowne,
He will not with one of his race comport.
O what pale troops of ghoſts are gathered heere,
That were of bodies ſpoild by my decree!
And firſt the wrong'd *Parmenio* doth compeere,
From whom I nought, but who did much from me,
At the tribunall of *Tartarian* powres:
He aggrauates a ingratitude too great.
And (whilſt th'infernall tyrant foming lowres)
All whom I wrong'd for vengeance ſtand t'intreat:
Yet guiltie thoughts torment me moſt of all.
No ſprite can be by plaging Furies pind,
(Though charg'd without with ſnakes, within with gall)
As by the ſtings of a remording minde.
If it be true that drowſie *Lethes* ſtreams
Drowne in obliuions deepes all things at laſt,
There let me burie farre from *Phœbus* beames
The loath'd remembrance of my Labours paſt.

Exit.

Chorus.

What ſtrange aduentures now
Diſtract diſtreſſed mindes,

With such most monstrous stormes?
When silence seemes t'allow
The peace that Nature findes,
And that tumultuous windes
Doe not disturbe with stormes,
An vniuersall rest:
When Morpheus *hath repreſt,*
Th'impetuous course of cares,
And with a soft sleepe bindes
Those tyrants of the breast,
That would spread foorth most dangerous snares,
T'inuolue th'afflicted in dispaires.
Huge horrours then arise,
Which th'elements doe marre,
With most disastrous signes;
Arm'd squadrons in the Skies,
With Launces throwne from farre,
Doe make a monstrous warre,
Whilst Furie nought confines:
The Dragons vomite fire,
And make the starres retire
Out of their orbes for feare:
Some of those warriors are
To satisfie their ire,
That th'azure buildings not forbeare,
But seeme the cristall Towres to teare.
Amidst the aire fierce blasts
Doe boast with blustring sounds,
T'vndoe this mightie frame,
Which (whilst the tempest lasts)
Doth rent the stately roundes,
To signifie what woundes
Strait t'all her of-springs shame,
Shall burst th'earths veines with blood.

And this all-circkling flood
(As t'were the heauens to drowne)
Doth passe th'appointed bounds,
And all the scalie broode,
Reare roaring Neptunes *foamie crowne,*
Whilst th'earth for feare seemes to sincke downe.
Those that th'earth chargde, what horrour?
Theyr ashie lodgings leaue,
To re-enioy the light,
Or else some panicke terror
Our iudgement doth bereaue,
Whilst first we misconceiue,
And so preiudge the sight;
Or in the bodies steade,
The genius of the dead
Turnes backe from Stix *againe,*
Which Dis *will not receaue,*
Till it a while engendring dread;
Giue whilst it doth on th'earth remaine,
To others feare, and to't selfe paine.
These fearefull signes foreshow,
The doubtfull world t'appall,
What plagues are to succeede;
When death had layd him low,
That first had made vs thrall,
We heard that strait his fall,
Our libertie would breede:
But this prooues no reliefe
For many (O what griefe)
The place of one supplie;
And we must suffer all;
Thus was our comfort briefe:
For rarelie doth th'vsurper die,
But others will his fortune trie.

Act. II. Scene I.

Perdiccas, Meleager, Ptolomie, Antigonus, Eumenes.

WHat eie not big with teares can view this hoſt?
Which hath in one (ah) as the end doth proue?
A King, a Captaine, and a Brother loſt:
Crown'd, follow'd, tride, by right, for worth, in loue.
I thinke amongſt vs all there is not one,
Whom diuerſe fauours do not iuſtly binde,
T'appeaſe that *Heroes* ghoſt, though from vs gone,
With all th'oblations of a thankfull minde.
Ah, had the Fates beene ſubiect to my will,
Such clowdes of ſorrow had not darkened life,
But we had had great *Alexander* ſtill,
And he thoſe kingdomes that procure this ſtrife.
Yet heauens decrees can neuer be recalld,
And thoughts of harmes paſt help breede double paine:
Though being to griefe a ſpace by paſſions thralld,
The liuing muſt embrace the world againe.
As one whoſe intereſt in his life was chiefe,
I of his death haue cauſe to curſe th'effects:
But will not fruſtrate ſo the generall griefe,
To waile apart particular reſpects.
Though th'aire be pleniſh'd yet with plaintiue ſounds
Of widdow'd hopes that wedded haue deſpaires:
Yet Time muſt cicatrize our inward wounds,
And to the publike weale drawe priuate cares.
Let vs giue phyſicke to the ſickened ſtate,
That at this preſent in great danger ſtands:
Whilſt grudging ſubiects that our greatnes hate,
Would enfranchize their violated lands.

Thoſe that are thralld by force to be made free,
Præcipitate themſelues in dangers ſtill;
And this th'inſtinct of Nature ſeemes to bee,
What realme not ſcornes t'attend a ſtrangers will?
From forc'd obedience nought but hate proceedes,
The moe we haue ſubdude, the moe our foes:
A ſoueraigne head this ſtates huge body needes,
That might make vs ſecurely to repoſe.
And who more meete t'enioy that great mans place,
Wh'eſ thoſe whoſe ſtates he tooke, receiu'd the hearts:
Then one deſcended from th'illuſtrous race,
Whoſe birth both worth and right to raigne impartes.
If heau'n enrich *Roxana* with a ſonne,
That long'd-for birth a lawfull ſoueraigne brings,
And till that courſe of doubtfull hopes be done,
Let ſome appointed be to rule all things.
Eum. Though *Macedonians* tuned mindes not ſcorne,
That t'*Alexander* ſtrangers ſhould ſucceede,
Can men obey a babe, a babe not borne?
What fancies ſtrange would this confuſion breed?
This could not well become our graue foreſight,
A doubtfull birth t'attend ſo long in vaine,
That may b'abortiue, and though brought to light,
Through Natures error made not apt to raigne.
But if affection carrie vs ſo farre,
That of that race we muſt be rul'd by ſome:
Though neither being practiz'd in peace nor warre,
As thoſe that haue indeede by kinde o'recome.
Then haue we *Hercules* the eldeſt ſonne,
That t'our great Prince was by *Barſines* borne:
Who foureteene yeares of age hath elſe begunne
His princely birth by vertues rare t'adorne.
Ptol. Might not the *Macedonians* all b'aſham'd,
If rendred vaſſalles thus t'a barbarous brood?

What?

What? ſhould we beare the yoke that we haue framd,
To buy diſgrace haue we beſtowde our blood.
Our aunceſtours whoſe glory wee obſcur'd,
Would get ſome vantage of their Nephues thus:
They warrd that peoples wracke to haue procurd,
And haue we ward to make them Lords o're vs?
Ah, bury this as a'xecrable thing,
And let this purpoſe be no more purſude,
For though they were begotten by our king,
Yet were they borne of thoſe that we ſubdude.
Obraue *Leonides*, I like thy ſtrife,
That with ſo few performd ſo glorious things:
And death preferrd before th'infamous life,
That bondage ſtill from a Barbarian brings.
Thoſe loth'd t'accept a ſtranger for their Lord,
And with their blood gaue flame t'an vnknowne feild,
Yet we would honour them that they abhorrd,
And though being victors to the vanquiſh'd yeild.
For where-to tended that renownd attempt,
Which makes the *Perſians* yet abaſe their brow;
But euen t'our countreys ſcorne in a contempt.
To take by force that which we offer now.
Was this the ſcope of all our conqueſts then,
Of our owne captiues to be made the prey?
No, let vs ſtill command like valerous men,
And rule our Empire by ſome other way.
May we not vſe this policie a ſpace,
Till better wits ſome better meanes deuiſe?
Leſt dangerous diſcords do diſturbe our peace,
Still when we would of ſerious things aduice.
Let a maieſticke *Senat* gathered be,
And them amongſt the Imperiall chare of ſtate:
That of th'authoritie all ſignes may ſee,
Then whilſt we compaſſe that reſpected ſeate.

There those that were in credite with the king,
Whose merits in mens minds haue reuerence bred:
Shall in their iudgements ballance euery thing,
How kingdomes should be ruld, how Armies led.
And what the greatest part hath once approu'd,
To that the rest must oblig'd be t'incline:
All th'armie by this harmony being mou'd,
Will execute what euer we designe.
This concord would proue happy for vs all,
Since it each state in greatest suretie renders:
And by this meanes our *Macedony* shall,
In place of one haue many *Alexanders*.
Eum. Though silence I confesse becomes me best,
That am a stranger, and the lesse beleeu'd:
Yet since a partner of your toyles I rest,
I must vnfold my mind, a minde that's greeeu'd.
And thinke you that a babe repaires our losse,
How are the deepest iudgements thus beguild?
This in all Countryes hath bin thought a crosse,
Wo to that soyle whose soueraigne is a child.
Nor would these great men as is thought agree,
They be too many bodies for one minde:
Ah, pardon *Ptolomie*, it can not be,
This vnion would all disunite I finde.
Thus would all th'armie from good order swarue,
When many might forgiue, all would offend:
As thinking well though they did death deserue,
Ther's none so bad but some man will defend.
And when so many kings were in one court,
One court would then haue many humors too:
Which fostring factions for each light report,
Would make them iarre as neighbouring princes doe.
No, let this strange opinion be suppressd,
Whilst equals all, all would vnequall be:

So that their mindes by iealousie possessd,
From pale suspition neuer could be free.
But ah, what needs contention at this time,
T'obscure a matter that was made so cleere:
And do ye now account it for no crime,
T'impugne his wil that once was held so deere?
When that great Monark march'd t'encounter death,
Whist all his captaines were assembled there:
And did demand whilst he might vse his breath,
Whom he himselfe adopted for his heire.
Then that such doubtfull questions should not need,
As louing valour more then his owne race:
He that t'a braue man, braue men might succeed,
Said, let the worthiest haue the worthiest place.
Nor did he speake this in a secret part
With *Sphinx* his phrase, a greater doubt t'haue moou'd:
As breathing thoughts in each ambitious hart,
To haue his worth in *Vulcans* furnace proou'd
For whilst ye hedg'd the fatall bed about,
With an vnpartiall care distracted long:
Then he amongst you all did chuse one out,
That for so great a burthen seem'd most strong.
He to *Perdiccas* did present the ring
That vs'd to seale the secrets of the state:
By which it seemd that he design'd him king,
Ad so would seize him of the highest seate.
Thus made this worthy man a worthy choice,
That no new troubles might the state deforme:
And all the world now iustly may reioyce,
That thus preuented was a'mpetuous storme.
For if this had not been his latest will,
Ye *Mars* his Minions should haue liu'd at iarres:
Whilst emulation amongst equals still,
Had made the trumpet sound t'intestine warres.

What

What huge disorders threatned to burst forth,
If that our soueraigne had no prince designd:
That oft hath been a witnesse of our worth,
And can weigh vertue in a vertuous mind.
I see consenting signes applaud my speach,
Rise, do *Perdicas* that which they decree,
Whilst modestie doth maiestie impeach, (thee.
Though thou crau'st not this crowne, this crowne craues
Meleag. I wonder not though thus *Perdicas* shrinke,
T'accept so mighty a charge amidst th'alarmes:
The Sunne must make *Nictimine* to winke,
This Scepter weighes too much for so weake armes.
The Gods will neuer grant, nor men agree
That such a one should domineer ouer vs.
Though vulgar minds might yeeld his thrales to be,
Those that his betters are scorne to bow thus.
He prayes vs all *Roxanaes* birth t'attend,
Which though it came to passe as some expect:
He can exchange or cause be brought t'an end,
As bent t'allow all meanes when one effect.
Thus would he temporize though t'our great scorne,
Till time assist t'accomplish his designes:
No kings *Perdicas* likes but babes vnborne,
He labours well in vndiscouered mines.
I need not now insist to tell at large,
What braue men be amids this martiall band,
That better do deserue so great a charge,
Both for their skill and courage to command.
Yet are the best not worthy to succeede,
To that rare man that neuer can be match'd:
Whose memorie must make our mindes to bleed,
Whose aduersar's for this aduantage watch'd.
But if that great man did consent so soone,
That our obedience should be thus abus'd:

Of all that euer he desird t'haue done,
I thinke this onely ought to be refusd. (prou'd,
Th'vndanted band whose worth the worlde oft
Then whilst their glorie shin'd through siluer shields:
By all that monarches merits not being mou'd,
As conquer'd, would haue left the conquer'd fields.
And if that they contemn'd a princes throne,
To whom his aunceſtors their ſcepter brought,
What reuerence would they beare to ſuch a one,
That all this time was as their equall thought?
To thoſe that ouer their equalles raiſe their ſtate,
Aduancement enuie breeds, and enuie hate.
If ſuch with all would reſt familiar ſtill,
This in contempt th'authoritie it brings:
And if they ſecond not their ſubiects will,
Men cannot beare with them as with borne kings.
Our loftie bands ſome lofty minde muſt tame,
Whoſe princely birth doth procreate regard:
Whoſe countrie may confound each ſland'rous claime,
As one with whom none els can be compar'd.
Ther's *Alexanders* brother, *Philips* ſonne,
That alwayes was a partner of our paine;
Can there be any elſe below the ſunne,
Ouer *Macedonians* that deſerues to raigne?
And I muſt wonder what ſo ſtrange offence,
Hath forfeited his title, maim'd his right:
That any now with a diſguis'd pretence,
Dare wrong him thus, euen in his peoples ſight.
Ptol. None needs to wonder much though we neglect
One whoſe election might procure our ſhame:
His mothers baſenes Iuſtice might obiect,
Whom baſtardie ſecludes from ſuch a claime.
But yet had nature purg'd the ſpot ſhe made,
We with his birth the better might comport:

Whilſt father-like in all affaires he had,
Giuen proofe of parts that might the ſtate ſupport.
He falſifies his race of wit ſo weake,
That all his inward wants are ſoone perceiu'd:
All of his iudgement in deriſion ſpeake,
By which great things can hardly be conceiu'd.
And though his body might from paines be ſparde,
Whoſe conſtitution is not very ſtrong,
But with infirmities ſo farre impairde
That it aliue cannot continue long:
Yet ſince in ſtate he neuer hath bin ſchoold,
His ignorance would racke him ſtill with feares:
Whiles he that rulde ſtill needing to be rulde,
Spake but with others tongues, heard with their eares.
A inconſtant king great confuſion makes,
Whom all miſtruſt, and moſt amidſt a Campe:
Whilſt ſoft like waxe, he each impreſſion takes,
And doth for friuolous things ſtill change the ſtampe.
Ah, ſhould our liues depend vpon his breath,
That of himſelfe cannot diſcerne a crime:
But doomes by informations men to death,
Then barren pittie yeilds when out of time.
Thus whilſt ſome alwayes muſt his iudgement ſway,
That ſtill doth harbour in anothers head:
Of Sicophants this prince may be the prey,
That where they liſt, th'authoritie will leade.
And being but baſe, that they may be the beſt,
Such ſtill will toyle that we may be or'e-throwne:
And ſome-time may the credulous king ſuggeſt,
To taint our fame, leſt it obſcure their owne.
What griefe were this t'vs, whilſt ſuch as thoſe,
Might make their vantage of th'all-powrefull breath,
And that our actions ballanc'd by our foes,
Were guerdon'd with diſdaine, or elſe with death?

Me. Since priuat hopes your iudgement do bewitch,
Ile leaue this counsell where no good can please:
Come follow me all those that would be rich,
Few haue regarde (poore souldiers) of your ease
Perd. That shall prooue best which first I went about,
Thogh some wold wrest my words from what I thought
The malice of *Meleager* now bursts out,
Like flaming fires that burne themselues to nought.
Thus naughtie minds that neuer dreame but ill,
Do conster euery thing t'a crooked sence:
What I propose t'aduance our countrey still,
He would interpret it as an offence.
And this vnreuerent parting hence of his,
Hath t'all his former wrongs yet added one,
By his seditious words incens'd ere this
The souldiers are to sacke the treasures gone.
Ant. Then let vs all of one accord conclude,
That *Alexanders* hop'd for race must raigne:
So shall w'establish still th'annointed blood,
Whose gouernement both glorie gaue, and gaine.
And let vs now before we part, appoynt
Who gouerne shall till that the Babe be borne:
And circumspectly put all things t'a point,
That the succesſe our councells may adorne.
Eum. I heare a tumult made amongst the tents,
And *Arideus* is proclaimde a King,
To which th'inconstant multitude consents,
That build on all that changes best doe bring.
The footmen all are t'indignation mou'd,
That in th'assembly they got not a seate:
That our proceedings they might haue approu'd,
As knowing all that did concerne the State.
Their Princes memorie rests soone despisde,
That they dare thus reuolt, and vnconstrain'd:

Saue but by too much libertie entiſde,
Which makes the giuer ſtill to be diſdaind.
The want of diſcipline all things confounds,
Their deeds want order and their pride all bounds.
Perdi. And dare they then againſt that fortreſſe riſe,
Where *Alexanders* collours once are rear'd:
Or violate the walls where-as he lyes,
May not his ſhaddow ſerue to make them feard?
What, how comes this? and dare they then preſume
T'encounter their commanders and in armes?
Armes, armes, iuſt wrath theſe rebels muſt conſume,
Our countenance wil daſh them, ſound th'alarmes.
Exeunt:

Act. II. Scen. II.

Liſimachus, Seleucus.

LO here a great and a moſt ſuddaine change,
All men for mirth were like to haue gone mad,
So that of late it would haue been thought ſtrange,
In all this citie to haue ſeene one ſad.
Each wall reſounded ſome melodious ſong,
To rauiſh curious eares with rare delight:
Strange tapeſtries were ſtretch'd the ſtreets along,
And ſtately obiects made t'amuſe the ſight.
As if his conqueſts glorioufly to crowne,
Of all the world a Parliament to hold:
He came with pompe to this imperiall towne,
The height of all magnificence t'vnfold.
Here Glory in her richeſt robes aray'd,
Should haue ſhewne all that greatneſſe could expect:
Yet were our hopes euen at the height betraid,
To death thoſe trophes *Fortune* did erect.
A tragick end this triumph quite confounds.

All

All our applauſes are turn'd to complaints,
Our muſicke marr'd by melancholious ſounds,
Spoil'd by the Cypreſſe, loe the Lawrell faints.
To funerall ſhrikes our ſhowts of ioy we turne,
Our gorgeous garments muſt giue place to griefe:
We that ſo much reioyc'd, farre more muſt mourne,
Dayes ſpent with woe are long, with pleaſure briefe.
This greateſt anguiſh breedes when one compares
The time that preſent is, with it that's paſt:
And ponders the particular diſpaires.
That all heroicke mindes with woe do waſte.
Theſe two betweene what diffrence finde we forth,
The riſing Sunne, and it that is declinde?
Where is that bright Zodiacke of all worth,
From whence the light of Valour onely ſhinde.
Now deſolation ſpreades it ſelfe ouer all,
A ſolitarie ſilence griefe allowes:
Ah as being bruiſd by that great Monarkes fall,
How many malecontents abaſe their browes.
A ſtrange ſuſpition hath poſſeſſd the ſtreetes,
Whilſt euery man his neighbours fall conſpires:
When vnawares one with another meetes,
As ſtrait ſuſpecting treaſon he retires.
Of rumours ſtrange all eares are greedie growne,
Which (though all doubtfull) moue the mind to ruth:
And as all hearts haue idolls of their owne,
What they coniecture all affirme for truth.
Sel. The heauen with wrathful eies our actions views
As it towards vs that high diſdaine doth beare,
Loe all mens heads are heauy for euill news,
And though we know not what, yet ſtil we feare.
For ſince the widdow'd world doth want a head,
Each member now doth labour to be chiefe:
Which whilſt they diuers wayes the bodie leade,

May a beginning giue t'an endleſſe griefe.
Some like the foole that thunder fain'd like *Ioue*,
Would make their fame like *Alexanders* ſound:
And to bring others lowe, or t'be aboue,
Would either gouerne all, or all confound.
Then ſome vaine wittes that onely would ſeeme wiſe,
Whilſt by prepoſtrous fancies being deceiu'd,
Do euery thing that is not theirs deſpiſe,
And periſh would, or them another ſau'd.
A number too that all things doe content,
What each one thinkes, are ſtill reſolu'd to doe:
They make a choice, then doe the choice repent,
And ſtrait repent of that repentance too.
The publike weale is ſpoi'ld by priuate hopes,
Whilſt many thus the higheſt honour claime:
This variance giues their fancies freeſt ſcopes,
Its beſt to fiſh within a troubled ſtreame.
See how diſſention hath diſſolu'd ſo ſoone,
All kinde of order and confuſion brought:
This diſcord hath our councell quite vndone,
Whilſt one would haue done all, all haue done nought.
Though that *Perdiccas* (as it would haue ſeem'd)
As being deuoted to the ſacred blood:
Sought (by that meanes more vertuous to b'eſteem'd)
His Princes honour, and his Countries good.
Yet hauing his companions in contempt,
He ſought by ſubtill meanes himſelfe t'aduance,
And ſo to ſhaddow his diſguiſde attempt,
Aym'd at th'imperiall place as but by chance.
He care pretends that none th'vnborne beguile,
As by the heauens for th'orphans weale reſeru'd:
Yet wanting of a King nought but the ſtile;
He would not want that when th'occaſion ſeru'd.
And *Meleager* with the like reſpect,

To croſſe *Perdiccas* counterfets a loue
To baſtatd *Philips* right, though in effect,
His purpoſe is but th'others to diſproue.
And ſo prouiding, that his enemy faile,
He cares not much what Emperour they proclaime:
And his deſigne with many may preuaile,
The cloake of right apparrells any claime.
They whoſe deſcent their titles doth diſcloſe,
Being borne in poſſibilitie to raigne,
Muſt be preferr'd by reaſon vnto thoſe,
That of all right without the bounds remaine.
The furious footmen inſolently ſtout,
Bent to maintaine a title, brau'd our band:
And indignation thundring threatnings out,
Would with our blood haue dide this barb'rous land.
O what indignitie would this haue bin,
Whilſt thoſe that we ſubdude with ſuch great toiles,
Had in this ſort their victors vanquiſh'd ſeene,
And without paine poſſeſſe their ſpoylers ſpoyles.
Thus darkning all that we had done before,
(Our ſwords being ſtain'd by ignominious wounds)
We of our conqueſts could haue kept no more,
But burialls baſe (if thoſe) in th'enemies bounds.
O what excellencie conſiſts in one,
More than in many as witneſſes this houre!
Some with a word or looke doth more alone,
Than thouſands ioyn'd with pollicie and powre.
When ſquadrons arm'd with enſignes all diſplaid,
As thoſe that of their Prince all reuerence loſt,
His generous courſe t'haue obſtinately ſtai'd,
Did beſt t'abandon him when buſied moſt.
Then of diſorder yeelding bitter fruits,
They boldly march'd before th'imperiall tent,
And charg'd their ſoueraigne with vnlawfull ſuits,

As t'innouations violently bent.
They by no band of duety more detaind,
Firſt grudgde, grew factious next, then rebells plaine:
Like waters by induſtrious meanes reſtraind,
Which if their dams once breake forth flouds do raine.
But of th'vntainted tipe of matchleſſe worth,
Whom imitate none may, al muſt admire:
Through iuſt diſdaine when furie ſparkled forth,
I h'aſtoniſh'd troups all trembling did retire.
His ſtately countenance calm'd tumultuous ſounds,
Lightning forth maieſtie through clowds of wrath:
That euen as if his words had giuen them wounds,
They proſtrated themſelues exſpecting death.
Thoſe loftie bandes that were of late ſo prowd,
That they diſdain'd t'attend their Emperours will:
Then by his ſight being at an inſtant bow'd,
Did beg for licence but to tarry ſtil.
And yet what wonder though he wanne all harts,
That to his ſacred preſence did repaire,
With that accompliſhment of vertuous parts,
As large in him, as in all others rare.
Whiles when we come to meete as each man ſees,
In this maim'd ſtate bent t'entertaine ſome life,
Still hauing in contempt all our decrees,
The ſouldiers are not ſtai'd from ciuill ſtrife.
And who can call that valorous Prince to minde,
That any reuerence vnto vertue beares:
But he muſt be conſtrain'd, or prooue vnkinde,
To offer vp a tribute of ſome teares.
Liſ. His death of ſorrow makes my ſoule the prey,
Though many thought that I for it had long'd:
For if by thoſe that he reſts bound t'obey,
One can be wrong'd, then I indeede was wrong'd.
Sel. Fame to mine eares by diuers tongues did bring,

T'a danger huge how you were once expoſde,
But ſpecifide not each particular thing,
Which by your ſelfe I long to heare diſcloſde.
Lyſim. When ſage *Caliſtines* for no requeſt,
With ſuperſtitious cuſtomes could comport:
But with franke wordes all flatterie did deteſt,
He was abuſde, and in a barbarous ſort.
So plaging him (no doubt) the king did ill,
Yet to proſperitie we muſt impute
Thoſe fatall faults that follow Fortune ſtill,
As being of all great mindes a baſtard fruit.
We ſhould in kings, as loth their ſtates to tuch,
Speake ſparingly of vice, praiſe vertue much.
But I whoſe ſoule that wiſe man deerely lou'd,
Whilſt ſpying his perfections thus iniur'd:
To tender paſſions by compaſſion mou'd,
Would his reliefe haue willingly procur'd.
But when my credite faild, all hope being paſt,
That I could purchaſe grace in any ſort:
I gaue him deſp'rate phyſicke at the laſt,
That if his life was euill, it might be ſhort.
The king enrag'd that I had thus preſumde,
To limite his reuenge by ſodaine death:
That by a Lion I ſhould be conſumde,
Did throw my doome out of the depths of wrath.
But when with rolling eyes the Lion roard,
He by my ſtrength as ſtrengthleſſe was orethrowne:
Which to the king whoſe mind did then remord,
My courage and my conſtancie made knowne.
So that incontinent I was ſet free,
By this rare proofe eſteem'd amongſt the ſtrong:
And with a minde from inward rancor free,
As he his wrath, ſo I forgot my wrong.
For whilſt alone he through a forreſt rang'd,

If it had bin but ſo, to purchaſe fame:
Some by that meanes had former wrongs reueng'd,
Bent like *Eroſtratus* t'acquire a name.
Yet that which others did attempt in vaine,
And tirde by trauell, of a ſurffet dide,
I did performe him bringing backe againe,
Whilſt I did runne as ſwift as he could ride.
And of that deede my ſprite reſts well apaide,
For ſince that time my ſoueraigne held me deere,
Which afterwards he to the world bewraid,
Whilſt in this forme his fauour did appeare.
When vnawares he chanc'd my brow to wound,
To ſtay my blood that ſtriu'd to die his launce:
My temples with his diademe he crownd,
A happy ſigne, though comming but by chaunce.
And O! who knowes but once before I die,
That the ſucceſſe may ſecond the preſage?
Seleuc. What hinders vs our fortune now to trie?,
And for a diademe our cares t'engage?
Thoſe bended mindes that ayme at greatneſſe ſtill,
Growne popular by th'armie to be praiſde:
Doe winde themſelues in euery mans good-will,
And would ſeeme humble that they may be raiſde.
What counterfeited friends ſeale truſtleſſe bands,
Whilſt in the generall cauſe that each pretends,
Though neuer ioyning hearts, all ioyne their hands,
And worke one way, yet worke for diuerſe ends?
Yea thoſe whoſe thoughts intend t'attend the ſtate,
Haue purchaſde powres, being purpoſde for the fields,
With iealous mindes their riualls bent t'abate,
Whilſt equalls all, now none t'another yeelds.
Yet with ſuſpended thoughts all doubtfull ſtand,
And their deſignes t'accompliſh doe forbeare,
Leſt all the reſt ioyn'd by a generall band,

March him t'orethrow that firſt giues cauſe of feare.
But he may proſper beſt whom burning thirſt
Of gouernement enflames at firſt t'aduaunce:
Some to be ſecond, doubting to be firſt,
Will make their hopes depend vpon his chaunce.
And by a battell when that one preuailes,
There will rich hopes at a'eaſie rate be ſolde:
For of that faction firſt whoſe fortune failes,
Euen all will ſtriue who ſhalbe firſt to folde.
All this to me great cauſe of feare affordes,
I eſt that we two protract the time too long:
And wounded be before we draw our ſwords,
If thoſe we not preuent that would vs wrong.
Lyſi. No chance of late hath brought me ſo to bow,
But I exſpect a part of thoſe great hopes:
Yet in my minde a iudgement moſt allow,
That ouer a dang'rous ditch adeis'dly leapes.
There are t'our charge ſome prouinces aſſign'd,
Whoſe peacefull ſtates we manage muſt awhile:
Till all attempt that which they haue deſign'd,
Whilſt from the world each th'other doth exile.
Then liuing but like thoſe whoſe force is ſmall,
From which the world no great thing can exſpect:
We ſhall profeſſe a fauour to them all,
And an indifferencie pretend t'affect.
Yet ſhall not then our thoughts haue leaue to ſleepe,
But ſubtilties muſt circumſpectly frame:
The mightie men at variance ſtill to keepe,
So alwayes ſtrengthning vs, and weakning them.
And when th'occaſion ſtricter dealing claimes,
We ſhall make warre with ſome ere it be long:
Like cunning Wreſtlers at th'Olympicke games,
That exerciſe themſelues to be more ſtrong.
And when themſelues haue thus prepar'd the way,

Whilſt that their pomp doth beare a lower ſaile:
For at the laſt their force muſt much decay,
Since all muſt alwayes looſe, though one preuaile.
Then prompt t'atchiue that which we now contriue,
By ruining the remnant that remaines:
We may poſſeſſe the ſtate for which they ſtriue;
Thus they the toiles, and we ſhall get the gaines.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

O happy was that guiltleſſe age,
In which Aſtræa *liu'd below:*
And that Bellonaes *barbarous rage*
Did not all order quite orethrow.
Then whilſt all did themſelues content
With that thing which they did poſſeſſe,
And gloried in a little rent,
As wanting meanes to make exceſſe.
Thoſe could no kinde of want bemone,
For crauing nought they had all things:
And ſince none ſought th'emperious throne,
Whilſt none were ſubiects, all were kings:
O t'a true bliſſe their courſe was ſet,
That got to liue, not liu'd to get.
Then Innocencie naked liu'd,
And had no neede nor thought of armes,
Whilſt ſpightfull ſprites no meanes contriu'd,
To plague th'vnprouident with harmes.
Then ſnaring lawes did not extend
The bounds of reaſon as they doe:
Strife being begunne where it ſhould end,
Clearing one doubt t'ingender two.
Then cuſtomes but by conſcience ſtoode,

By which dark things were soone discern'd,
Whilst all behoou'd there to be good;
Whereas no euill was to be learn'd:
And how could any then proue naught,
Whilst vertue by example's taught?
Then mortall mindes all most pure,
Free from corruption lasted long:
Whilst arm'd with innocencie sure,
When none did know how to doe wrong:
Then stingd with no suspitious thought,
Men mischiefe did from none exspect:
For that which in themselues was not,
In others they would not suspect.
And though none did sterne lawes impart,
That might t'vse vertue men compell,
Each in the table of his hart
Had grau'd a law of dooing well:
And all did wickednesse forbeare,
Through a free-will, and not for feare.
The first that spoil'd the publike rest,
And did disturbe this quiet state,
T'was Auarice, the greatest pest
That euer past th'infernall gate:
A monster very hard to daunt,
Leane, as dry'd vp with inward care,
Though full of wealth for feare of want,
Still at the borders of dispaire.
Scarse taking food t'haue nature eas'd,
Nor for the cold sufficient clothing.
She with her riches neuer pleas'd,
Thinkes all hath much, she hath nothing.
This daughter of sterne Pluto still,
Her fathers dungeon striues to fill.
That monster-tamer most renown'd,

The great Alcides, Thebes *glory.*
That for twelue seuerall labours crown'd,
Was famous made by many a story.
As one that all his time had toyl'd,
To purge the world of such like pests,
That robbers rob'd, and spoilers spoyl'd,
Still humbling hautie tyrants crests:
He by this monster once or'e-throwne,
Did passe in Spaine his strength to try:
And there tooke more then was his owne,
What right had he to Gerions *ky?*
Thus auarice the world deceiues,
And makes the greatest conquerors slaues.
Ah, when t'afflict the world with griefe,
This poore-rich monster once was borne,
Then weakenesse could finde no reliefe,
And subtiltie did conscience scorne:
Yet some that labor'd to recall
The blisse that guilded th'ancient age,
Did punishment prepare for all,
That did their thoughts to vice engage.
And yet the more they Lawes did bring,
That to be good might men constraine,
The more they sought to do the thing,
From which the lawes did them restraine:
So that by custome alterd quite,
The world in euill doth most delight.

Exeunt.

Act. III. Scene I.

Perdiccas. Eumenes.

NOw fortune smyles vpon my rising state,
And seemes to promise more then I require:

Loe

Loe by degrees my glory doth grow great,
And by their death that did my death conſpire.
Proud *Meleager* that diſdain'd to bow,
And my aduancement alwayes did miſlike,
Hath with his blood ſeald my aſſurance now,
T'aſtoniſh thoſe that would attempt the like.
Eum. Yet of his fall the forme my minde appalls,
At th'altar of the gods without regard:
We were too raſh to violate thoſe walles,
Which the moſt impious perſons would haue ſpar'd
Laſciuious *Aiax* by *Mineruaes* ſpight,
Earſt for prophaning ſuch a ſacred place,
On the *Capharian* rockes did looſe the light,
And all his nauie to his great diſgrace.
We ſhould not irritate celeſtiall powers,
Then all beginnings are conſidered moſt:
And by this ſacrilegious act of ours,
I feare that we the hearts of ſome haue loſt.
Per. Let others ſeeke t'obſerue ſuch points as thoſe,
I'am not ſo ſcrupulous, for I proteſt
Ouer all, and by all meanes ile kill my foes,
And then there-after diſpute of the reſt. {bee
They wrong the Gods that think their church ſhould
As a refuge for male-factors ſtill:
For with their iuſtice this can not agree,
Who gard th'euill-doers guiltie are of ill.
Was he not ſtain'd with many a monſtrous crime?
And like the *Salamander* in the fire,
Did loue to liue in trouble all his time,
And alterations alwayes did require.
Eu One humorous head that doth in braules delight,
May poiſon thouſands with the gall of ſpight.
Perd. As ſtill ſeditiouſly affecting ſtrife,
He but abus'd the credit of his king:

And

And sent some of his slaues to take my life,
Such bitter enuie did his stomacke sting.
Eum. I saw, how that aduanc'd before your band,
You first did checke, then chase them in the end:
And with what mightie courage you did stand
Our Soueraignes corps (though dead) bent to defend.
Perd. He but a dastard is t'a foe that yieldes,
And in no conflict hath his fortune tryed:
We (if by time not ventring to the fields)
Like beasts being sacrific'd had simply dyed.
But when without we maisters did remaine,
Lest *Babilon* had straight bin barr'd from foode:
I those rebellious squadrons did constraine,
Euen t'our aduantage concord to conclude.
Th'agreement that gaue me a great reliefe,
Made my competetour his marke to misse:
For when I came, though hee before was chiefe:
The shadow of my greatnesse darkned his.
Eum. Yet in this treatie all the world may see,
Th'opinion of the multitude preuail'd:
He whom they did elect our prince must be,
And our designe hath altogether fail'd.
But how comes this? that euery captaine gets,
A certaine realme assign'd now to his charge:
And with a warlike armie forward sets,
The limits of his gouernment t'enlarge?
Perd. I by my meanes haue euery great man crown'd,
That from my greatnesse, great things might proceed:
Yet to make my authoritie renown'd,
The doing likes me better than the deed.
I this diuision chiefly did procure,
To make the court from other great men free:
That so my credit might remaine more sure,
And they by such great gifts engag'd to me.

For

For him that hath them thus to honor brought,
They must be bound to hold in high account:
And I haue not aduanc'd them thus for nought,
They be the meanes by which I minde to mount.
Eum. O but your fancies may be much deceiu'd,
There is no bond that binds vngratefull mindes:
I feare th'aduancement that they thus receiu'd,
Haue shewne them wayes to saile by other windes.
So long of late as they had need of you,
To seeme your constant friends they kindly sought:
But since their greatnesse giues them freedom now,
They do disdaine what may abase them ought.
To those all great men frankest friends do proue,
Whom without cause they alwayes fauour still:
And can not be as t'were compell'd to loue,
Those whose deserts do challenge their good will.
This would preiudge the freedome of their state,
That any might claime interest in their hearts:
No, kings can hold of none their kingly seat,
None must vpbraid them with so great deserts.
And in my iudgement you haue greatly errd,
Them thus t'exalt whose states you would surprise:
Their common custome is that are preferrd,
That they may stand, not to let others rise.
Perd. Ile make their brests such iealous thoughts im-
That euery one shall seeke his mate t'ore-throw: (brace,
And then I purpose to supply their place,
When by such sleights the highest are brought low.
This subtill course rests by experience try'd,
The strongst else is to confusion gone:
I long to learne how *Leonatus* dy'd,
Not that I minde his funeralls to bemone.
Eum. That prince magnanimous whom all admire
Through his accustom'd clemencie proclaim'd:

That baniſhd *Græcians* might to *Greece* retire,
Saue onely ſuch whom murder had defam'd.
At this, ſome *Grecian* great men were commou'd,
Whoſe partiall grudge occaſion'd their exile:
Leſt th'others reſtitution ſhould haue prou'd,
A meanes t'haue brought their ſtate t'a lower ſtile.
And th'indignation that they had conceiu'd,
Did burſt out in rebellion for a time:
The which the king deepe in his minde engrau'd,
And thought by *Athens* ſpoyles t'avenge that cryme.
But ſince that death miniſtred them reliefe,
Grown bold to proſecute their prowde attempt:
Th *Athenians* and the *Æt olians* were the chiefe,
That brought *Antipater* firſt in contempt.
And being by them conſtrain'd to quit the field,
He in a little towne enclos'd at laſt:
Was once reduc'd in dangers neere to yield,
And ſtaine the glory of his actions paſt.
But yet by accident as whiles it falles,
It's better to be fortunate then wiſe:
An vnſuſpected ſhaft throwne from the walles,
Th'*Athenian* captaine happened to ſurpriſe.
Then did *Antipater* his courage reare,
That had almoſt his ſtaggering hopes betraid:
And yet not altogether free'd from feare,
He ſent to *Leonatus* ſeeking aid.
And he that ſeem'd his friendſhip much t'affect,
Did carefull of his countrie-men appeare:
But if he had preuail'd ſome do ſuſpect,
Antipater had bought his ſuccours deere.
Yet by th'effect his purpoſe bent to ſhew,
What euer that he was, he ſeem'd a friend:
But when th'*Athenians* did his comming know,
T'encounter him they did directly tend.

And though their thoughts in depths of doubts did
They, whilst alone, to match him thought it best: (fleete,
Then whilst they march'd aduentrous troupes to meete,
Hard was the welcome of th'vnwelcome guest.
For when both th'armies were t'a battle brought,
And all the fruits of valour did afford:
Rash *Leonatus* like a Lyon fought,
Bent to proue worthy of his wonted Lord.
But whist he brauely did his charge acquite,
He lost himselfe that others came to saue:
And by their Captaines fall discourag'd quite,
His scatred troupes great domage did receiue.
Yet when the newes to *Antipater* were told
Of their mishap that come for his releife:
He not one signe of sorrow did vnfold,
A little gaine doth mitigate great griefe.
For he did know, though then his foes preuail'd,
That this great fight infeebled had their hoste:
And then he tooke to him which much auai'ld,
Those beaten bandes that had their Captaine lost.
Yet that in which he did most comfort finde,
Was his deliuerie from a secret foe:
Which did with ielousie torment his minde,
Though outwardly not seeming to be so.
Perd. Thus we that vnderneath one ensigne warrd,
Slept in one tent, and all one fortune prou'd,
And with a friendship then that neuer iarrd,
As *Pilades* and mad *Orestes* lou'd.
Since wanting now a Lord. that all be Lords,
We loe renounce all kind of kindnesse now:
And secret rancor budding in discords,
Euen euery one doth th'others ruine vow.
Such is the sacred famine of a crowne,
That it to satisfie, before we faile,

What ſtands within our way, all muſt go downe,
And bands of blood or friendſhip nought auaile.
Theſe glory-rauiſh'd ſoules that would be great,
Will pretermit no meanes although vniuſt:
Impatient of copartners in the ſtate;
For amongſt riuals there can be no truſt.
Eum. Well, I perceiue *Antipater* doth tend,
With all his powre, t'attaine that ſacred prey:
Which loe of late augmented now in th'end,
Through euery danger once may make a way.
And *Alexander* ſometimes ſpake at large,
Then whilſt *Antipater* with *Agis* ſtriu'd,
That he without the limits of his charge,
More like a king than a Lieutenant liu'd.
Antigonus, and *Ptholomie* in armes
Are ioy'nd in one, our ruine bent to breed:
I feare that friendſhip procreate our harmes,
Vnleſſe their ſpight preuented be with ſpeed.
Perd. Ile lodge you now *Eumenes* in my breſt,
And let you ſee the ground of my deſignes:
Since that we both alike muſt toyle or reſt,
As thoſe whoſe courſe one planet now confines.
Since at his death, I by our dying Lord
Was in his place appointed to ſucceed,
And that my fortune doth a meanes afford,
How that I compaſſe may what he decreed.
To leaue that place I cannot well agree,
As if I wanted courage to command:
Ile take that which the fates do throw on me:
For if without a throne, I cannot ſtand.
And thoſe that would performe difficult things,
Muſt not regard what way, ſo they preuaile;
Of ſleight, then force a greater furtherance brings,
The Fox muſt helpe if that the Lyon faile.

So

So for *Antipater* a ſnare t'haue layd,
His daughter I in marriage did require:
That ſo the time might but haue bin delayd,
Till that I had accompliſht my deſire.
For with the ſhadow of pretended loue,
And hope of that affinitie to come:
I from his bounds was minded to remoue,
A warrelike troupe wherewith himſelfe t'orecome.
But to deceiue deceiuers, t'is moſt hard,
He quickly did miſtruſt th'intended wrong:
And from my meſſengers his eares he barr'd,
As did *Vliſſes* from the *Sirens* ſong.
Eum. This to your ſtate, I think, might much import
If to your ſelfe you choſe a vertuous mate:
Whoſe beauty pleaſure, birth might bring ſupport,
And both concurre in one to bleſſe your ſtate.
If you to make your high deſignes more ſure,
By *Hymens* meanes with ſome your ſelfe alie:
Thus of ſome Prince you may the powre procure,
That wil conioynd with you one fortune trie.
What griefe were this if you haue hap t'attaine,
That faire *Idea* which your fancies frame:
If after you of yours none doe remaine,
That may enioy your conqueſts, and your name.
Kings liue moſt ſure, that of their owne haue heires,
Whoſe ſacred perſons none dare ſeeke to wound:
Since though they die, yet there reſt ſome of theirs,
That are t'auenge their death by nature bound.
Pe. Noght reſts vntride that might inlarge my might
I minde to match my ſelfe with ſuch a one:
That if ſhe haue my powre to proue her right,
May be thought worthy of th'*Æmathian* throne:
I with *Olympias* haue deuiſde a thing,
That may aſſure her ſtate, and make mine ſtrong:

The which I hope ſhall prooue a proſprous ſpring,
From whence may flow great things ere it belong.
By *Cleopatra* may a meanes be catch'd,
That our deſignes t'a glorious end may bring:
I meane ſhe whom hir father *Philip* match'd,
With *Alexander* of th'*Epirots* King.
He hauing heard great *Alexanders* fame,
In emulation of that monarkes praiſe:
Went with his troupes th'*Etrurians* bent to tame,
Which enterpriſe did but abridge his dayes.
In marriage with that widdow'd Queene combinde,
If that her mother thus our courſe aſſiſt;
Whilſt I effect that which I haue deſign'd,
Who dare preſume my purpoſe to reſiſt?
For whilſt this friendſhip doth my name renowne,
It may my thoughts from further feare ſeclude:
Since hauing thus a title to the Crowne,
As one engraffde within the royall blood.
Eum. I feare that this your purpoſe to preuent,
A number now take armes all in one forme:
As thoſe that haue diſcouerd your intent,
And by the lowring cloudes foreknow a ſtorme.
For loe how many elſe together runne,
That for our ruine wonderfully thirſt.
Per. Where do you think that we ſhould then begin
And exerciſe hoſtility at firſt?
Eu. Though we our ſelues in ſtrangers thrones inſtal,
And hauing *Aſia* to ſubiection brought:
Make *Nilus*, *Indus*, and *Euphrates* thrall,
Yet all thoſe victories would ſerue for nought.
Whilſt martiall *Macedonie* liuing free,
The ſpring that ſtill will powre new armies forth,
Doth not acknowledge you her king to be,
Nor hath not proou'd your militarie worth.

To thoſe that would purſue a Prince in armes,
His chiefeſt realme the greateſt vantage giues:
Where if the warre hold out, t'is with his harmes,
Since that within his bowells th'enemy liues.
And warres protracted with a peoples loſſe,
Doe from their ſoueraigne alienate their loue:
They loſe their hearts whom fortune once doth croſſe,
And foild at home can no where elſe remoue.
He that hath *Macedonie*, hath the beſt,
Which of our Monarchie the Miſtreſſe is:
That conquerd hath couragiouſly the reſt,
And but depends on *Mars* as onely his.
If you were Lord of that vndaunted ſoile,
And by *Olympias* conntenaunc'd but a while:
Strait from *Antipater* all would recoile,
And him as traitor to the ſtate exile.
To you that are a *Macedonian* borne,
If match'd with *Cleopatra* great in powres:
The *Macedonians* gladly would be ſworne,
And if commaunding them, then all were yours.
Perd. Yet this opinion partly I diſprooue,
Which would not (as you thinke) our troubles end:
For if that we from hence our force remooue,
And to the *Æmathian* bounds directly tend.
There muſt at firſt a doubtfull warre be proou'd,
With thoſe braue bands whoſe valour is well knowne:
Of whom *Craterus* deerely is belou'd,
That bound t'*Antipater* are all his owne.
And though indeede as kindely to thoſe parts,
My friendſhip is affected to by ſome:
Yet others haue preoccupi'd their harts,
And will diſcredite vs before we come.
Then whilſt that we the *Macedonians* boaſt,
And leaue thoſe realmes vnarm'd that elſe are ours:

Strait *Ptolomie*, when ſtrengthned is his hoſte,
May enter *Aſia* and ſupplant our powres.
I by my iudgement willingly would take,
The courſe that ſeemes to make our ſtate moſt ſure:
It dangerous is t'haue foes behind our backe,
That vnawares our ruine may procure.
My purpoſe is, though yet to none made knowne,
That *Egipt* firſt ſhall burdend be with warre:
For if that *Ptolomie* were once orethrowne,
Then that from *Greece* all hope of help would barre.
Eum. Hold ſtill with you thoſe of the ſacred blood,
Whom to protect you alwayes muſt pretend:
The countnance of the great may doe much good,
Whome ſtill though weake, the world delights t'attend.
Exeunt.

Act. III. Scene II.

Olympias, Roxane.

LEt ſorrow then euen tyrannize my ſoule,
Whoſe rage with reaſon now no meaſure keepes:
What of my teares the torrent can controule,
Since flowing from afflictions deepeſt deeps?
How can my breaſt but burſt whilſt ſobs rebound?
Since once the ſeate of ioys now not the ſame:
May not huge horrors preſſe me to the ground,
In thinking what I was, and what I am.
I was a great mans wife, a greaters mother,
Euen ſhe to whome the heauens their beſt did giue:
Yet I, euen I, more plagu'd than any other,
In dungeons now of deſolation liue.
My ſonne that was the glorie of his time,
Staine of times paſt, and light of times to come:

(O fraile mortalitie, O fliderie flime,)
Though hauing all orecom'd, death did orecome.
And I (deiected wretch) whoſe dying eies,
He was by Natures cuſtome bound t'haue cloſde:
Was not to ſhut his ſtarres with th'iuorie skies,
That tapeſtried where maieſtie repoſde.
But ah! his falling in a forraine part,
Hath (if it can b'enlargde) enlargde my griefe:
Elſe I on him would melted haue my hart,
And ſpent my ſelfe t'haue purchaſde his reliefe.
Yet though I was not preſent at his death,
He ſhall not be defrauded of my teares:
But for his funerall fires my flaming breath
Doth ſmoake, and to his ghoſt a tribute beares.
Rox. Ah, to what corner rolles my watry ſight?
Where it not findes ſome matter to bemone:
O fooliſh eies! whie looſe ye not your light?
Since that your treaſure is to ruine gone.
Once of all Queenes I might the fortune ſcorne,
To whom iuſt loue that great man did engage:
Whoſe match in worth the world hath neuer borne,
Nor neuer ſhall enrich another age.
When thoſe perfections whiles tranſport my minde,
Which admiration onely doth dilate:
I'm woe that me the deſtinies deſignde,
To be the partner of his glorious ſtate.
And I repent that to his ſight I paſt,
Though highly gracde on a feſtiuall day:
A feaſt that many a time muſt make me faſt,
And with ſlowe woe that flying mirth defray.
Then if my fortune had not blinded me,
But ah! whoſe iudgement had it not bereau'd?
Whilſt the worlds Monarke daignd to like of me,
I had th'euent of my high flight conceiu'd.

He of th' *Asian* Prince whose state did then decline,
Had both the wife and daughters at his will:
Whose beauties glorie would haue darkned mine,
Yet free from snares retainde his fancies still.
Then when my father chose out from the rest,
Those virgins all whom Fame affirmd for rare:
Though hauing viewd them all, he lou'd me best,
Then thought most fortunate (if not most faire.)
And when his martiall nobles were dismaid,
That he himselfe with captiues had alide:
He by that meanes (as loue had dited) saide,
Tooke from the vanquisht shame, from victors pride.
Then me as Empresse all did entertaine,
Though his inferior farre in all respects:
Till I from him by death diuorcde remaine,
Whom with his sonne now all the world neglects.
Olym. Although this will but aggrauate my woe,
From whom the Fates all comfort now seclude:
Yet do I reuerence his remembrance so,
That of my sonne to heare it doth me good.
And daughter now, to double my distresse,
Make me at length acquainted with his death:
That sorrow may each part of me possesse,
Sad newes mine eares, teares eies, and sighes my breath.
Rox. Though griefe to me scarce libertie affordes,
T'expresse the passions that oppresse my mind:
Yet would affection wrestle out some wordes,
To speake of him that all my ioyes confind.
When he had conquerd all that could resist,
A monarchie not equall with his minde:
Still in his haughty course he did insist,
And search'd out th'Ocean other worlds to finde.
But when from it his nauie was redeemde,
He stoode in doubt where trophees next to reare:

For

For all the world for him too little ſeemde,
His minde could more conceiue than nature beare.
Then ah this Emprour purpoſde was in th'end,
At *Babylon* his glories height to ſhew:
Where all the world his comming did attend,
As *Ioue* aboue, he onely raignde below.
When he drew neere that then thrice Monarks ſeate,
All th'Aſtrologians by their skill foretold,
What dangers there were threatned to his ſtate,
The which elſe-where might better be controld.
But he that was not capable of feare,
And could not muſe of miſaduentures then:
Cauſde through that towne him ſelfe in triumph beare,
Backd with moe kings, than other kings with men.
There as a god in all his ſubiects ſights,
Which mirth with mourning I muſt ſtill record:
He ſpent, or loſt a time in al delights,
That a ſucceſſefull fortune could afford.
Till *Theſſalus*, for miſchiefe but reſeru'd,
Once to his houſe inuited him to dine:
Where falſe *Caſſander* at the table ſeru'd,
And as he vſde, with water mixt his wine.
Olym. Alas, alas, and ſo it proou'd in th'end,
But who could feare a benefited friend?
Rox. The creatures al eſteemde of greateſt worth,
That either are in th'earth, the ſea, or th'aire:
In *Perſia*, *Arabia*, or the *Ind's* brought forth,
That walke, that ſwim, that flie, that grow, were there.
Then when that reaſon drunke with pleaſure ſlept,
Which all things did aboundantly afford:
And whilſt that nought ſaue muſicke meaſure kept,
With *Ceres*, *Bacchus* onelie was ador'd.
But when the King beginning was to drinke,
As ſtrangely moou'd he thundred forth a grone:

And from the table ſodainly did ſhrinke,
As one whoſe ſtrength was at an inſtant gone.
Then when he ſoftly was t'a chamber led,
That Death a title to his bodie claimde:
The ſorrowing ſouldiers ſwarmd about his bed,
With lookes, once fierce, then for compaſſion framde.
But he whome victorie had ſtill arrayd,
This battell with the reſt bent to make euen:
Did looke like one whome all the world obayd,
And boaſted ſhortly then to take the heauen.
Then that he comfort might th'afflicted bands,
He ſtretcht them out to kiſſe reſpected partes:
More by the Sword than Scepter honord hands,
On which it ſeemde they melted all their harts.
Laſt, vnto them thoſe generous words he tolde,
Yet to my life my death doth bring no blot:
Thus to die yoong in yeeres, in glorie olde,
Of all our familie it is the lot.
And ſince that no mo worlds now reſt t'oreconne,
It's time to die: I did an Empire found,
And liu'd and raignde; it's done for which I come,
Now my great ghoſt muſt goe beneath the ground.
Then hauing thus diſchargde all debt of life,
He with a countnance conſtant euen in death:
As too victorious of that fatall ſtrife,
All th'aire perfuming ſpent th'imperious breath.
But when that it once through the camp was known,
That from the world that world of worth was gone,
What anguiſh was it cannot well be ſhowne,
I had my part, yet had not all alone.
O let that day which makes my dayes all night,
Be regiſtred amongſt the diſmall dayes:
Whoſe inauſpicious and lugubrious light,
The world with ſome diſaſter ſtill diſmayes.

And *Babilon*, curst be thy fatall towres,
Once seate of Monarches, mistresse of all th'earth:
But from hence-foorth a slaue to forraine powres,
Still burden'd be thy bounds with blood and dearth.
Olimp. You need not vse those execrations more,
Though *Babilon* of breath that prince depriu'd:
Yet as an Oracle had told before,
In *Macedonie* was his death contriu'd.
T'*Antipater* t'was told, how diuers times
The king against him had beene mou'd to wrath:
And doom'd, as guiltie of opprobrious crimes,
His sonne in law *Lincestes* vnto death.
And he had heard the king did strictly trie,
How his Lieutenants had their places vsde:
Still making all as traitours strait to die,
That had the same in any sort abusde.
Then he that priuate was t'his owne misdeeds,
Had learnd by others what he might exspect:
As whose ambitious breast in pride exceeds,
And alwayes did a soueraigntie affect.
But when *Craterus* was nam'd to his place,
And he in his requir'd the warres t'attend:
He thought that it was but a meanes t'embrace,
To plague his pride with a deserued end.
Then to preuent that, which I thinke was still
More fear'd by him, then purposde by the king:
With guiltie thoughts best exercisde in ill,
He sought what might to death his soueraigne bring.
And this the traytor compassde at the last,
As I alas, haue learnde (although too late)
When to my sonne, his sonne *Cassander* past,
As to congratulate his prosprous state.
Then in his companie he did retaine,
A poyson powrefull where it was imploy'd:

Whose violence no mettall could restraine,
But in a horses hoofe was still conueigh'd.
He, and his brother then th'advantage watchde,
And for their prince a cup of poyson madle:
Thus he that neuer was by th'enemies matchde,
Doth by the treason of his friends lye dead.
Rox. And could, or durst those traytors be so bold,
The glory of the world to vndermine:
But ah, Madam, *Antipater* of old,
Against your greatnesse alwayes did repine.
And I remember on a time he sent
A Messenger, of minde to make you bow:
That to your sonne a letter did present,
Full of inuectiues to discredite you.
The king whilst reading what it did comprise,
Did with a scornefull smile t'*Hephestion* say:
In writing of such things he is not wise,
Which straight one mothers teare will wash away.
Olimp. My sonne indeed I many a time aduisde,
How that disloyall man striu'd to be great:
But as a womans wit, mine was despisde,
And wrested still vnto the sense of hate.
Yet of my sonne I thought the deeds were such,
That t'admiration com'd they past enuy:
And that none durst his sacred person touch,
On which the daunted world did whole relye.
How oft haue I those bitter throwes allowde,
By which I brought that demi-god to light:
And well I might of such a birth be prowde,
That made me glorious in the peoples sight.
Though diuers too, as I haue sometime knowne,
T'estrange his loue from me did waye stprepare:
Yet were their slights by duteous loue ore-browne,
And I respected with a reuerent care.

His

His tender loue towards me was much extolde,
Then when he ſought t'eſtabliſh a decree:
That I amongſt th'Imortalls might b'enrold,
And as t'a Goddeſſe, honors done to me.
Ah, how can I this tragicke time ſuruiue,
That loſt a ſonne ſo great, a ſonne ſo kinde?
And th'only meanes that make me now to liue,
Is with reuenge, hope t'entertaine my minde.
Rox. His loue towards you no doubt behoou'd t'abound
(By nature parents of their owne are lou'd)
But thoſe towards whom he by no bond was bound,
Of his humanitie the fruits haue prou'd.
His clemencie did make his ſtate more ſure,
Then all the terrors riſing from his name:
Which whilſt he liu'd did publike loue procure,
And after death a neuer dying fame.
Th'vnhappy *Siſigambis* taking heart
Of her owne naturall ſonne, the death ſuruiu'd:
And t'*Alexander* did that loue impart,
The which was due to *Darius* whilſt he liu'd.
But when the tidings wounded had her eares,
That from the world was robde that glory of men:
Then ſuddenly diſſoulde in floods of teares,
She hated life as neuer ſpoilde till then.
And with her widdow'd-nephew at her feete,
That of *Hepheſtion* did the death bewayle:
Her ſoule amidſt a ſea of woes did fleet,
Whoſe forces as ouer-whelmde began to fayle.
Then barrde from food ſhe groueling did abide,
Till that the courſe of life t'an end was runne:
Thus ſhe ſuruiude her ſonne, yet with him dide,
In whom ſhe found th'affections of a ſonne.
Olimp. If but by hearing of his dolorous end,
A ſtranger (once his captiue) dide for griefe.

Ah

Ah, shall his mother on new hopes depend,
As such a losse might looke for some reliefe?
And so I will, for t'were a great disgrace
To me the mother of th'all-conquering man:
Like other women to giue fortune place,
And yeeld to miserie as many can.
Though griefe at first must molifie me once,
(Else as vnnaturall I might be admirde)
Yet will I not still burst my brest with grones,
Than that of me more courage is requirde.
Ile not degener from my generous kinde,
(Faint-hearted hindes brought neuer Lyon forth)
Nor yet a mother of an abiect minde,
Had neuer borne a monarch of such worth.
And, O, who knowes, but once the time may come,
That I t'auenge my selfe a meanes may haue?
And may against these traytors yet mooue some,
That with their blood may bathe their sou'raignes graue?
Now on *Perdiccas* I repose my trust,
That with *Eumenes* would our wrongs redresse:
Their valor ventring in a cause so iust,
Doth by appearance promise good successe.
Rox. Loe, now of late deliuered of a sonne,
I to these captaines scarce dare make it knowne:
That else to part his kingdomes haue begunne,
And might, by killing him, make all their owne.
Ay me (Madam) this makes me most to pause,
That still th'ambition of those great men feare:
Lest by pretending but a publike cause,
They seeke themselues th'authoritie to beare.
Ah, they of my yong babe as mou'd with ruth,
Would but be Tutors first, and traytors then:
Voyd of obedience, dutie, loue, or truth,
No deerer things then diadems to men.

Olimp. As thoſe whoſe courage cannot be diſmaide,
Let vs a faction ſtudie now to finde:
And whilſt that pittie doth procure for aide,
Go tune the peoples paſſions now t'our minde.
Vnleſſe their loue haue periſhde with his life,
Of *Alexander*, in a high degree:
I thinke the ſonne, the mother, and the wife,
Muſt of the *Macedonians* reuerenc'd be.
And this doth with diſdaine my ſoule conſume,
That *Arideus* amongſt other wrongs:
And prowde *Euridice* his wife preſume,
To vſurpe thoſe honours that but t'vs belongs.
O they ſhall finde my fortune not ſo changde,
But I am able yet t'abate their pride:
What? what? *Olimpias* muſt be reuengde:
That (ſaue her ſelfe) a Queene diſdaynes t'abide.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

Loe how all good decayes,
And euills begin t'abound,
In this skie-compaſſt round:
There is no kinde of truſt
For mankind whilſt it ſtrayes,
In pleaſure-paued wayes
With floods of vice is drown'd,
And doth farre from refuge
In endleſſe ſhaddowes lodge:
Yet ſtriues to riſe no more,
No doubt as moſt vniuſt,
The world once periſh muſt:
And worſe now to reſtore,
Then that it was before,

When at the laſt deluge,
Men by Ducalion once,
Were made againe of ſtones.
And well this wicked race
Bewrayes a ſtonie kinde,
That beares a ſtubborne minde,
Still hardned vnto ſinne.
Lo, now in euery place
All vertuous motions ceaſe.
And ſacred faith we finde
Now farre from th'earth is fled,
Whoſe flight huge euills hath bred,
And fills the world with warres,
Whilſt impious breaſts, begin
Still to let treaſon in:
Which common concord marres,
Whilſt all men liue at iarres,
And nets of fraud do ſpred
Th'vnwarie to ſurpriſe,
Too wittie, but not wiſe:
Yet thoſe that in deceit
Their confidence repoſe,
A deerer thing do loſe
Then can by guile be gain'd.
Which being repented late,
Brings ruine to their ſtate,
Whilſt purer ſpirits diſcloſe
Wherewith their breaſts are ſtord:
For though they would remord,
They get not truſt againe;
But hauing honor ſtain'd,
And couenants prophain'd
Are held in high diſdaine,
And do in end remaine

Of all the world abhorr'd;
Not truſtie when they ſhould,
Not truſted when they would.
But ah, our Nobles now,
Lo, like Liſander *ſtill,*
So that they get their will,
Regard not by what way,
And with a ſhameleſſe brow,
Doe of th'effect allow,
Euen though the meanes were ill.
Which all the world may ſee
Diſgraces their degree,
That ſhould not learne to lowre,
But throwe baſe ſleights away.
What can braue mindes diſmay?
Whoſe worth is as a towre
Againſt all fortunes powre,
Still from all fraud being free?
Theſe keepe their courſe vnknowne,
Whom it would ſhame if ſhewn:
VVho not from worth digreſſe
T'vſe ſleights that feare imparts.
Doe ſhew heroicke hearts,
The which would rather farre
An open hate profeſſe,
Then ſecretly ſuppreſſe,
Honor ſcornes fearefull artes.
But thoſe that doe vs leade,
As for diſſembling made,
Euen though that they intend
Amongſt themſelues t'haue warre,
Seeme in no ſort to iarre,
But friendſhip do pretend,
Not like their Lord thats dead,

That truſting to his worth,
Still what hee meant ſpake forth.
The great men not for nought
Do ſeeke the peoples loue:
And them their deeds t'approue,
Do labor ſtill t'allure.
But Perdiccas *it's thought*
Too ſparingly hath ſought
Our mindes towards him to moue,
As one that ſtill conceits
Hee may command the fates:
His pride ſo great is growne,
That none can it indure:
Yet ſtands his ſtate vnſure,
Since odious to his owne,
He muſt b'at laſt ore-throwne
Whoſe humour each man hates:
Pride doth her followers all,
Lead headlong to a fall.

Act. IIII. Scene I.

Antigonus. Eumenes.

Antigonus

THough ſtormie diſcord and tumultuous warres
Doe fire the minds of men with flames of rage,
That hauing hautie thoughts as heauen hath ſtarres,
Their indignation nothing can aſſwage.
Yet loe, amongſt the ſouldiers wauing bowres,
The Heraulds cryes, whiles calmes the trumpets ſounds,
And peace dare inter-poſe her vnarm'd powres,
To limit for a time *Bellonaes* bounds.
And whilſt of furie they ſuſpend th'effects,

The

The ſeeming-friended foes haue conference whiles,
And each ſhewes th'other what his ſoule affects,
A ſhadow of the bliſſe that *Mars* exiles.
Thus men magnanimous amidſt the field,
Dare to th'aſſurance of their enemies truſt:
And loathing what diſloyaltie doth yield,
Not violate their vowes, nor proue vniuſt.
Though Loue be paſt, yet Truth ſhould ſtill remaine,
I vertuous partes euen in my foes applaud;
A gallant mind doth greater glorie gaine,
To die with honor than to liue by fraude.
And why *Eumenes* as miſtruſting me,
Elſe ſtanding on your reputation long,
Did you diſdaine to come (as all men ſee)
T'a greater than your ſelfe, and t'one more ſtrong.
Eu. Thogh we not come to plead our birthright here,
Let him (but warriors take not ſo their place)
In whom beſt ſignes of nobleneſſe appeere,
Be thought extracted of the nobleſt race.
Moſt noble he that ſtill by vertue ſtriues,
To leaue his name in minds of men engrau'd;
And to his of-ſpring greater glorie giues,
Than of his anceſtors he hath receiu'd.
Erſt we by birth in warre not marſhalld ſtoode,
As at the table vpon Iuorie beds;
A ſouldiers worth conſiſts not in his blood,
But in the blood of th'enemies that he ſheds.
What euer others of my linage try,
I am *Eumenes*, and I ſcorne t'accord,
That there can be a greater man than I,
While as I haue a heart, a hand, a ſword.
An. Loe, when proſperitie too much preuailes,
Aboue the iudgement thus of vulgar mindes,
As little barges burdend with great ſailes,

They leape aloft being ſwolne with fortunes windes.
And as aduerſitie the ſprite refines,
From out the droſſe of pride, and paſſions baſe:
That vertue in affliction cleereſt ſhines,
And makes one all the waies of wit to trace.
So good ſucceſſe doth make the iudgement die,
Then whilſt the fortunate their eaſe doe take:
And lulld aſleepe in Pleaſures meadowes lie,
As fatted for the ſlaughter, ripe to ſhake.
Yet this the nature is of gallant men,
To reſt (being in no ſtate too much inuolu'd)
When proſpring beſt moſt warie and humble then;
If croſſd, then more couragious and reſolu'd.
What though your firſt attempts renowned are,
By which you in two fields victorious ſtoode,
And did orethrow two thunderbolts of warre,
That loſt their liues amidſt a ſcarlet floode:
Yet is that courſe of victorie controlde,
And you haue tride what force your force exceedes:
Then let not wither'd Laurels make you bolde,
As ſtill repoſing on your by-paſt deedes.
For by the ſame t'an indignation mou'd,
The *Macedonians* all abhorre your name;
That at that time ſo prowde a conquerour prou'd,
And with their great mens ſlaughter wing'd your fame.
Eum. No fortune paſt ſo puffes vp my conceit,
That it contempt of further danger brings:
Nor am I ſo deiected now of late,
But I intend to doe farre greater things.
He by proſperitie made neuer prowde,
That knowes the frailtie of this earthly frame,
Can hardly by aduerſitie be bowd;
The Sunne (although eclipſd) remaines the ſame.
Thinke not that worth conſiſts in the ſucceſſe,

As

As th'essence did on th'accidents depend:
The fault of fortune makes it not the lesse,
On which oft-times the hardest happes attend.
For Fortune beares not still the badge of worth,
Nor miserie the signes of gallant mindes:
Which yet still like themselues are sparkeling forth,
In euery state some tokens of their kindes.
Now at this time o're-match'd by numbrous powres,
I kept my courage, though I lost the field:
And vaunt no more of it, for some few howres
May once to me the like aduantage yeelde.
And it's not long since that to Fortune deere,
The world had neuer me but victor spide;
Though I protest before th'immortalls heere,
Moou'd by Necessitie, and not by Pride.
Prowd *Neoptolemus* that traitor still,
Not worthy of a *Macedonians* name,
Bent to betray the hoste, and me to kill,
Had labord long to his eternall shame.
But of *Craterus* I lament the fall,
Whom for his vertue I did deerely loue,
And was constrain'd; (I *Ioue* to witnes call,)
For my defence that last refuge to proue.
Ant. How fortun'd you your forces to dispose,
So well t'auoyd that storme of threatned harmes?
For then you had to deale with mightie foes,
That were in warre growne hoarie vnder armes.
Eum. When faithlesse *Neoptolemus* did spie,
That all his treason was t'our knowledge brought,
To th'enemies camp he sodainely did flie,
A foolish traitor that was false for nought.
There he informde, or mis-informde my foes,
That haughtie through my victories of late:
I in my tent did carelesly repose,

Though

Though not by force, yet to b'orecomd by fate.
And further then t'*Antipater* he told,
That if the *Macedonians* at that time,
The countnance of *Craterus* might beholde,
They willingly would yeelde themſelues to him.
Now they had labord earneſtly before,
That I abandon would *Perdiccas* part:
And did proteſt, that they would giue me more,
Than yet I had, or hop'd for in my hart.
But Loue borne free, cannot be thrald, nor bought,
More than a ſhamefull peace I likde iuſt ſtrife:
To generous mindes more deere than honour nought,
And ere I leaue my faith, Ile loſe my life.
Thus being deſpair'd that I would proue their friend,
They ſought in time t'orethrow me as their foe,
Where loue could not beginne, that hate might end,
And came in haſte bent to ſurpriſe me ſo.
But I that knew *Neoptolemus*-his ſlight,
Did him againſt the *Macedonians* bend:
And to conceale *Craterus* from their ſight,
T'encounter him, cauſde troupes of ſtrangers tend.
This policie which none could iuſtly blame,
I with my ſelfe in ſecret did conſpire:
And had my ſhirt bin priuie to the ſame,
It ſhould haue bin an offring to the fire.
When once that the firſt game of death was paſt,
I *Neoptolemus* did toile to finde,
And he me too, which happned at the laſt,
Two will do much to meet, being of one minde.
Then whilſt we met for whom both th'armies warr'd,
Whoſe fortune then depended on our hands,
All was performd that force or furie dar'd,
Bent by reuenge t'abate each th'others bands.
And yet the heauens would not betray my truſt,

Foule

Foule treaſon neuer had a fairer end:
The gods ſmilde on my cauſe becauſe t'was iuſt,
And did deſtruction to the traitor ſend.
For forcde by him whoſe force he did deſpiſe,
Though fighting fiercely long he loſt his breath:
As one more ſtrong than true, more ſtowt than wiſe,
Whoſe greateſt honour was his honeſt death.
But weakned with huge woundes, almoſt I diu'd
In ſeas of blood, being quite from knowledge ſtraide,
Yet by ſo great a victorie reuiu'd,
My courage grew more than my ſtrength decaid.
I hauing finiſht thus this fatall ſtrife,
Came where *Craterus* nere his courſe had runne:
Euen in the confines placde twixt death and life,
Whilſt th'one was gone and th'other not begunne.
He with great valour had reſiſted long,
As all *Briareus* hands had moou'd his ſword:
And did his Maiſters memorie no wrong,
Being with his courage, not his fortune ſtor'd.
What life refuſde t'obtaine by death he ſought,
For life and death are but indifferent things:
And of themſelues not to be ſhund, nor ſought,
But for the good or th'euill that either brings.
With endleſſe glorie bent t'exchange his breath,
Of deſprate valour all the powre was prou'd:
And for great Captaines no more glorious death,
Then to die fighting with a minde vnmou'd.
When this daies toiles were drawne vnto an end,
Whilſt th'armies courage with their captaine fell,
That I might ſafely ſhew my ſelfe a friend,
I went where death his ſenſes did cancell.
And whilſt I told how both to be betraid,
By *Neoptolemus* were brought about:
My woe with teares I to the world bewraid,

Milde pittie and true kindnes muſt burſt out.
Ah, if the newes of this my good ſucceſſe,
Had comd in time vnto *Perdiccas* eares:
He might haue liu'd their pride now to repreſſe,
That by his fall were firſt deuorcde from feares.
Ant. The humour of that man was too well knowne,
Could he haue parted other men from pride:
That was becomd a ſlaue vnto his owne,
And for the ſame forcde by his followers, dide.
Eu. The prowd muſt ſtil be plagu'd by prowder ones,
There muſt be had ſharp ſteele to ſmoothe rough ſtones.
An. No vice than pride doth greater hate procure,
Which foes doe ſcorne and friends can not indure.
Eum. Yet maieſtie muſt not it ſelfe deiect,
A loftie carriage doth procure reſpect.
Ant. A haughtie geſture ſhews a tyrants hart,
All loue a curteous countnance voyde of Art.
Eume. Yet maners too ſubmiſſe as much condemnd,
Do make kings ſcornd and captains be contemnd. (ſoft,
An. A humble port, kind looks, words ſmooth, and
Are meanes by which great mindes may mount aloft.
Eum. Thoſe are indeede for ſuch as raiſe their flight,
They may doe more whoſe courſe is at the height,
A imperious form an empire muſt defend,
An. Thus haſtned was *Perdiccas* to his end.
Eum That worthy man had many faire deſignes,
But vertue ſtill by enuy is purſude:
Though as a candle in the night beſt ſhines,
It in a vitious age may beſt be viewd.
There was a man that ſcornd ſecure delights,
As prodigall of paines, attemptiue, bold:
A ſtrict obſeruer of all th'antient rites,
And th'vncorrupted diſcipline of old.
He lou'd to haue the ſouldiers of his band,

Choſe

Chuſd at the muſters, not in markets bought:
And would not flatter where he might command,
More meete t'enioy, than ſeeke that which he ſought.
But ſouldiers now in this degenerd age,
Are fawnd on by faint mindes, bribde in ſuch ſort:
That hauing ſtill the reines looſd to their rage,
They cannot with ſo ſtraight a courſe comport.
For that which was misfortune knowne to all,
Their malice as miſgouernement did cite:
All things muſt help th'vnhappy man to fall,
They thus ſpewd forth the poiſon of their ſpite,
For hating his franke forme and naked wordes,
By that occaſion whetting their deſires:
They in their captaines bodie ſheathd their ſwords,
A deede which euen barbaritie admires.
Thoſe trait'rous troups may ſpot the pureſt bands,
If for a fact ſo vile they be excuſde:
This will ſet ſwords in all our ſouldiers hands,
Againſt vs, and not for vs to be vſde.
Antig. I would be glad that ſouldiers neuer thought,
But that thing which their Generalls firſt conceiu'd:
Much leſſe t'attempt againſt their bodies ought,
The which by them as ſacred ſhould be ſau'd.
Nor like I captaines that like bluſtring windes
Would ouer their troupes triumph as tyrants ſtill,
Without regard to merites, or to mindes,
As carried headlong with a blinded will.
From ſelfe-preſumption firſt pride borrowes might,
Which with contempt being matchd, both do conſpire,
And twixt them bring baſe crueltie to light,
Th'abhorred of-ſpring of a hated ſire.
Such of *Perdiccas* was th'exceſſiue pride,
The vice from which that viler vice proceedes,
That it ſtrange wayes for his aduauncement tride,

And did burſt forth in moſt prodigious deeds.
The murder of *Meleager* firſt began
To tell what tyrants harbourd in his hart,
To whom faith giuen, nor yet the church he wan,
Though ſacred both no ſafety could impart.
And being by him conſtraind to quite the field,
The guiltleſſe Capadocians deſprate bands,
Choſe rather than to that prowd victor yeelde,
To periſh by the powre of their owne hands.
Yet what againſt his foes he did performe,
From martiall mindes might pleade for ſome excuſe,
Whilſt vindicatiue thoughts that wrongd do ſtorme,
In th'irritated minde did furie infuſe.
But yet why ſought he in a ſeruile ſort
T'extend his tyrannie, euen towards his friends,
That could not with diſdainfull formes comport:
More than an enemies yoke a friends offends.
And when of late by *Ptolomie* conſtraind,
He brought his bands with diſaduantage backe:
How by the ſame his gouernement was ſtaind,
The world can witneſſe by his armies wracke.
But Hate being iudge, each error ſeemes a crime,
Then whilſt the preſent aggrauates whats gone:
His ſouldiers moou'd by fortune, and the time,
Did by his death venge all their wrongs in one.
Eum. As nought ſmells well to a diſtemperd taſte,
So to conceits preoccupied before:
Euen good ſeemes bad in them that they deteſt,
Men muſt miſlike when they can like no more.
To you that loath'd *Perdiccas* and his ſtate,
What came of him could neuer yet ſeeme good:
And I not wonder though your ſoule did hate
One that had right and powre to take your blood.
For fled from him to whom you once belongd,
His trumpet ſtill breath'd terror in your eare: Then

Then all men hate thoſe whom they once haue wrong'd,
And by no meanes can loue them whom they feare.
Antig. That which you ſpeake of hate, in loue I ſpy,
Loue cannot finde an imperfection forth:
But doth excuſe, extenuate, or denie
Faults where it likes, with ſhaddowes of no woorth.
I left *Perdiccas*, but did him no wrong,
That firſt to take my life all meanes did prooue:
I told t'*Antipater*, how he ſo long
Had bin abuſde by a pretended loue.
For as I frankly loue, whilſt lou'd againe,
If me the ingrate ingrately do aquite:
Straight kindling furie with a iuſt diſdaine,
I by loue paſt proportion, then my hate.
And yet *Eumenes*, I commend thy minde,
That to defend thy friend haſt prou'd ſo free:
And ſince in loue ſo conſtantly inclinde,
I would contract a friendſhip firme with thee.
Then where that now thy ſtate hath bin brought low,
Since ſpoilde of him in whom thou didſt repoſe:
Whilſt aided by our powre thou great may grow,
And raiſe thy hopes of kingdomes to diſpoſe.
Eum. Ile be your friend, whilſt friend to right you reſt,
For without vertue friendſhip is but vaine:
Which cannot build in a polluted breaſt,
Whoſe impious thoughts doe ſacred things prophane.
So long as th'oath is kept that once was ſworne,
Both t'*Alexanders* ſelfe, and t'all his race,
Still ſhall this ſword for your defence be borne,
But in my heart they hold the higheſt place.
And do not thus as ouer one vanquiſh'd vaunt,
Nor think me thrall'd thogh once by chance ore-thrown
Whilſt ther's a world aduenturers cannot want,
Ile toſſe all ſtates t'eſtabliſh once mine owne. *Exeunt.*

Act. 1111. Scene 11.

Caſſander. Liſimachus.

AND muſt we buy our pompe at ſuch a rate,
That beare th'authoritie, or whom it beares?
O, O! how thornie are the wayes of ſtate,
With open dangers pau'd and ſecret feares?
Each of our ſteps is waited with ſome ſnare,
Whilſt from our ſelues we all repoſe repell:
And through the waues of greatneſſe toſſde with care,
Do ſeeke a hauen, whoſe heauen is but a hell.
Liſim. Whilſt *Eolus* and *Neptune* ioyn'd in all,
With windes and waues beat th'earth and boſt the skies:
The tumbling mountaines doe not riſe and fall,
Though ech of them another doth ſurpriſe;
As do th'aſpiring potentates with doubt,
Toſſd through the wauing world on ſtormie thornes,
That are as in a circle hurlde about,
Aſcending and diſcending both at once.
Lo, ſome whoſe hope would by their birth haue ſeem'd
Within the compaſſe of contempt confinde:
Haue from the vulgar yoke themſelues redeemde,
To doe farre more than ſuch could haue deſign'd.
And ſome to whom the heauens miſhaps will giue,
Though on their breath the breath of thouſands hings
Lo, whiles brought low, cannot haue leaue to liue,
Made leſſe then ſubiects, that were more than kings.
Caſſ. Thus ſome without appearance do procure,
The moſt reſpected place where greatnes ſtayes:
And ſome whoſe ſtates ſeem'd once t'all eyes ſecure,
Thrown from their fortunes height loſe glorious bayes.
My father, lo, t'attaine th'imperiall place,
March'd through impoſſibilities of late:

And greater then the greateſt, for a ſpace,
Was Monarch of the *Macedonian* ſtate.
But I his ſonne, that as ſome would ſuppoſe,
Might keep with eaſe, that which he got with paine:
Can by no meanes my reſtles thoughts repoſe,
Such raging tyrants ouer my fancies raigne.
Liſim. And yet I thinke you haue an eaſie part,
To whom your father did his ſtate reſigne:
For it may make you ſmile that made him ſmart,
Some preſſe the grape, and others drinke the wine.
Caſſ. Ile not beleeue that euer any ill,
Was bred for me within my fathers breaſt;
Since children muſt ſuppoſe their parents will,
(Though ſeeming bad) ſtill purpoſde for the beſt.
And yet my fathers ghoſt muſt pardon me,
Though when from vs he minded to remoue:
I thinke the tenor of his laſt decree,
Shew lacke of iudgement, or at leaſt of loue.
For what baſe courſe had euer bin begun,
To make me ſeeme vnworthy of his place,
That he preferr'd a ſtranger to his ſonne,
And ſought t'obſcure the glory of his race.
Thus ſince in ſuch a ſort he did neglect,
The ſonne that ſhould his name from death exempt:
As diſ-regarded for ſome great defect,
All other men may haue me in contempt.
But ere his age expirde th'expected date,
He ſaw my browes with Laurell boughes arrai'd:
And ſpi'd my skill in warre, and wit in ſtate,
Which grew as much as th'other mans decai'd.
Nor can my courage ſo be brought to bow,
But *Poliſpercon* ſhall experience ſoone:
That in my fathers will, I will allow,
Not what he did, but what he ſhould haue done.

And since by him high dignities were wonne,
I mind to prosecute what he began:
For such a fathers greatnesse from his sonne,
Takes the securitie of a priuate man.
Lo, *Polispercon* by our powre repeld,
From *Macedonie* hath retirde dismaide:
And for the feare of vs hath bin compeld,
T'engage his glory for anothers ayde.
Let him not thinke the shaddow of the kings,
Can match my powre with these his borrow'd bands,
For his faint flight that's fram'd with others wings,
Will neuer beare him from *Cassanders* hands.
And though *Olimpias* countnanc'd once his cause,
As from *Epirus* brought to ruine mee:
Now of her owne mishap she most must pause,
Since brought by vs of late t'a low degree.
Lisim. And yet *Olimpias* had a good successe,
When first she touch'd the *Macedonian* bounds:
Whilst *Polispercon* prowdly did represse
All those that durst resist with words, or wounds.
Though *Philip* and *Euridice* his Queene,
T'encounter with their troupes in time arriu'de:
Yet when the *Macedonians* had her seene,
As their owne Queene to honor her they striu'de.
And hapless *Philip* being constrainde to yield,
There for a kings did take a captiues state:
And his wretch'd mate (though flying from the field)
Was follow'd by their forces, and her fate.
Then thus her husband and her selfe gaue place,
Whose browes of late th'imperiall badge had borne:
But then throwne downe in th'Ocean of disgrace,
A prey t'a womans pride, the butt of scorne. (trap,
Cass. Those were the meanes that did them first en-
But haue you heard how after they were thrall:

To plague the world with horrour and misshap,
Th'enragde *Olimpias* tyrranizde ouer all.
Lisi. Some doubtfull rumours did frequent ech eare,
Such as rash fame confus'dly durst vnfould:
But yet conceald, by fauor, or for feare,
The certaintie to vs hath not bin tolde.
Cass. When thus the famish'd tygresse did surprise
Those miserable soules, (as in a dreame)
Her heart at first seemde scarse to trust her eyes,
She surfetted her sight so with their shame.
But when she sawe by reason of her powre,
That she might safely let her rage burst out:
She causde about them both to build a towre,
Within whose walles they scarce could turne about.
And in that dungeon as entomb'd they stood,
With high disgrace t'asswage more high disdaines:
Farre from all comfort whilst a litle foode
Their life prolong'd, but to prolong their paines.
But Pittie for th'vnfortunate contendes,
As Enuy still prosperitie controules:
The *Macedonians* doubtfull of their ends,
Would sometime murmure for those marterd soules.
The peoples grudge *Olimpias* did perceiue,
And to preuent what fury might effect,
She strait resolu'd lifes remnant to bereaue,
From weakned powres that did no lesse exspect.
And when some barbarous *Thracians* bent for blood,
As she appointed in th'excesse of spight:
Had murdred *Philip* and his Queene imbrude,
With purple streames that spoil'd her husbands spright.
She sent to her, whose soule in griefe did sinke,
As messengers of death t'assault her breast:
A sword, a cord, and an empoison'd drinke,
A Tirants presents, yet a wretches best.

For when she first with famous *Philip* match'd,
Then her behauior was not free from blame:
But euen though she with *Argos* eyes was watch'd,
As t'was suppos'de she forfeited her fame.
At least, her husband fear'd for some disgrace,
From her himselfe had publikly deuorc'd:
And entertain'd another in her place,
Which, for the time, to suffer she was forc'd.
Yet this in th'end did his distruction breede,
For which her spightfull thoughts had labour'd long,
She was acquainted with *Pausanias* deede,
And spurr'd him to performe th'intended wrong.
She sought, that by such meanes t'ambitious will,
Her husbands murder might enlarge the raines,
Whilst with authoritie she did all th'ill,
Of which too late th'afflicted realme complaines.
Long suffred for the greatnesse of her sonne,
She plaid the tirant safely as she pleasde:
But by the course that I haue else begunne,
I hope those whom she plagu'd shall now b'appeasde.
Lisim. Yet of *Olimpias*, though abasde by you,
The sight her sonne, and husband wil reuiue:
And so may make the *Macedonians* now,
For her relefe strange courses to contriue.
Of those whose greatnesse doth regard extort,
Th'afflictions must entender euerie minde:
And still th'affections of the vulgar sort,
Are head-long led, too cruell, or too kind.
Cass. O, but I can precipitate her fall,
Euen by the meanes that might support her most:
For pittie shall spoile pittie, whilst they all,
Sigh for their friends that through her pride was lost.
Lisim. As those to whom all other things are free,
Must haue their life, and raigne both of one date:

So priuate men that paſſe their owne degree,
Can hardly turne to take their former ſtate.
Thus you commit your fortune to the fates,
None can retire that enters in ſuch things:
For thoſe that ought attempt againſt great ſtates,
Muſt die as traitors, or elſe liue as kings.
And though you would but ſome diſorders ſtay,
You deale with thoſe that borne not to be thrall
As torrents beare away what ſtoppes their way,
And either muſt do nothing, or doe all.
No, keepe not ſuch, to ſigh when they are gone,
That ſcorne to take the thing that they ſhould giue;
For all muſt die, that dare but touch a throne,
Thoſe that might take their life, they muſt not liue.
Caſ. Since in this courſe that I can once but erre,
I ſhall be ſure ere ſhe herſelfe withdraw.
Liſ. And yet what ſuretie can you haue of her?
Can Lawes binde them that are aboue the Law?
It's hard t'eſtabliſh concord twixt the two,
Where th'one muſt hate, and th'other alwayes feare.
Caſ. O but I minde to vſe the matter ſo,
That both from hence ſhall further ſtrife forbeare.
Liſ. What can hir freedome and your peace procure?
Caſ. Death both can make hir free, and make me ſure.
Liſ. And would you do ſuch euill to ſhed her blood?
Caſ. I, t'others euill, ſo that it do me good.
Liſ. The *Macedonians* will abhorre this wrong.
Caſ. And yet obey me if I be moſt ſtrong.
Liſ. But who ſhal haue the realme amidſt thoſe broils?
Caſ. Who euer winnes the field muſt keep the ſpoils.
Liſ. So to poſſeſſe the realme you haue no right.
Caſ. But I haue more, ſo long as I haue might.
Liſ. This ſtate doth to it ſelfe an heire afford.
Caſ. All kingdomes rights are pleaded by the ſword.

Lif. The people all will grudge against your ſtate.
Caſ. But dare not ſtirre whilſt feare exceeds their hate.
Lif. And in their hearts they will deteſt you too.
Caſ. Think what they wil that haue not powre to do.
Lif. What though *Olympias* in a little ſpace,
May loſe her powre, together with her breath?
Yet there remaines another of her race,
That is by nature bound t'auenge her death.
Caſ. Th'impetuous ſtreames of a tempeſtuous flood,
That drownes all th'olde, not yeeldes the yong reliefe?
What foole that of his foes victorious ſtoode,
Would ſpoyle an armie, and yet ſpare the chiefe?
No, ſince I muſt my ſelfe with murder ſtaine,
Ile by the rootes raze all the royall race,
So that no powre ſhall ſpring from thence againe,
T'oregrow my greatneſſe, and my plants diſplace.
The ſtrength hath left great *Alexanders* arme,
Whoſe mothers fatall threed is now neere ſpunne;
And I haue meanes to keepe my ſelfe from harme,
Both of *Roxane*, and her tender ſonne.
But ſince this courſe may ſerue our ſtates t'aduance,
By which a ground for great deſignes is layde;
I muſt intreate you now what euer chance,
To lend your approbation, though not ayde.
Lif. Ile be your friend, yet wiſh you would refraine,
From doing this; but ere you be vndone,
Since that I by your guiltineſſe may gaine,
Ile ſuffer that which I would not haue done.

Exeunt.

Olimpias alone.

CAn I be ſhe whom all the world admirde?
As being the happieſt Queene that raignd below?

Whom

Whom all the planets haue to plague conſpirde,
Of fickle fortunes courſe th'effects to ſhow.
No, t'is not I, nought could my courſe controule,
Nor force me thus t'attend anothers will:
Since I deſpiſe this priſon of my ſoule,
Where it diſdains t'abide in bondage ſtill.
Ah, whilſt I did on th'outward pomp rely,
My ſtate the powre of higher powres did tempt,
My ſtate that once bred reuerence and enuie:
Though now it breede but pittie and contempt.
Olimpias once high as *Olimpius* ſtoode,
The wife of *Philip Alexanders* mother:
That matcht *Alcides* and *Achilles* blood,
T'ingender one more worth than both together.
Am I the woman whoſe maieſtike ſtate
Seemde once ſo happy to deceiu'd conceits?
I, I am ſhe, and neuer yet more great,
Than at this preſent, in deſpight of Fates.
A double bondage long did burden me,
I to my ſelfe, my ſelfe to fortune thrall:
But now captiuitie hath ſet me free,
That could not riſe till firſt I had a fall.
The ſprite thats with proſperitie benum'd,
Scarſe like it ſelfe can to the world appeare:
When Vertue hath Aduerſitie ore'com'd,
Then ſhines true greatnes in her higheſt ſpheare.
Our glory now I ſee conſiſts no more
Without our-ſelues in eie-betraying ſhowes,
But in the breaſts ineſtimable ſtore,
That neither Time entombes, nor Powre orethrowes.
O neuer were my thoughts enlargde till now,
To marke my ſelfe, and quinteſſence my mind,
For long a prey to pride, I know not how,
A miſt of fancies made my iudgement blinde.

As thoſe that dreame ſweet dreames, awakt, at laſt
Do finde their errour when their eies finde light,
Freed from the ſlumbring of my fortune paſt,
I now ariſe to iudge of all things right.
That cloud of pomp whoſe ſmoke me ſhadowd once,
Loe now remoou'd vnmaskes my life too late:
And now I ſee, that ſcepters, crownes, and thrones,
Are burdnous badges of a dangerous ſtate.
O happy woman, of true pleaſure ſure,
That in the countrie leadſt a guiltleſſe life:
From Fortunes reach retirde, obſcure, ſecure,
Though not a Queene, yet a contented wife.
Thy mate more deere to thee than is the light,
Though lowe in ſtate, loues in a high degree:
And with his preſence ſtill to bleſſe thy ſight,
Doth ſcorne great courts whilſt he liues courting thee.
And as thou woundſt him not with hid diſgrace,
He with no iealous thought torments thy breaſt:
Thus both lie downe to reſt, and riſe in peace,
Then if they ſtriue, they ſtriue who ſhould loue beſt.
But though thou haue not as the mightie ones,
Thy necke ſurchargde with chaines (ah chaines indeed)
Nor eares weighd downe with oriental ſtones,
Nor robes, whoſe worth may admiration breed.
So wantſt thou that which we haue euer had,
Sad miſcontentments, iealouſie, and ſpite:
And though thy backe be not with purple clad,
Thy thoughts are clad with innocencies quite.
As Birds, whoſe cage of golde the ſight deceiues,
Do ſeeme to ſing whilſt they but waile their ſtate:
So with the mighty matcht, made glorious ſlaues,
We happy ſeeme whilſt we but curſe our fate.
That bliſſe whoſe ſhew in vs vaine eies doe pleaſe,
Makes thee indeede a true contentment breathe;

Thou

Thou ſpendſt thy youth in mirth, thy age in eaſe,
And knowſt not what it is to die till death.
Ah ſince I liu'd, I haue done nought but die,
Still when I ſeemde moſt bleſt, then moſt accurſt:
Since on fraile greatnes firſt I did relie,
How oft hath my ſwolne breaſt bin like to burſt?
The Fates with Fortune from my birth conſpirde,
To make my life a patterne of their might:
For both my parents from the world retirde,
When I was ſcarcely com'd t'inioy the light.
The world may iudge how I was iuſtly grieu'd,
Whilſt angry *Philip* ſought for my diſgrace,
(A thing which once I ſcarce could haue beleeu'd)
And vnto *Cleopatra* gaue my place.
Then though I long as deſprate of reliefe,
For his offence afflicted had my minde:
Yet did his ſodaine death augment my griefe,
He was my husband, though he was vnkinde.
And when my ſonnes rare trophees, and renowne,
With wonder filld the world, and me with ioy:
Thoſe as himſelfe that ſtriu'd to throw his downe,
Did to ſupplant my ſtate their powres imploy.
Yet ſtoode my courage when my fortune fell,
And ſtill I toilde diſtracted from repoſe:
Thoſe that had him betrayd from th'earth t'expell,,
And with their blood to regiſter my woes.
And my deſignes a time ſo proſperd too,
That ſome of them did die by torments ſtrange,
All what a womans iuſt diſdaine could do,
Whilſt ſpurr'd by iealouſie, ſpite and reuenge.
But this arch-traitor ruler of the reſt,
That thirſts to drinke the blood of all our race:
Euen then when my deſignes ſucceeded beſt,
Did compaſſe me with ruine and diſgrace.

Such was the tenor of my fortune paſt,
Whoſe leaſt miſ-hap had made another burſt:
Firſt orphan'd, widdow'd, and vnchilded laſt,
A daughter, wife, and mother all accurſt.
Heauens plague *Caſſander*, let that baſe wretch trie,
That *Ioue* his iudgement but a while deferres,
And let his wife bewaile as well as I,
I murderd for my ſonne, and ſhe by hers.
Euen as th'inceſtuous *Thebans* monſtrous brood,
So may thy ſonnes contend with mutuall wounds:
And neuer let thy houſe be free from blood,
Till quite excluded from th'vſurped bounds.
Thus notwithſtanding of my wonted powre,
To me, ſaue wiſhes, nothing doth remaine:
But though condemn'd to die, yet at this houre
Should I beginne to curſſe, and to complaine?
No no, that cuſtome beſt becomes poore ſoules,
Whoſe reſolution cannot climbe more hie:
But I whoſe courage that baſe courſe controules,
Muſt ſtill triumph what euer ſtate I trie.
Death is an open hauen t'each ſtorme-toſſde minde,
Since th'end of labour, th'entrie vnto reſt:
Death hath the bounds of miſerie confinde,
Whoſe ſanctuarie ſaues th'afflicted beſt.
To ſuffer whiles with a couragious heart,
It merites farre more praiſe than deedes moſt knowne,
For in our actions Fortune hath a part,
But in our ſuffrings, all things are our owne.
Loe now I loathe the world and worldly things,
Of which I haue both prooú'd the beſt and worſt:
Yea th'apprehended death great comfort brings,
And hath no croſſe but that it ſhould be forſt.
O heare me now (deare ſonne) if that thy ghoſt
May leaue th'*Elyſian* fields to looke on me:

Of

Of all things elſe this doth content me moſt,
That from this time I may remaine with thee.
And bluſh not ſonne to ſee thy mothers end,
My death in glory with thy life ſhall ſtriue:
It Fortune as a captiue ſhall attend,
That as thy fellow followd thee aliue. *Exit.*

Chorus.

AH, ah, though man ſince th'image of great Ioue,
And th'only creature that giues Reaſon place,
Made to make faith below of powres aboue,
Should ſeeke his heauenlie progenie to proue,
By ſtill reſembling moſt th'immortall kinde,
Yet makes the world our better part ſo blinde,
That we the cloudes of vanitie imbrace,
And from our firſt excellencie decline.
This doth extinguiſh that celeſtiall grace,
Which ſhould make ſoules to burne with vertues loue,
Whoſe fancies vice luxurioufly now feaſtes,
Vice is the Circe *that inchaunts the minde,*
And doth transforme her followers all in ſwine:
Whilſt poiſond pleaſures ſo corrupt our taſtes,
That of halfe-gods we make our ſelues whole-beaſts.
And yet of ruthleſſe Plutoes *raging hoſte,*
The vice that doth tranſport preſumptuous hearts,
And makes men from the gods to differ moſt.
T'is crueltie, that to the ſufferers coſt
And actors both, muſt oftentimes b'appeaſd.
The gods delight to giue, and to forgiue,
By pardoning more than by plaging pleaſde.
And why ſhould men excogitate ſtrange artes,
T'extend their tyrannie as thoſe that ſtriue

To feede on miſchiefe ſtill, though th' Author ſmarts
Oft for the deede of which himſelfe did boaſt,
Whilſt whence the blow firſt come the griefe doth turne,
For that by which the minde at firſt was eaſde,
May it in end the greateſt burden giue.
Oft thoſe whoſe cruelties makes many mourne,
Do by the fires that they firſt kindled burne:
Of th' other tyrants that extort the minde,
With pleaſure ſome delight it in ſuch ſort,
That firſt the honnie, then the gall we finde;
And others, though from Honours court declinde
Some comfort yielde, though baſe by hope of gaine:
And though ſome make vs to be loath'd of one,
We by their meanes anothers loue obtaine.
But crueltie, with which none can comport,
Makes th' author hated when the deede is gone.
Oft euen by thoſe whom it did moſt ſupport,
As that which alienates men from kinde,
And as humanitie the minde inchants,
So ſauage ſoules that from the ſame reſraine,
More fierce than fierceſt beaſts are lou'd of none.
With barbarous beaſts one with leſſe danger hants,
Than with the man whoſe mind all mercie wants;
Yet though the mind of man, as ſtrong, and rude,
Be raniſh'd, whiles with violent deſire,
And muſt, if fir'd with rage, be quencht with blood.
How can this tender ſex whoſe glorie ſtoode
In hauing hearts iuelinde to pittie ſtill,
Delight it ſelfe by any barbarous deede?
For Nature ſeemes in this t' haue vſde her skill,
In making womens mindes, though weake, entire,
That weakeneſſe might loue, and deuotion breede,
To which their thoughts, if pure, might beſt aſpire,
As apteſt for th' impreſſion of all good:

But from the beſt to worſt all things do weare,
Since cruelties from feeble mindes proceed:
In breaſts where courage failes, ſpite, ſhame, and feare
Make enuie, hate, and rigour rule to beare.
Our Queene Olimpias, *that was once ſo great,*
And did ſuch monſtrous cruelties commit:
In plaging Philip, *and his Ladie of late.*
Lo, now being brought to taſte the like eſtate,
Muſt take ſuch entertainment as ſhe gaue.
And it's good reaſon that it ſhould be ſo;
Such meaſure as we giue we muſt receiue,
Whilſt on a throne ſhe did ſuperblie ſit,
And with diſdainefull eyes look'd on her foe,
As but being vanquiſh'd by her powre and wit.
Not mindefull of th'ineuitable fate.
O, th'Imortalls that command aboue,
Of euery ſtate in hand the rudder haue:
And as they lie, can make vs ſtay or goe:
The griefe of others ſhould vs greatly mooue,
As thoſe that ſometime may like fortune prooue.
But as experience with rare proofes hath ſhowne,
Do looke on others, we haue Linx-*his eyes:*
Whilſt we would haue their imperfections knowne,
Yet like blinde Moles can neuer marke our owne.
Such clouds of ſelfe-regarde doe dim our ſight,
Why ſhould we be puffde vp by a'enemies fall?
Since what the day doth on another light,
The ſame the morrow may our ſtate ſurpriſe.
Thoſe that on this inconſtant conſtant ball,
Do liue enuiron'd with th'all-circkling skies,
Haue many meanes whereby to be ore-throwne,
And why ſhould dying wordlings ſwolne with wroth,
So tyrranize ouer an afflicted wight?
Since miſeries are common vnto all,

Let none be prowd that drawes a doubtfull breath;
Good hap attends but few ſtill till their death.

Act. V. Scene I.

Ariſtotle. Phocion.

Aristotle

LOng haueI now invr'd th'eyes of my minde,
On natures labors curiouſly to looke:
And of all creatures finding foorth the kinde,
Strange wonders read in th'vniuerſall booke.
I marke the world by contraries maintainde,
Whoſe harmonie doth moſt ſubſiſt by ſtrife:
Whilſt of all things within the ſame containde,
The death of one ſtill giues another life.
But as all things are ſubiect vnto change,
That partners are of th'elementall powres:
So rould about with reuolutions ſtrange,
The ſtate of man reſts conſtant but few howres,
For what doth fame more frequently report,
Then of our ſodaine riſing; and our falls?
I thinke the world is but a tennis-court,
Where men are toſſde by fortune as her balls.
Phoc. And neuer any age ſhewde more than this,
The wauering ſtate of ſoule-ennobled wights;
That ſoare too high to ſeaze on th'ayrie bliſſe,
Whilſt loweſt falles attend the higheſt flights.
The matchleſſe Monarch that was borne it ſeem'd,
To ſhew how high mortalitie attaines:
Hath not from death the adored fleſh redeem'd,
But paine hath made an end of all his paines.
And theſe braue bands that furniſht fame with breath,
Whilſt all the world their valorous deedes did ſpie:

Reſt

Reſt now confounded (ſince their ſoueraignes death)
Like *Poliphemus* hauing loſt his eye:
And they are like that teeth-ingendred brood,
That tooke their life out of a monſter dead:
Whiles ech of them purſues for others blood,
Since the great Dragons death that was their head.
Ari. So change all things that ſubiect are t'our ſight;
Diſorder order breeds, and order it,
Next night comes darknes, and next darkneſſe light.
This neuer changing change tranſcends our wit.
Thus pouertie and riches, ſickeneſſe, health:
Both honour and diſhonor, life and death,
Do ſo depend on other, that by ſtealth,
All goe and come as th'accidents of breath.
T'ech worldly ſtate the heauens a height appoint,
Where when it once arriues it muſt deſcend:
And all perfections haue a fatall point,
At which excellencie it ſelfe muſt end.
But as all thoſe that walke on th'earth are croſſde
With alterations, happning oft and ſtrange:
The greateſt ſtates with greateſt ſtormes are toſſde,
And ſought of many muſt make many a change.
Nor ſpeake I this by ſpeculation now,
As gathring credit out of ancient ſcroules:
No, I haue liu'd at court and I know how, (ſoules.
Ther's nought on th'earth more vex'd, then great mens
Thral'd to the tirant honor, whilſt they mone
Their plaints to ſubiects eares aſham'd t'empart:
They muſt beare all the weight of woes alone,
Where others of their griefe lend friends a part.
Their riſing vs aboue to ſuch a height,
Which ſeems their beſt is worſt, whilſt ſince being lords:
They neuer heare the truth that comes to light,
When franke ſocietie ſpeaks naked words.

Whilſt

Whilſt ſadneſſe, whiles ſeemes maieſtie, time tells
How deere they buy their pompe with loſſe of reſt:
Some faine three furies but in all the hells,
And ther's three thouſand in one great mans breaſt.

Phoc. I thinke all monarchies are like the Moone,
Which whiles eclipſd, whiles vnder cloud, whiles cleare,
Growes by degrees, and is when full, vndone;
Yet *Æſon*-like renew'd doth re-appeare.

For ſo the firſt, but ſmal, begin to ſhine,
And when they once their ſpherick forme obtaine,
Do then begin to languiſh and decline;
Yet ſalne in other realmes, doe riſe againe.

Th' *Aſſyrians* once made many a nation bow;
Then next, all powre was in the *Perſians* hand:
And lo, the *Macedonians* monarchs now
Amongſt themſelues diuided cannot ſtand.

Ariſt. A ſecret fate, alternantly all things
Doth in this circle circularly leade:
Still generation from corruption ſprings,
To th'end that ſome may liue, ſome muſt be dead.

Each Element anothers ſtrength deuours;
Th'ayre to the fire ſuccumbes, the fire to raine:
The water ſtriues to drowne all th'earth with ſhowres,
Which it by vapours vomites out againe.

Thus with a gordian knot together bound,
All things are made, vn-made, and made againe:
Whilſt ruine founds, perfection doth confound,
And nothing in one ſtate doth long remaine.

But nought in th'earth more dangerouſly ſtandes
Than ſoueraigntie, that's rated at ſuch worth,
Which like the ſtormie deities bluſtring bandes,
Doth flie from Eaſt to Weſt, from South to North.

Ph. A long exeperience now makes this noght ſtrange,
Though mightie ſtates whoſe reines one onely leades;

Be

Be whiles distracted and constrain'd to change,
As too great bodies for so little heads,
Since euery Common-wealth where all mens witts
Do ioyne in one, t'increase the publike ease,
Is subiect oft to feauers, and to fits,
Which Phisicke whiles, whiles poison must appease.
For (ah) the multitude more rash then wise,
A *Hydra*-headed beast whilst nought it binds,
Doth passionately praise, or else despise,
As some prepostrous fancies moue their mindes.
Oft vice and vertue haue like danger bred,
Whilst enuie th'one procur'd, and th'other hate:
By iealousie, or emulation dred,
Those ruin'd are by it that raisde the state.
Arist. Whilst some their betters, others equals scorne,
The gouernment that's popular decaies:
And when it dies the Monarchie is borne,
Whose violence disorders broiles alaies.
It from corruption doth continue cleane,
As freest from infirmities we finde:
Still whilst it humbly high, doth hold a meane,
Twixt tyrannie, and too remisse a minde.
But though th'one-headed state may flourish long,
Whilst th'one knowes to command, the rest t'obey:
Whilst guerdon followes goodnesse, vengeance wrong,
That vertue cherisht is, vice made decay.
Yet (if nought else) time doth great states orecome,
Heauens haue confinde all by some fatall howre:
And there may many misaduentures come
To dissipate the most vnited powre.
For huge mishaps a monarchie may marre,
When once prosperitie beginnes t'expire:
To further which, whiles strangers must make warre,
And whiles seditious subiects may conspire.

As iealouſie, or elſe ambition moues,
All Princes would ſuppreſſe aſpirers ſtill:
And then a ſubiects courſe moſt dangerous proues,
When either feare or hope tranſports his will.
But though to the beginning, and to th'end
Great ſtates are guided by a ſecret fate:
Yet their deſign'd deſtruction doth depend,
Still, either on contempt, or elſe on hate;
Of thoſe the firſt kings lacke of courage breedes,
Which makes th'ambitious minds t'attempt more bold:
And th'other doth attend tyrannike deedes,
By violence t'haue violence controld.
Phoc. Yet neuer did ſo many Monarks fall,
By forraigne battells, nor inteſtine broiles,
As by themſelues, that ſeeming free, were thrall,
Whilſt ſmooth-tong'd minions gloried of their ſpoiles.
Thoſe that haue raign'd by choiſe, by birth, or worth,
Or yet through others errours, or their crime,
Oft ſuffer ougly vices to burſt forth,
Which vertues colours gilted till that time.
Men are deſcipherd beſt then whilſt they reſt
Moſt high aduaunc'd being free from hope or feare:
That which is eminent is marked beſt,
And higheſt fortunes hardeſt are to beare.
Low fortunes cloake the faults that ſome commit,
Whilſt imperfections th'earth perfections deemes,
Stupiditie ſeemes patience, feare ſeemes wit,
Will conſtancie, and ſoftneſſe goodneſſe ſeemes.
But when in the worlds theatre one muſt ſtand,
A publike actor plac'd in all mens ſight:
And ſwaies the ſigne of powre, and in his hand
Doth hold the ballance both of wrong and right;
Then he for euery action that is his,
The cenſure of a thouſand tongues muſt haue,

Not onely damn'd for doing of things amiſſe,
But for not doing of all that all men craue.
O, he but vndermines the ſoueraigne ſtate,
That cares not who be weake ſo he be ſtrong:
More ſtudious for himſelfe then for the ſtate,
Or if for it that he may hold it long.
For where *Ioue* him for all mens good ordaines,
He thinkes both them and theirs made him to pleaſe,
As if a charge of weight, a place of paines,
Were but a bed of reſt, a hauen of eaſe.
The worlds great weight that *Atlas* ſhoulders beare,
Is not ſo weightie all to weigh one downe,
As that which on his head a king doth weare.
There is no burthen heauier than a crowne.
The *Ægean* waues more eaſie are t'appeaſe,
Then are their thoughts whoſe minde for ſtate prepares:
Can they haue reſt that toile for all mens eaſe?
The purple euer muſt be lin'd with cares.
Ariſt. Good kings are like the fire, which flaming bright
Doth waſte it ſelfe, to ſerue anothers turne:
And ſoueraigntie is like fires glancing light,
Which if but view'd, delights, if touch'd, doth burne.
I like for warmneſſe to ſtand *Vulcan* by,
More than to burne amidſt the Lemnian flame:
And rather in the Cedars ſhadow lie,
Than on the top to ſtand the wind-gods game.
All th'eie-attracting pompe, and ſplendrous ſhowes
Do merit ſcorne, though they amazement breed:
The world them pittie more then enuie owes,
That to ſeeme happy would be wrech'd indeed.
For alterations ſtrange attend a throne;
As if the ſpheare of fortune were a crowne,
The great ſtill toſſde, like *Siſiphus* his ſtone,
Whilſt higheſt vp, reſt readieſt to fall downe.

Of this what greater proofe can Fame afford,
Then mightie *Philips* memorable fall:
That daunted had the *Grecians* by the ſword,
Though not till then t'a ſtranger being made thrall:
He, he, then whilſt he ſolemniz'd with ſtate,
His daughters marriage, ſuddenly was loſt:
So that it ſeem'd that Monarchs dayes to date,
That *Hymens* torch gaue light to *Plutoes* poſt.
Then when that I conceiude with griefe of heart
The miſeries that proper were to court:
I thought them happie that retir'd apart,
Could neuer know ſuch things, but by report.
I might haue liu'd with *Alexander* ſtill,
To vertuous men, whoſe fauours were not ſcarſe:
Yet rather choſe, though hauing both at will,
T'obey with *Pallas*, then command with *Mars*.
And whilſt he toyl'd ouer others Lord to be,
I labor'd ouer my ſelfe to be made Lord:
Yet made as great a conqueſt too as hee:
My pen ſhall be as famous as his ſword.
Phoc. And had I willingly engag'd my reſt,
The way to trace, that to vaine-glory tends:
I might haue liu'd reſpected with the beſt,
As one of *Alexanders* chiefeſt friendes.
For though of him that I did merit nought,
He entertainde my friendſhip till his death:
And when he once our cities ore-throw ſought,
At my requeſt he pacified his wrath.
Then once to me a maſſe of gold he ſent,
And offred too a ſtately *Aſian* towne
Which I refuſde, pleaſde more with my poore rent,
Than he with all the treaſures of a crowne.
I tolde, that ſuch a ſumme but ſeru'd, to make
Him a corrupter, me corrupted thought:

And foule for him to giue, for me to take,
If vſde, ſhamde both, vnuſde, did ſerue for nought.
But all thoſe baites I neuer daign'd to touch,
Leſt I that all my life had liude ſo free
Might be poſſeſt too much, poſſeſſing much,
If taking riches, it had taken me.
No, I would rather learne to liue on leſſe,
Then for ſuperfluous furniture to ſtriue:
Who ſeekes out ſubſtance t'entertaine exceſſe,
Doth liue t'vſe it, not it that he may liue.
My fortune doth afford ſufficient meanes,
That may preſerue all Natures powres in force:
And he that on a golden ſcepter leanes,
Can not haue more, but may wel vſe it worſe.
Ah, ſince aboundance but abuſes brings,
Why ſeeke men more then ſerues t'haue Nature eaſde?
And why ſhould men toile for ſo many things,
Since Nature with a little can be pleaſde? (exceeds,
Ariſt. Lo how the heauens, whoſe loue towards man
Haue made his bodie ſtrong, his minde diuine:
And haue made th'earth to furniſh all his needes,
Leſt downe-weigh'd cares might make his thoughts de-
So that he hath a meanes to raiſe his flight, (cline.
If wing'd with Vertue, and may mounting hie,
Aſpire t'approach to the celeſtiall light,
And deifie himſelfe before he die.
Yet doth he ſtrait forgoe that glorious way,
To toile for things that th'earth vnforc'd affords:
The which his wants firſt fram'd were to defray,
But by himſelfe are of his life made Lords.
O how vnworthie of the worth of man,
Are many labors that delight him moſt,
Since that corruption boldly firſt began,
To make men nouriſh vice at vertues coſt.

And now what hath great *Alexander* gain'd
By endleſſe labours, and exceſſiue cares?
Of whom loe now it's onely ſaid he raign'd,
But death vnto himſelfe, worſe to his heires.
Lo, for the guiltleſſe blood that he hath ſpill'd;
The partners of his conqueſts doe beginne
To die by the ſame ſwords by which they kill'd,
And all his of-ſpring expiates his ſinne.
Pho. Such is the reuolution of all things,
The wheele of Fortune ſtill muſt ſlippery proue,
And chiefly when it burdend is with kings,
Whoſe ſtates as weightieſt moſt muſt make it moue.
Yet *Alexander* I muſt ſay was bleſt,
That ouer the worlde a victor alwaies rang'd:
And hauing ended all his warres, in reſt,
Did die in time before his fortune changde.
And for his fauour which I oft did trie,
Whilſt earneſtly he labord me t'aduaunce:
I'm ſorie that himſelfe ſo ſoone did die,
And that his of-ſpring hath ſo hard a chance.
His ſucceſſours haue ſet all *Greece* on fire,
Of which I feare to periſh by ſome ſparke:
For *Polipercon* doth my death conſpire,
And who can ſcape thats made a great mans marke?
But for my countries cauſe Ile giue my blood,
Whilſt ſafely praiſde all follow vertue can:
But when with danger threatned to doe good,
Thats onelie worthy of a worthy man.
Nor do I tender ſo this puffe of breath,
But I could be contented it t'expell:
A minde that is reſolu'd triumphs ouer death,
He hath liu'd long enough that hath liu'd well.

Exeunt.

Act. V. Scene II.

Cassander, Lysimachus, Ptolomie, Seleucus.

I Doubt not now (great heroes) but ye all
What euer miscontentment ye pretend
Doe rest well pleasde, since those by me made thrall,
That might haue made you end, haue made an end.
Loathe not the meanes, if yee allow th'effect,
For though by this I haue a realme obtain'd:
It yeelds you more, whose course none can suspect,
I'm onely guiltie, and ye all haue gain'd.
Yet to pursue my life they first beganne,
For my defence this last refuge I prou'd:
Nought than himselfe is neerer vnto man,
All men with their owne dangers are most mou'd.
And had not prowd *Olimpias* dide in time,
By offring vp her bloud to worke my peace:
Then mine had beene the harme, and hers the crime,
I but preuented her alittle space.
And if her of-spring had suruiu'd her death,
Whose rising could not but procure our fall:
Ye, now that nought but soueraignty do breathe,
Had breath'd obedience, or not breath'd at all.
Lis. You from a dangerous yoke haue vs relieu'd,
Which I suspect we had experienc'd soone:
And why then should we labour to seeme grieu'd
At that thing done, which we wish not vndone?
No, since that all for soueraignety doe striue,
And haue once tasted what it is to raigne:
Theres none of vs but rather die, than liue
T'embrace a subiects seruile state againe.

And

And though perchance with *Alexanders* ſonne,
If heire both of his fathers worth and ſtate:
We might haue moſt reſpected places wonne,
As ſpeciall pillars of the Princes ſeate.
Yet though more great than others, as before,
It would haue grieu'd vs, leſſe then one to fall:
The fall from firſt to ſecond grieues one more,
Then from the ſecond to the laſt of all.
Our old renowne to vs had ruine brought,
And would haue made vs odious to remaine:
It's dangerous for a ſubiect to be thought,
One that deſires, or yet deſerues to raigne.
When any tempeſt threatned had his throne,
He would haue ſought aſſurance at our coſt:
For when that iealouſie hath ſeiz'd on one,
The greateſt vertues are ſuſpected moſt.
Yea though we could to quite our ſtate conſent,
Vs from ſuſpition nought but death could purge:
Still greatneſſe muſt turmoile, or then torment,
If borne, a burden, if laide downe, a ſcourge.
Ptol. But when we haue within our boſome weigh'd
The ruine of all *Alexanders* race;
Whom without bluſhing we might haue obey'd,
By right ſucceeding in our ſoueraignes place.
How can our ſoules but highly be aſham'd,
That one inferiour both to them and vs,
Doth ſeeke by wrong that which by right they claim'd,
And by their orethrow would b'exalted thus?
Nor neede I more as in ſuſpence remaine,
To maske my meaning with ambiguous wordes:
No, no, our words may as his deedes be plaine,
Which fame, (and without whiſpring) now records
Ye heare how that *Antigonus* of late,
Whoſe thoughts wing'd with ambition ſoare too high:

Doth

Doth ſtriue aboue vs all t'aduaunce his ſtate,
And on his former fortune doth relie.
Since to his hands *Eumenes* was betraide,
Loe, quite tranſported by prepoſtrous pride,
As if in nought addicted now t'our aide,
He hath laide all regarde of vs aſide.
Lif. Thus Time the truth of all things doth proclame,
Man is a craftie creature, hard to know,
That can a face for euery fortune frame,
No truſt in mortalles, nor no faith below.
Whiles as our owne particulars doe moue,
We what we wiſh for moſt, ſeeme to miſlike:
And oft of others doe the courſe diſproue,
Whilſt we want nought but meanes to doe the like.
Then whilſt *Perdiccas* did attempt before
To make the reſt that were his equalls thrall,
Who than *Antigonus* deteſted more,
Th'ambitious minde of one that would haue all?
But ſince *Perdiccas* and his faction fell,
Whom he as traitours to the ſtate purſude:
He in his place ſucceeding to rebell,
Hath what he ſeemde t'vndo againe renude.
And yet I many a time haue muſde of this,
How from the world he did *Eumenes* ſend.
Sel. How? But by treaſon as his cuſtome is,
Falſe at the firſt, and cruell at the end.
Lyſ. I know, that after diuers doubtful fights,
He hath orethrowne *Eumenes* at the laſt:
But by what ſtratagems or treacherous ſlights,
I would be glad to heare how all hath paſt
Sel. Antigonus was at the firſt afraide,
To match *Eumenes* by plaine force in fight:
And the refuge that feare affordes aſſaide,
For valour franke bent t'vſe ſome wary ſleight.

Amongſt *Eumenes* troupes, their mindes to proue
He ſcattred letters with allurements ſtor'd:
By promiſde treaſures, and proteſted loue,
To moue ſome one that might betray his Lord.
But he being wiſe, his troupes in time aduiſde,
To cleare their vertue by their enemies vice:
And gaue them thankes that would not be entiſde,
To ſell their faith at ſuch a bloodie price.
Then ſaide, that th'Author of thoſe ſcroules was he,
That when they ſpide ſuch practiſes againe,
They ſtill would take them alwayes but to be,
Their Captaines triall, not their enemies traine.
Thus by the means that ſhould haue him entrap'd,
His aduerſarie did deluded ſtay:
For both he from the preſent danger ſcap'd,
And to preuent the like preparde a way.
Then when this traiterous pollicie had fail'd,
And that there had ſome doubtfull conflicts paſt:
Antigonus that had at one preuail'd,
As hauing had ſome vantage at the laſt:
He with *Eumenes* did procure to ſpeake,
And as t'one vanquiſh'd offred him good-will:
But he whoſe minde could not be brought to breake,
Would neuer talke but as t'his equall ſtill.
For when a band betweene them made, did beare
That he t'*Antigonus* ſhould help impart,
He did reforme that forme, and would firſt ſweare,
With *Alexanders* of-ſpring to take part.
Thus where they his ſubmiſſion did attend,
Imperiouſly conditions he impoſde:
So that thereafter to procure his end,
Still th'other by all meanes his mind diſpoſde.
And ſhortly of his bands a vaine debate,
For his confuſion fit occaſion brought:

Still

Still, as ſmall things by concord doe growe great.
By diſcord great things are reduc'd to nought,
T'*Eumenes* whilſt he fortunately liu'd,
That th'haughtie *Agiraſpides* gaue place,
With him for ſtate two of their captaines ſtriu'd.
And would not his authoritie embrace.
Such was that ſpite of theirs to haue him ſpoild,
That though of valour he rare wonders prou'd,
And oft by force *Antigonus* had foild,
Yet from their minde it could not be remou'd:
For being by them allurde all th'other bandes,
To get ſome baggage that they loſt againe,
Did giue their captaine bound to th'enemies handes,
So darkening all their glorie by one ſtaine.
And though *Eumenes* truſting to new hopes,
By flying labour'd a reliefe t'haue found,
He was preuented by his traitrous troupes.
And like to ſome baſe fugitiue was bound,
Scarſe could his ſtormie ſtomacke bent to breake,
Daigne then t'entreate thoſe that had him betraide,
Yet hauing hardly purchaſde leaue to ſpeake,
He ſtretcht them forth his fetterd hands and ſaide;
Loe heere th'apparrell that your Generall weares,
Since with your faith his libertie was loſt:
Yet he thoſe bands not giuen by th'enemie beares,
But by his owne in whom he truſted moſt.
And muſt he thus be led that ſhould you leade?
Is this the triumph that I ſhould receiue,
For all my victories thus to be made,
Of captaine, captiue, of a conquerour, ſlaue?
How oft (my ſouldiers) haue ye all of late,
To me by ſolemne oathes ſworne to be true?
But it becomes not one in a'abiect ſtate,
With loftie wordes his Maiſters to purſue.

Nor craue I further fauour at this howre,
Then ſtrait to bathe your weapons in my breaſt;
Let not my life be in mine enemies powre,
Loe all that your commaunder doth requeſt.
I know *Antigonus* doth take no care,
Who get my body, ſo he get my head:
And he regardes not, neither when, nor where,
Nor in what ſort I die, ſo I be dead.
But if through horrour of ſo vile a deede,
Your eies looke downe, your haire erected ſtands,
Which in your mindes this much remorce doth breede,
That with your hearts ye will not ſtaine your handes:
Then as your captaine, ſince not force I may,
Ile as your friend entreate, that now in time
I may but haue a ſword, my ſelfe to ſlay,
So you t'excuſe whilſt partner of your crime.
But when he ſawe that words could not aſſwage
Their barb'rous thoughts, that nothing could controule:
Then hauing turn'd his courage all in rage,
He thus flam'd forth the furie of his ſoule.
O damned raſcalls, that haue loſt all faith,
Whom neither duetie nor yet merite bindes:
How oft was *Alexander* moued to wrath
By thoſe your mutinous and malitious mindes?
And, O what could I at thoſe hands attend,
That yet were ſmoaking with *Perdiccas* bloud;
Of thoſe that by like treaſon did intend,
With old *Antipaters* t'haue beene imbrude?
Heauen thunder on you from th'ætheriall rounds,
And make you liue a'abominable band;
Baſe vagabonds, barr'd from your natiue bounds,
Then die deteſted in a barbarous land.
And as ye haue the world with murder filld,
So may your bloud by the ſame ſwords be ſhed:

By

By which ye haue moe of your captaines kill'd
Than of your foes, from whom like beasts yee fled.
But neither courteous, nor outragious wordes
Could change his souldiers from their first intent,
That forward led their captaine chain'd with cordes,
A sacrifice prepar'd for th'enemies tent;
Where being arriude, to th'end he soone might end,
He ask'd what stayd *Antigonus* to go,
By setting of him free to winne a friend,
Or by his death to rid him of a foe.
And straight *Antigonus* did haste his fall,
By this great magnanimitie, not moou'd:
And th' *Agiraspides* dispersde ouer all,
As murderers murder from the world remou'd.
Thus oft haue traitors bin dispatchde by time,
By those whom their vpbraiding looks dismay:
For the remembrance thus of th'Authors crime,
Can but by th'Actors death be wip'd away.
Now claimes *Antigonus* when fame doth feast,
In ranke aboue his soueraignes selfe to sit:
For *Alexander* did subdue all th'east,
And he hath conquerd them that conquer'd it.
Cass. No doubt, since he that great aduantage wan,
He hath within himselfe high things designde:
For whilst prosperitie transports a man,
Nought seemes difficult to th'ambitious mind.
Seleuc. Of those in whom he did suspect a spirit,
Whose courage seru'd his courses to resist,
He hath himselfe by diuers meanes made quite,
In others wreakes his saftie doth consist.
Thus martiall *Pithon* that no danger sparde,
Whom *Alexander* held in high account:
Did at the last receiue a hard reward,
For helping him *Eumenes* to surmount.

His ſpirit t'attemp and powre fit to performe.
Made iealouſie *Antigonus* torment:
And yet he fain'd to loue him for the forme,
Till that his court he moou'de him to frequent:
Where whilſt he did miſtruſting nought abide,
He publikely in all the peoples ſight:
(Though ſeeming iuſtly) damn'd iniuſtly di'de,
No viler wrong then wrong that lookes like right.
Thus diuers gouernours within ſhort ſpace,
Their gouernment, or then their life haue loſt:
And others are preferd vnto their place,
That did depend vpon his fauour moſt.
Oft likewiſe me, he labour'd to ſurpriſe,
And pollicie was vſde, t'haue me ore-throwne:
But I, whom *Pithons* danger had made wiſe,
Learn'd by his ruine to preuent mine owne.
To ſaue my life abandon'd is my ſtate,
And I haue fled with danger as ye ſee,
That you may know, how that man doth grow great,
Whoſe pride may plague you all, as well as me.
Caſſ. Then let vs be reſolu'd, what courſe t'intend;
Leſt out of time being wiſe we rue too late.
Liſim. It's better to purſue then to defend.
Ptol. It's good to quench a fire ere it grow great.
Caſſ. Then let vs ſend t'*Antigonus* in haſte,
To redemand th'vſurped bounds againe;
Since in this warre we did our treaſures waſte,
We ſhould be likewiſe partners of the gaine.
But if againſt our ſute his eares he barre,
And do with ſcornfull words contemne our claime,
Then may our Meſſenger denounce the warre,
And we ſhall ſhortly intimate the ſame.
Ptol. A mutuall band muſt made amongſt vs be,
To make one fortune common to vs all:

And from hence-forth we muſt all fowre agree,
To ſtand together, or together fall.
And ſince the princely buds for which we car'd,
How euer dead, are dead; what ere we doe
T'engender ſo towards vs the more regard,
We with the ſtate muſt take the title too.
And we muſt both be crown'd, and knowne for kings,
The Diadem is greatneſſe ſtrongeſt towre:
All vulgar iudgements leane on th'outward things,
And reuerence ſtate, where they obey but powre.

Exeunt.

Nuntius, Philaſtrus.
Chorus.

Phil. IS there a heauen? and are their heauenly powers,
To whoſe decree terreſtriall things are thrall?
Or ſtriues the tirant that begets the howers,
To triumph ouer eternitie and all?
Lo, nature trauells now, being big with change,
Since mortalls all humanitie haue loſt;
And in th'old *Chaos*, or ſome maſſe more ſtrange
To re-entombe their eſſence all things boſt.
Can reaſonable ſoules from reaſon barr'd,
Euen ſtriue which moſt in crueltie exceeds?
What eye hath ſeene, or yet what eare hath heard
Such monſtrous accidents, prodigious deeds?
Th'*Arrabian* robbers, nor the *Scithians* wild,
That with the ſauage beaſts (as barbarous) haunt,
With ſuch foule facts haue not themſelues defil'd,
As thoſe that of ciuilitie do vaunt.
Since *Grecians* are growne barbarous as we finde,
Where can faith haue a corner free from ſpot? (minde?
O cureleſſe heauens, wretch'd earth *Cho.* What loads thy
Nun. A multitude of murders. *Cho.* What? *Nu.* What not.

We

Cho. We know that since our soueraigne left to breath,
Th'earth hath been bathde with many a scarlet flood,
Perdiccas did procure *Meleagers* death,
And his owne souldiers drown'd his breath with blood.
Th'*Athenians* prey, *Leonatus* did remaine,
And by *Eumenes* subtiltie dismayde,
Craterus and *Neoptolemus* were slaine,
Then by his owne *Eumenes* dide betraid.
Phil. Man with his skill against his knowledge striues,
Where death his way attends, that way he tends,
And t'*Atropos* the fatall rasor giues,
To cut the threed on which his life depends.
When th'*Asian* victour after all his warres,
To visit *Babilon* had bent his mind:
Both I, and others, studious of the starres,
Did shew that there his ruine was design'd.
To his successours too we oft haue showne,
The meanes by which their fate might be controld;
Yet was our skill contemnde, and they ore-thrown,
As we fore-told, and as they now haue told.
Nun. They haue told much, and yet I must tell more;
Their newes were euill, yet were they not the worst.
Cho. And haue the heau'ns reseru'd mo plagues in store,
As if we yet were not enough accurst? (abounds,
Nun. As th'earth in pride, the heauens in plagues
Our highest hopes haue perisht but of late.
Cho. Then wound our eares by hearing others wounds,
That pittie now may tread the steppes of hate.
Nun. Our Queene *Olimpias* rauisht by reuenge,
All *Macedony* did with murders fill;
Which from her part the people did estrange,
Whilst nought but rigour limited her will.
So that when fierce *Cassander* sought her wreake,
She did mistrust the *Macedonians* mindes:

And

And for the time the neereſt ſtrength did take,
There till the ſtorme was paſt t'attend faire windes.
But ſoone *Caſſander* did the towne encloſe,
And as ſhe held him out, did hold her in,
That like a captiue guarded by her foes,
She knew not by what way a way to winne.
And when their lifes prouiſion did decay,
Then did bare walles but ſmall refuge afford:
She *Scilla* ſcap'd to be *Charibdis* prey,
That fell on famine flying from the ſword.
Strait like pale Ghoſts faint ſouldiers did remaine,
Whoſe bowels hunger like a Harpie teares:
And with courageous words, the Queene in vaine
Did raiſe their ſpirits (the belly hath no eares.)
All then began to languiſh, and to fade,
As if being tir'de to beare themſelues about;
Legges fail'd the bodie, and the necke the head,
Then whilſt the fleſh fell in, bones burſted out:
And when that th'ordinarie meates were ſpent,
Then horſes, dogs, cats, rats, all ſeru'd for food;
Of which no horror th'eater did torment,
For all that was not poiſon, then ſeem'd good.
Some mouthes accuſtom'd once with daintie meates
Wiſh'd what they oft had loath'd, vile crums, foule floods
And Ladyes that had liu'd in pompous ſtates,
Fed, as brought vp with wolues amidſt the woods:
Yea, nurſt by thoſe whom they themſelues had nurſt,
Oft then by th'of-ſprings death th'engendrer liu'd;
And which was worſt, whilſt breaſts were like to burſt
None comfort could, for all themſelues were grieu'd.
Such was their ſtate, no friend bewaild his friend,
No wife her husband, nor no Syre his ſonne;
For apprehending their approching end,
All with compaſſion of themſelues were wonne.

The dead mens ſmell empoiſon'd them that liu'd,
Whilſt firſt made faint by a defrauded wombe:
Heapes were of breath and buriall both depriu'd,
That all the towne in end was but a tombe.
Cho. Life is the ſubiect of diſtreſſe and griefe
That ſtill miniſters matters to bemone;
And onely but by death can haue reliefe,
To liue and to be wretch'd are both but one.
Yet fooliſh worldlings toſſde with endleſſe care,
Though at too deare a rate would ſtill buy breath;
And following after feathers thrown through th'aire,
Like life (though wretch'd) more then a happie death.
Nun. When thus the world *Olimpias* plagu'd did ſpie,
All ſought *Caſſander*, though for ſeuerall ends.
Cho. As from a peſt all from th'vnhappy flie,
Th'eclipſe of *Fortune* threatens loſſe of friends.
Nun. And ſhe conſidering that ſhe could not long
Hold out the ſiege, ſince vittailes were growne ſcant,
Did ſend (as weake) for peace t'intreat the ſtrong.
Cho. What cannot time and trauell ſometime daunt?
Nun. Then did *Caſſander* know that need conſtrain'd
Her ſo to bow as ſtrangely being diſeaſde:
And though he her requeſt not quite diſdain'd,
Th'agreement was appointed as he pleaſde.
For all the fauour that ſhe could procure,
Was leaue to liue a priuate perſon ſtill;
And yet of that ſhe could not be made ſure,
Which did depend vpon her enemies will.
Then whilſt *Caſſander* ſought his enemies ends,
There wanted not ſtrange troupes with him t'abide;
Yet might haue many followers, and few friends:
Friends by the touchſtone of diſtreſſe are try'd.
Nun. But though the Queene was rendred in this ſort,
With proteſtation t'haue her life preſeru'd.

The tyrant with her ſpirit could not comport,
But from his faith for her confuſion ſweru'd.
The *Macedonians* were togither brought,
There to conſult what did concerne their Queene;
But when of them a number deepely thought,
Both what ſhe was, and what ſhe once had beene;
Euen as *Caſſander* had ſubborn'd them all,
Their parents came whom ſhe had damn'd to death,
And did her rigour to remembrance call,
By which the multitude was mou'd to wrath.
Whilſt from their braſen breaſts all ruth was barr'd,
They did conclude, their Queen behou'd to die. (heard:
Cho. Durſt ſubiects damne their ſoueraigne, and not
So ſtill may cloudes obſcure the worlds bright eye.
Nun. Yet did *Caſſander* put (all fleights t'aſſay)
A maske of pittie on a cruell minde,
And offred her a ſhip to flye away,
As if to death againſt his will aſſign'de.
Nor was this courſe for her deliuerance fram'd,
But onely as by chance that ſhe might drowne:
So for her death that he might not be blam'd,
But onely *Neptune*, that had throwne her downe.
Yet ſhe a princeſſe of a mightie ſpright,
Whoſe loftie courage nothing could ore-come,
Said, ere ſhe ſcap'd by ſuch a ſhamefull flight,
That ſhe would heare the *Macedonians* doome.
But when *Caſſanders* counſel was contem'nd,
Leſt that the multitude had chang'd their mind,
When they remembred whom they had condemn'd,
And warily weigh'd what raſhly they deſign'd.
To rid her ſoone from paine, and him from feare,
He ſent ſome bands from pittie moſt eſtrang'd;
Yet ſhe gainſt fortune did a banner beare,
And not her heart, no, not her count'nance chang'd.

She constant still, though mon'd, would neuer mone,
Whose stately gesture scorn'd their foule attempt:
And did vnite her vertues all in one,
To grace disgrace, and glorifie contempt.
She on two Ladies shoulders lean'd her armes,
And with a Maiestie did march towards death:
Like *Alexander* once amidst th'alarmes,
As if in triumph bent t'abandon breath.
The height of vertue admiration brings,
At this great magnanimitie amaz'd:
As spying th'Image of their auncient kings,
Or then some goddesse: all the souldiers gaz'd.
But ah, some bosted by the tirant stiu'd
To spoile (vnnaturall) natures faitest frame;
And th'Alabaster balles betweene they driu'd
Th'vnwilling swords, that strait grew red for shame.
Then she in worth, that would her selfe excell,
Would neither word, nor teare, nor sigh forth send;
But spread her garments ouer her whilst she fell,
As iealous of her honour still to th'end.
Cho. O strange barbaritie, most monstrous deed,
Could men a woman, subiects kill their Queene?
And could her fortune past no pitie breed?
Who euer gaue the wound hath not her seene.
The ougly Authors of those odious euils,
Fear'd for deserued plagues must still be sad,
His breast t'a hell, his thoughts all turn'd to deuils,
Through horror of himself must make him mad.
Nun. And yet the plague of these detested times,
Hath wrought more mischiefe t'aggrauate our grones.
Ch. No end in sinne, crimes are maintain'd by crimes
Who fall in th'Ocean touch the bottome once,
The path of honor hath but narrow bounds,
On which who steps attentiue must remaine.

It's raisde so hie aboue the vulgar grounds,
That who thence fall can neuer rise againe.
Nu. Thus now *Cassander* since he cannot winne
True reputation, but liues tainted stil,
Imbarkt in mischiefe sailes the depths of sinne,
So, if not lou'd as good, yet feard as ill.
Though by his meanes his ruthlesse eies haue seene,
Fates (as it were from Fortunes bosome) rend
His King by poison, by the sword his Queene;
In wickednes t'exceede himselfe in th'end:
He prospring in impietie, grew prowd,
And murdred both his maisters sonne and wife:
Thus he that all the world by birthright ow'd,
Could hold no part of it, no not his life.
Yet could *Roxanes* death not ease his minde,
Nor her yong sonne too soone made *Plutoes* gueſt:
But bent t'vndoe all *Alexanders* kinde,
That to reuenge the rest there might none rest.
By treason he (as all his deedes are done,)
Cause *Hercules* his brothers steppes to trace:
That was great *Alexanders* bastard sonne,
And th'onelie remnant of that great mans race.
Lo thus *Cassander* th'enemie to all good,
Whose soule so much for *Macedonie* longs:
Hath to the Scepter swimd through seas of blood,
Yet, O weake right thats builded but on wrongs!
Chor. O how ambition doth abuse the great,
That with enough not pleasde still striue for more:
Loe how our Soueraigne seemde to raise his state,
Yet made it but to fall whilst staru'd with store.
And since his trophees reard in seuerall fieldes,
Both him and his haue to confusion brought:
Then what is all the good that greatnes yieldes,
Which makes it selfe seeme much to be made nought?

Thus though the mountaines make a mighty ſhow,
They are but barren heapes borne vp aloft,
Where plaines are pleaſant ſtill, though they lie lowe,
And are moſt fertile too, though troad on oft.
Greatneſſe is like a cloude in th'ayrie bounds,
Which th'earths baſe vapours haue congeald aboue:
It brawles with *Vulcan*, thundring forth huge ſounds,
Yet melts, and falls there whence it firſt did moue. (feare,
Phi. Since that worlds conq'ror then whilſt free from
Weigh'd with his greatnes downe ſo ſoone was dead,
What makes each of his captaines ſtriue to beare,
The diademe that cruſht ſo ſtrong a head?
O when my minde is rauiſht through the ſtarres,
To ſearch the ſecret ſecrets of the fates:
What treaſons, murders, mutinies and warres,
Are threatning once t'orethrow th'vſurped ſeates.
And falſe *Caſſander* that betraid his Lord,
And ſpoild the princely race in miſchiefe chiefe:
A traitor, both of heauen and earth abhorrd,
Shall liue but with diſgrace, and die with griefe.
His ſonnes, in wickednes himſelfe t'exceede,
Shall make the woman die that made them liue:
Then when being drunk with bloud, to death ſhal bleed
And none of theirs their funeralls ſhall ſuruiue.
Then when ambition ſhould be coold by age,
Lyſimachus ſhall by *Seleucus* die:
Nor ſhall *Seleucus* long enioy the ſtage,
But by like violence ſhall breathleſſe lie.
And ſubtil *Ptolomies* degenerd race,
Long onely famous for infamous things:
Shall end, and once to th'enemies pride giue place,
Whilſt a laſciuious Queene confuſion brings.
Antigonus ſhall be in battell killd,
His ſonne a captiue periſh with diſgrace:

And after that it *Greece* with blood hath filld,
In end, deſtruction doth attend that race.
The laſt in powre, though of their line not bred,
A niggard and a daſtard beaten downe:
Shall through a ſtrangers towne a captiue led,
Bound of the *Macedonians* th'old renowne.

Chorus.

WHat damned furies thus toſſe mortals minds
With ſuch a violent deſire to raigne?
That neither honor, friendſhip, dutie, blood,
Nor yet no band ſo ſacred is as bindes
Th'ambitious thoughts that would a kingdome gaine:
But all is buried in blacke Læthes *flood,*
That may the courſe of ſoueraigntie reſtraine,
Which from the breaſt doth all reſpects repell:
And like a torrent cannot be gainſtoode:
Yea many would a Scepter ſo t'obtaine,
In ſpite of all the world, and Ioues *owne wrath,*
March through the loweſt dungeons of the helles:
And vnderneath a diademe would breathe,
Though euery moment threatned them with death.
Yet though ſuch reſtleſſe mindes attaine in th'end
The height to which their haughty hearts aſpirde,
They neuer can imbrace th'imagin'd bliſſe,
Which their deluded thoughts did apprehend,
Though by the multitude they be admirde,
That ſtill to powre do ſhew themſelues ſubmiſſe;
Yet by the ſoule ſtill further is requirde,
That ſhould ſeale vp th'accompliſhment of ioy:
Thus doth a partiall iudgement aime amiſſe,
At things that ſtand without our reach retir'd:

Which

Which whilſt not ours as treaſures we define,
But not the ſame whilſt we the ſame enioy.
Some things afarre doe like the Glow-worme ſhine,
That tookt to neere haue of that light no ſigne.
No charge on th'earth more weighty to diſcharge,
Than that which of a kingdome doth diſpoſe.
O thoſe that manage muſt the reines of ſtate,
Till that their ghoſt b'imbarkt in Charons *barge,*
Doe neuer neede t'attend a true repoſe.
How hard is it to pleaſe each mans conceat?
When gaining one they muſt another loſe.
Thus hardly kings themſelues can euenly beare,
Whom if ſeuere, as cruell ſubiects hate,
Contempt dare to the milde it ſelfe oppoſe.
In time who ſpare as niggardes are deſpiſde,
Men from too franke a minde exactions feare.
Though in all ſhapes as Proteus *being diſguiſde,*
Kings by ſome ſcandall alwayes are ſurpriſde,
Yet one might well with euery thing comport,
That on th'opinion onely doth depend,
If further danger follow'd not by deedes.
But euery monarke loe in many a ſort,
Death doth diſguiſde in diuers ſhapes attend,
Of ſome by mut'nous ſwords the life foorth bleedes,
By vnſuſpected poiſon others end,
Which whilſt they alwayes labour to preuent,
A thouſand deaths within their breaſts life breedes.
Loe, this is all for which the great contend.
Who (whilſt their pride themſelues and others ſpoiles)
With their dominions doe their cares augment.
And O vaine man, that toyles t'abound in toiles;
Though ſtill the victorie the victor foiles.
Thus Alexander *ſtill himſelfe diſ aſde,*
Whilſt he t'vndoe his ſtate did waie prepare,

Which

Which when made moſt, diminiſht moſt remaind,
Where with his fathers bounds had he bin pleaſde,
He might haue left our crowne in peace t'his heire;
That by his conqueſt nought but death hath gaind:
Yet for no paines a number now doth ſpare,
To worke for that by which his wreake was wrought,
Which (though from it they rage to be reſtraind:)
Would (if poſſeſt) their pleaſures but impaire:
Yet they by harme of others ſeeke the thing,
That by their harme of others will be ſought;
To him and his, each of them death would bring,
That it might once be ſaide he was a King.
We may ſecurely ſitting on the ſhore,
To ſee the great (as toſſd on th'Ocean) grone,
Learne by their toiles t'eſteeme much of our reſt,
For this doth thouſands with affliction ſtore.
That as th'vnhappieſt in the world do mone,
If they but chaunce to view ſome few more bleſt,
Where if they would but marke how many a one
More wretch'd than they in miſerie doth liue;
It would ſtrait calme the moſt vnquiet breaſt.
The cottage whiles is happier than the throne,
To thinke our owne ſtate good, and others ill,
It could not but a great contentment giue:
There much conſiſtes in the conceit and will,
Since t'vs all things are as we thinke them ſtill.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF IVLIVS CÆSAR.

By *William Alexander*, Gentleman of the Princes priuie Chamber.

Carmine dij ſuperi placantur, carmine manes.

LONDON
Printed by VALENTINE SIMMES for
ED: BLOVNT.
1607.

as it were, rooted out all the contrary faction, hee returned to Rome, *and indirectly by the meanes of* Antonius, *laboured to be proclaimed king: which hauing rendred him altogether odious;* Caius Cassius, Marcus Brutus, Decius Brutus, Publius Casca, *and diuers others (Noble men) conspired his death, and appointed a day for the same: at which time, notwithstanding that* Cæsar *was dissuaded from going foorth, by many monstrous apparitions, and ominous presages; yet being perswaded by* Decius Brutus Albinus, *hee went towards the fatall place, where the* Senate *was assembled.*

The Conspirators in like maner, had many terrors: amongst others, Portia *the wife of* Marcus Brutus, *although she had insinuated her selfe in her husbands secret, by a notable proofe of extraordinary magnanimitie, yet on the day dedicated for the execution of their designe, through the apprehension of his danger, she fainted diuers times, whereof* Brutus *was aduertised, yet shrinked not, but went forward with his confederats to the appointed place, where they accomplished their purpose, euery one of them giuing* Cæsar *a wound, and me a ground whereupon to build this present Tragedie.*

The

The Actors Names.

Ivno.	Caivs Cassivs.
Caesar.	Marcvs Brvtvs.
Antonivs.	Portia.
Cicero.	Calphvrnia.
Decivs Brvtvs.	Nvntivs.

The

THE

Tragedie of *Cæsar.*

Act. I.

Iuno.

THough I a goddesse glance through th'azure round,
Whilst the eie-feather'd birds my coach do moue:
And am with radiant starres heauens Empresse crown'd,
The sister, and the wife of thundring *Ioue.*
And though I banquet in th'*Ætheriall* bowres,
Where *Ambrosie* and *Nectar* serues for meate:
And at the meeting of th'immortall powres,
Am still aduanc'd vnto the highest seate:
Yet by those glorious shewes of boundlesse blisse,
My martred minde can no way be relieu'd,
Since immortalitie affords but this,
That I may euer liue being euer grieu'd.
In vaine, vaine mortals seeke for helpe at me,
With Sacred odours on my Altars throwne:
What expectation can they haue to see,
One venge their wrongs, that cannot venge her owne?
Might *Pallas* once drowne thousands in the seas.
And metamorphose *Diomedes* mates?
And must mine enemies alwayes liue in ease,
As me to spight, appointed by the fates?

Of all the dying race that liues below,
With ſuch indignities none could comport,
As wound my breaſt, whom gods and men do know
To be abuſde by *Ioue* in many a ſort.
Though knowne to me, from others if concealde,
His faults might breed me griefe, but yet not ſhame:
Where lo, now both through heauen & earth reuealde,
Each ſlanderous Theater doth his ſcorne proclame.
If heauenly ſoules diuinely liu'd aloft,
Th'inferior world would imitate them then:
But humaniz'd by hanting mortals oft,
Where men ſhould grow like gods, gods grow like men.
My painted *Iris* in her beauties pride,
Smiles not on *Phœbus* with ſo many hues:
As *Ioue* in diuers ſhapes himſelfe can hide,
When he poore maides by *Cupid* ſpurr'd purſues.
He *Danae* in a golden ſhowre deceiude,
And did a Swanne in *Ledaes* boſome light,
Then being a Bull *Agenors* daughter reau'd,
And *Iõ* made a Cow to mocke my ſight.
But would to god that with ſuch wanton dames,
He ſtill to ſport would as with me remaine,
Not able then t'imbrace celeſtiall flames,
All like the drunkards mother might be ſlaine.
Then ſuch a troupe as *Rheas* boſome ſtores,
Would not hold him and me at endleſſe iarres:
The heauens are peſtred with my husbands whores,
Whoſe lights impure, do taint the pureſt ſtarres.
All iniuries are heauie to digeſt,
Yet th'actors greatneſſe doth ſome griefe remoue:
Of whom to ſuffer wrong it ſhames one leaſt;
If I were wrongde, I would be wrongde by *Ioue*.
But (ah) this long hath tirraniz'd my breaſt,
A man, a boy, a ſhepheard, yea and worſe,

The *Phrygian* fire-brand, the adultrous guest,
That first wrought wrong by fraud and then by force.
He, he, was he whose verdict mou'd me most,
Whilst it on *Ida* wrong'd my beauties right;
No wonder too though one all iudgement lost,
That had three naked goddesses in sight.
And yet I know were not his wandring eyes,
The *Ciprian* bribde by some lasciuious smiles,
My pompous birds in triumph through the skies,
Had borne the golde that oft her nimphes beguiles.
Am not I she whose greatnesse is admirde,
Whom *Ioue* for wife, whom thousands court for loue?
Whom haughtie *Ixion* once t'imbrace desirde,
Yet with a clowde deluded did remoone.
What needed me a matter to submit,
Where my authoritie might haue auailde?
Whilst though I promisde wealth, and *Pallas* wit,
Yet with a yong man *Venus* gift preuaild.
But how durst he t'ones pleasure thus giue place,
Where two contemnd their honour would repaire?
Is not our Sexe impatient of disgrace?
Of which there's none, but loues to be thought faire.
T'auenge my selfe no kinde of paine I sparde,
And made his greatest gaine his greatest losse:
As *Venus* gaue him *Helen* for reward,
I gaue him *Helen* for his greatest crosse.
Nor did he long her loue with ioy enioy,
Whose faithlesse flames his countrey did confound:
Whilst armies arm'd, for her did *Troy* destroy,
And leuel'd *Neptunes* labours with the ground.
Whilst *Simois* seem'de to be a burial field,
Whose streames as streetes were with dead bodies pau'd
All *Xanthus* plaine as turnde t'a sea did yeeld
A flood of blood, from *Heroes* wounds receiu'd.

By brauing thousands once though much esteem'd,
By dust and blood deform'd, of *Hector* slaine
(Not like *Patroclus* by the sword redeem'd)
The bodie basely was bought backe againe.
Then by the same mans sonne that kild his sonne,
Th' old *Priamus* surprizde sigh'd forth his breath:
And being most harm'd where he for helpe had runne,
Whilst taking th'Altar, taken was by death;
Though wrestling long t'auoide the heauens decree,
By th'enemies sword being parted from the light,
He that lou'de *Helen*, and was loathde by me,
Di'd as a sacrifice t'appease my spight.
Last hauing liu'd (if miserie be a life)
T'entombe all hers, that high mishaps had tride
Though once being both, nor mother then, nor wife,
The fertile *Hecub'*, as being barren dide.
Thus by those meanes it would haue seem'd to some,
That my scornde beautie had bin highly vengde:
But whilst they were ore-com'd they did ore-come,
Since they for better states their states haue changde.
I in one part, that people did confound,
But did enlarge their power in euery place:
Al warlike nations through the world renownd,
Now from the *Phrygian* ruines raise their race.
And yet two traitors that betraide the rest,
(O heauens, that treason thus should prosper whiles)
Of the *Dardanian* race did chance the best,
More happie then at home in their exiles.
Did not *Antenor* stealing through his foes,
Neere to the *Euganian* mountaines build a towne,
Of which some nurslings once shall seeke repose
Amidst the waues, and in the depths sit downe?
Their citie spousing *Neptune*, shall arise
The rarest common-wealth that euer was.

Whose

Whose people, if as stowt, as rich and wise,
Might boast to bring miraculous things to passe.
Then false *Aeneas* (though but borne t'obey)
Did of a fugitiue become a King:
And some of his neere *Tibers* streames that stay,
Would all the world to their obedience bring.
Their rauenous Eagles soaring ouer all lands,
By violence th'imperiall prey haue wonne:
That bastard broode of *Mars* with martiall bands,
Haue conquerd both the mansions of the Sunne.
Their course by mountaines could not be controlde,
No, *Neptune* could not keepe his bosome free.
Th'antartike heate, nor yet the artike colde,
No limites to their legions could decree.
O of that cittie there could come no good,
Whose rising walles with more than barbarous rage,
The builder first bath'd with his brothers blood,
Which their prodigious conquests did presage.
That towne hath oft my soule with anguish filld,
Whose new-borne state oft triumpht ouer my wrath:
Like my olde foe that in his cradle killd,
The serpents that I sent to giue him death.
By *Sabins*, *Albans*, *Tuscans* oft assailde,
Euen in her infancie I tossde *Romes* state:
Yet stil *Laomedons* false race preuailde,
And angry *Iuno* could doe nought but hate.
Then when the gallant *Gaules* had vanquisht *Rome*,
That basely bought her libertie with golde:
A banisht man *Camillus* chauncde to come,
And her imballanc'd state redeemde of olde.
Great *Hanniball* our common cause pursude,
And made his bands within their bounds remaine,
With Consuls and with Prætors bloods imbrude,
At *Thrasimene* and at *Cannes* slaine.

In *Romans* mindes ſtrange thoughts did feare infuſe,
That did attend the taking of their towne:
But he that vanquiſh could, not victory vſe,
Was by their braſen deſtinie throwne downe.
O what a torrent of Barbarians once,
Inunding ouer the *Alpes* their walles did boſt,
Whilſt *Teutons* and the *Cimbers* bigge of bones,
Like giants marcht a more than monſtrous hoſte.
But though from vnknowne partes to ruine *Rome*,
I led thoſe troopes that all the world admirde,
Yet did the tyrant *Marius* them orecome,
And I in vaine to venge olde wrongs aſpirde.
By baſer meanes I likewiſe ſought her harmes,
Whilſt *Ianus* church imported neuer peace,
I raiſde vp abiect *Spartacus* in armes,
That neere eclipſde *Romes* glorie with diſgrace.
Though I that all the world for help haue ſought,
From *Europe*, *Affrike*, and from *Aſia* thus:
Gaules, *Carthaginians*, and *Cimbers* brought,
Yet did the domage ſtill redound to vs.
Of heauen and earth I all the powres haue prou'd,
And for their wracke haue each aduantage watcht:
But they by forraine force could not be mou'd,
By *Romans*, *Romans* onely may be matcht.
And I at laſt haue kindled ciuill warre,
That from their thoughts which now no reaſon bounds,
Not only lawes, but Natures lawes doth barre,
The ſonne the ſire, the brother brother wounds.
Whilſt th'Eagles are oppoſde to th'Eagles ſo,
O what contentment doth my mind containe:
No wound is wrong beſtow'd, each killes a foe,
What euer ſide doth loſe I alwayes gaine.
But this my ſoule exceedingly annoyes,
All are not ſubiect to the like miſ-hap:

The warre helps some as others it destroyes,
And those that hate me most, haue still best hap.
Whilst with their blood their glory thousands spend,
Ah, ones aduauncement aggrauates my woe:
That vaunts himselfe from *Venus* to descend,
As if he claimd by kinde to be my foe.
I meane the man whose thoughts nought can appease
Whilst them too high a blinde ambition bends,
Whom as her minion Fortune bent to please,
Her rarest treasures prodigally spends.
Not onely hath he daunted by the sword,
The *Gaules*, the *Germans*, and th'*Ægyptians* now,
But of all lordes pretends to be made lord,
That who commaund the world to him may bow.
Thus dispossessing princes of their thrones,
Whilst his ambition nothing can asswage:
That the subiected world in bondage grones,
The prey of pride, the sacrifice of rage.
Men raile on *Ioue*, and sigh for *Saturnes* time,
And to the present still th'Age past preferre:
Then burden would the gods with euery crime,
And damne the heauens where only th'earth doth erre.
Though *Ioue* as stupid still with *Cupid* sportes,
And not the humor of prowd *Cæsar* spies:
That may (if forcing thus the worlds chiefe forts)
More powrefull than the *Titans* scale the skies.
Yet left hee thrall him too that none free leaues,
We from the bounds aboue must him repell:
To brawle with *Pluto* in th'vmbragious caues,
There since he will be first made first in hell.
What? with that tyrant I will strait be euen,
And send his soule to the *Tartarian* groue:
For though *Ioue* be not iealous of his heauen,
Yet *Iuno* must be iealous of her *Ioue*;

And

And though none in the heauens would do him ill,
Ile raiſe vp ſome in th'earth to haſte his death;
Yea though both heauen and earth neglect my will,
Hell can afford me miniſters of wrath.
Ile croſſe *Cocytus* and the ſmoaking lakes,
To borrow all my brothers damned bandes:
The Furies arm'd with firebrands and with ſnakes,
Shall plant their hell where *Rome* ſo ſtately ſtands.
Whilſt by my furie Furies furious made,
Do ſpare the dead to haue the liuing pin'd:
O with what ioy will I that armie leade?
Nought than reuenge more ſweet t'a wronged minde.
Ile once make this a memorable age,
By this high vengeance that I haue conceiu'd:
But what though thouſands die t'appeaſe my rage?
So *Cæſar* periſh, let no ſoule be ſau'd. *Exit.*

Chorus.

VVE ſhould be grieu'd t'offend the gods,
That holde vs in a ballance ſtill;
And as they will,
May weigh vs vp or downe,
Thoſe that by follie ingender pride,
And doe deride
The terrour of th'eternalls roddes,
In ſeas of ſinne their ſoules doe drowne.
And others but abhorre them as vniuſt,
Thoſe that religion want deſerue no truſt.
How dare fraile fleſh preſume to riſe?
Whilſt it deſerues heauens wrath to proue,
On th'earth to moue,
Leſt that it op'ning ſtraight,

Gine

Giue death and buriall both at once:
How dare such ones
Looke vp vnto the skies,
For feare to feele the thunders weight?
All th'elements th'immortalls will attend,
And are as prompt to plague as men t'offend.
None scapes some plague that gods displease:
Then whilst he Bacchus *rites did scorne,*
Was Pentheus *torne:*
The Delians *high disdaine*
Made Niobe *though turnd t'a stone,*
With teares still mone,
And Pallas *spite t'appease,*
Arrachne *weaues loathd webbes in vaine.*
Heauen hath preparde or euer they beginne,
A fall for pride, a punishment for sinne.
Loe Iuno *yet doth still retaine,*
That indignation once conceiu'd,
For wrong receiu'd,
From Paris *as we finde,*
And for his cause, bent to disgrace
The Troyan race,
Doth hold a high disdaine,
Long laide vp in a loftie minde,
We should abstaine from irritating those,
Whose thoughts (if wrongd) not till reuengde repose:
Thus those for Paris *fond desire,*
That of his pleasures had no part,
For them must smart,
Such be the fruites of lust.
Can heauenly breasts so long time lodge,
A secret grudge,
Like mortalls thrall to ire,
Till Iustice whiles doth seeme vniust?

Of all the furies that afflict the ſoule,
Luſt and reuenge are hardeſt to controule:
The gods giue them but rarely reſt,
That do againſt their will contend,
And plagues doe ſpend
That fortunate in nought
Their ſprites being parted from repoſe,
May ſtill expoſe
Th'vpbraiding troubled breaſt,
A prey to each tyrannicke thought:
All ſelfe-accuſing ſoules no reſt can finde,
What greater torment than a troubled minde:
Let vs adore th'immortall powres,
On whoſe decree, of euery thing
The State doth hing,
That farre from barbarous broiles,
We of our life this little ſpace
May ſpend in peace,
Free from afflictions ſhowres,
Or at the leaſt from guiltie toiles,
Let vs of reſt the treaſure ſtriue t'attaine,
Without the which nought can be had but paine.

Act. II. Scene I.

Iulius Cæſar, Marcus Antonius.

Caesar

NOw haue my hopes attain'd th'exſpected hauen,
In ſpite of partiall enuies poiſnous blaſts:
My fortune with my courage hath proou'd euen,
No monument of miſcontentment laſts.
Thoſe that corriualld me, by me orethrowne,
Did by their falles giue feathers to my flight:

Ira-

I rather in some corner liue vnknowne,
Than shine in glorie, and not shine most bright,
What common is to two, rests no more rare,
No Phœnix is in all the world saue one:
Grieu'd of my deedes that any claimes a share,
Would God that I had acted all alone.
And yet at last I neede to mourne no more,
For enuie of the *Macedonians* praise;
Since I haue equalld all that went before,
My deedes in number doe exceede my dayes.
Some earst, (whose deedes rest regiſtred by fame,)
Did from their conquests glorious titles bring:
But greatnes to be great must haue my name,
It's more to be a *Cæsar* than a King.

Ant. Those warlike nations that did nations spoile,
Are by thy legions now, t'our laws made thrall;
What can not vertue doe by time and toile,
True magnanimitie triumphs ouer all.

Cæsar. Th'outragious *Gaules* that in most monstrous (swarmes,
Went wasting *Asia*, thundring downe all things;
And marching ouer the *Macedonians* armes,
Did insolently make and vnmake kings.
Those *Gaules* that hauing the worlds conq'rors foild,
As if the world might not haue matcht them then,
Would sacrilegiously haue *Delphos* spoild:
And warrd against the gods, contemning men,
Yea those whose aunceſtors our cittie burn'd.
The people that the *Romans* onely fear'd:
By me *Romes* nursling matcht and ouermatcht murn'd,
So what they first eclipsd againe they clear'd.
Then as to subiects hauing giuen decrees,
I left the *Gaules* their rash attempts to rue:
And wounding *Neptunes* bosome with wing'd trees,
The world-diuided *Britaines* did subdue.

The *Germans* from their birth inurde to warre,
Whose martiall minds still haughty thoughts haue bred,
Whilst neither men nor walls my course could barre,
Mask'd with my banners saw their *Rhene* runne red,
And th'orientall realmes amidst of late,
My comming and orecomming was but one:
With little paine so *Pompey* was calld great,
That warrd with those whose glorious daies were gone:
But what though thousands set ones praises forth,
For fields which shadowes and not swords obtaind;
Yet th'easie rate but vilifies the worth,
No glorie without labour can be gain'd.
From dangers past my comfort now proceedes,
Since all difficulties I did orecome:
And in few wordes to comprehend my deedes,
Rome conquerd all the world, and *Cæsar Rome.*

Anto. Loe, those that striu'de your vertue to suppresse,
And were opposde to all your actions still:
Whilst labouring but too much to make you lesse,
Haue made you to grow great against your will.
Great *Pompeys* pomp is past, his glorie gone,
And austere *Cato* by himselfe lies killd:
Than dastard *Cicero* more you honors none,
Thus all your foes are with confusion filld.
The Senatours whose wrath could not b'asswag'd,
Long to your preiudice their powre abusde,
Till at their great ingratitude enrag'd,
I saide our swordes would graunt what they refusde.
When hauing scap'd, endanger'd, and despisde,
That *Curio* and I did to your campe resort;
In olde bare gownes like some base slaues disguisde,
All sigh'd to see vs wrongd in such a sort.

Cæsar Th'inhabitants of heauen that know all harts,
They know my thoughts as pure as are their starres:

And

And that constrainde I came from forraigne parts,
To seeme vnciuill in the ciuill warres.
I mooude that warre which all the world bemones,
Being vrgde by force to free my selfe from feares:
Still when my hand gaue wounds, my heart gaue grones,
No *Romans* blood was shed, but I shed teares.
But how could any eleuated spright,
That had for honor hazarded his blood;
Yet yeeld by froward foes outragious spight,
To be defrauded of th'expected good.
When as a multitude of battels wonne,
Had made *Romes* Empire, and my glory great;
And that the *Gaules* (oft vanquishde) had begunne
T'embrace the yoke that they disdainde of late.
Then pompous *Pompey*, my prowd sonne in law,
And *Cato*, that still crossde what I designde,
From fauouring me the people did withdraw,
And vnto me a successour assignde.
Not that he should succeed in dangerous broyles,
But euen through enuie, as thay had ordain'd,
That he might so triumph of all my toyles,
And rob the glory that I dearely gain'd.
Could one with such indignities comport,
That values honor deerer then the light?
No, (whilst my soule rests soueraigne of this fort)
None shall haue power to rob me of my right.
And yet by *Ioue*, that all the world commands,
T'vse any violence I did mislike:
And offred oft t'abandon all my bandes,
If that my enemies would haue done the like.
But the tumultuous multitude that still
As waues with windes are carried with conceits,
With nought but my disgrace would bound their will,
And I committed all vnto the fates.

Yet when at *Rubicon* I ſtood perplex'd,
And weigh'd the horrour of my high attempt,
My ſoule was with a thouſand fancies vex'd,
Which reſolution buried in contempt.
Ant. Nought in a captaine more confounds his foes,
Then ſodaine reſolutions ſwift effects;
For ſo ſurpriz'd ere they their thoughts diſpoſe,
All good aduice prodigious care neglects.
Though when you march'd towards *Rome*, your power
The ſodaine newes ſo thundred in each eare: (was ſmall,
That (as if heauen had falne vpon them all,)
They bred amazement, and th'amazement feare,
Some ſecret deſtinie as then appear'd,
Doth guide mens actions and their iudgements bounds,
Them whom huge armies could not once haue fearde:
A ſhadow or a rumour whiles confounds.
Iſt that th'encroaching danger dulles their ſprits.
And doth preuent their reſolutions power,
Or that ſome deſtinie diſtracts their wits,
When heauens determin'd haue their fatall houre?
Pompey the great that was growne ag'd in armes,
And had triumph'd ouer all the worlds three parts
(Being quite diſcourag'd with imagin'd harmes)
Fled *Rome*, though without reach of th'enemies darts.
Then as t'a torrent all gaue place to you,
Rome whom ſhe cal'd a rebell made her Lord:
Your ſucceſſour *Domitius* forc'd to bow,
Did truſt your fauour more than feare your ſword.
When in th'*Iberian* bounds you did arriue,
There th'aduerſarie that did vainely vaunt,
Had all th'aduantage that the ground could giue,
And wealth of victailes that with vs were ſcant.
Yet the celeritie that you had vſde
Did ſo diſcourage their diſordered band,

That

That (as *Ioue* in their breasts had feare infusde,)
They had no strength against our strokes to stand.
And when *Romes* generall with braue Legions storde
Seem'd to possesse all that his soule requirde,
Whilst vs t'ouerthrow both famine and the sword,
The sea, the land, and all in one conspirde;
Then for your offices they did contend,
As those that of the victorie were sure:
And where they might th'affaires of state attend
In *Rome*, for lodgings fondly did procure.
Yet memorable now that day remaines,
When all the world was in two armies rang'd:
That *Mars* went raging through th'*Aemathian* plaines,
And to dispaires high expectations chang'd.
That famous field when the *Pompeyans* lost,
(As Lyons doe their prey) you did pursue
The scattred remnant of that ruin'd hoste,
On which new heads still like to *Hydra* grew.
Though victorie in *Affricke* fatall seem'de
To any armie that a *Scipio* led;
Yet you shew'd there, for worth in warre esteem'd
That *Rome* a better then a *Scipio* bred:
And all our enemies were confounded thus,
That vs in number euer did surmount;
But *Cæsar* and his fortune were with vs,
Which we did more than many thousands count.
Cæs. The sweetest comfort that my conquests gaue,
It was the meane how to do many good;
For euery day some *Romans* life I saue,
That in the field to fight against me stood.
Thus may my minde be iudg'd by the euent,
That (euen when by my greatest foes assailde)
To win the battell neuer was more bent,
Then prompt to pardon when I had preuailde.

Not couetous of blood of ſpoyles nor harmes,
I (though being victor) did inſult ouer none,
But laid aſide all hatred with my armes,
A foe in fight, a friend when it was gone.
I like the praiſe of clemencie, more then
Of force, that with affliction th'enemie lodes,
For force prooues oft the worſt thing that's in men,
And clemencie the beſt thing in the gods.
Sterne *Cato*, but by *Cato* that would die,
And either death or life, if giuen diſdain'd;
O, I enuie thy death that didſt enuie,
The glory that I ſauing thee had gaind'.
Yet I to rents and dignities reſtore
Euen thoſe that my deſtruction had deſignde:
And O, it doth delight my minde farre more
By benefits then by conſtraint to binde.

Ant. I would haue all my foes brought to their endes.

Cæſ. I rather haue my foes all made my friends.

Ant. Their blood whom I ſuſpect'd ſhould quench all ſtrife.

Cæſ. So might one doe that lik'd of nought but life.

An. Still life would be redeemde from dangers forth.

Cæſ. Not with a ranſome then it ſelfe more worth.

An. Than life to man, what thing more deere ſucceeds?

Cæſ. The great contentment that true glory breeds.

An. Men by all meanes this blaſt of breath prolong,

Cæſ. Men ſhould ſtriue to liue well, not to liue long.

And I would ſpend this momentarie breath,
To liue by fame for euer after death:
For I aſpire in ſpight of fates to liue.

Ant. I feare that ſome too ſoone your death contriue.

Cæſ. Who dare but lodge ſuch thoughts within their mindes.

Ant. Thoſe that the ſhadow of your greatnes blindes.

Cæſ.

Cæs. The best are bound to me by gifts in store.
Ant. But to their countrey they are bound far more.
Cæs. Then loath they me as th'enemie of the state?
Ant. You as th'vsurper of the same they hate.
Cæs. I by huge battels haue enlarg'd their bounds.
An. By that they think your powre to much abounds.
Cæs. Yet I from doing wrong refraine my will.
Ant. They feare your powre, because it may do ill.
Cæs. The present state still miscontentment brings
To factious mindes affecting matters strange,
That burdens to themselues irke of all things;
And so they change, regard not what they change:
In populous townes where many make repaire,
(Whose confluence by conference all things touch)
They further than their bounds extend their care,
The idle that doe nothing, must thinke much.
Lo, *Rome* (though wasted all with ciuill warres,
Whilst priuate grudge pretended publike good;
And that equalitie engendring iarres,
Did proue too prodigall of *Roman* blood;)
Yet hauing through huge toyles attain'd to rest,
That it by yeelding t'one may banish teares:
It if constrain'd disdaines t'imbrace the best,
This word necessitie so woundes the eares.
And th'insolent with vile seditious words,
That trembled whilst they heard the trumpets sound:
Stirre now their tongues, as we did then our swords,
And what *Mars* sparde, make *Mercurie* confound.
The people thus in time of peace agree,
T'abase the greatest still, euen in that forme
As in calme dayes they doe disbranch the tree,
That shrowded them of late against a storme.
But now I look'd for libertie to bost,
That once my deeds triumph'd had ouer enuie:

As all darke ſhadowes doe evaniſh moſt,
Then when the Sunne ſhines higheſt in the skie:
And though their hatred deepely they diſguiſe,
Yet they conceale not ſo their ſoules deſires:
But that their ſpight reſt ſparkling through their eies,
And boſts to burſt out once in open fires.
Ant. Since firſt (great *Cæſar*) I diſcernd thy worth,
On all thy actions I did ſtill attend:
And therefore what ſome whiſper, Ile ſpeake foorth,
T'admoniſh freely it becomes a friend.
Since firſt men did ſuſpect that you aſpire
T'a Monarchie, the gouernement to change;
They in their ſoules your ruine do conſpire,
And their affections farre from you eſtrange.
Since chaſte *Lucretia* by prowd *Tarquin* ſtain'd,
Waſh'd with her blood the violated bed,
Whilſt by his power ſupreame *Rome* was conſtrain'd
All things t'obey, that his curſt braine had bred.
This gouernment which ſome tyrranick call,
It ſounds ſo odious in the peoples eares,
As Tyrants vild, that they deteſt them all
Whoſe greatneſſe giues them any cauſe of feares.
Cæſ. I not affect the title of a king,
For loue of glory, or deſire of gaine,
Nor for reſpect of any priuate thing,
But that the ſtate may by my trauels gaine.
You know *Sibillaes* bookes that neuer faile,
In many mindes haue an opinion bred:
That ouer the *Parthians Rome* cannot preuaile,
Till by a ſoueraigne prince her bands be led.
For as confuſion is the fruit we finde
Of thoſe affaires that diuers thoughts diſpoſe;
So ſoueraigntie match'd with a gallant mind,
Breeds reuerence in ones owne, feare in his foes.

And, O it greeues me that these steps of ours,
Haue trod so oft on many a millions neckes,
Whilst yet the *Parthian* vilipends our powres,
And all our victories vnuanquish'd checkes.
Ah, should a Generall of the *Romane* race
Be by *Barbarians* killd, and not reueng'd?
And should his ensignes, signes of our disgrace,
Rest in the ranke of conquer'd relikes rang'd?
No, no, wretch'd *Crassus*, now thy selfe content,
Ile pacifie thy ghost with *Parthians* spoiles:
For still my boyling fancies haue bin bent (soiles
T'ore-match th'vnmatch'd, and daunt th'vndaunted
Ant. With victories being cloyd, will you not then
Your saftie once, more then new warres respect?
Cæs No, though I haue surmounted other men,
My fancies yet do greater things affect:
In emulation of my selfe at last,
Euen enuiously I looke on mine owne deedes;
And bent to make the new surpasse things past,
Now to my mind old praise no pleasure breeds. (good,
Ant. The world hath seene thee (great man) for *Romes*
In danger oft of many a dangerous shelfe:
Whilst for her glory thou engag'd thy blood,
Of others carefull, careless of thy selfe.
Cæs. Though whilst in th'April of my blooming age,
I from the vulgar rate redeemd my name,
Some with my deeds did burden youths hot rage,
And an ambitious appetite of fame.
Yet since the coldnesse of declining yeares
Bosts to congeale the blood that boild of late,
Whilst else my life the sunne of glory cleares,
That now of all the world remaine most great.
I cannot couet that thing which I haue,
I haue all honour that can be requirde.

And now (as th'only wanted thing) would craue,
To taſte the pleaſures of a life retyrde.
But onely now t'aduance the ſtate I ſtriue,
For, O neglecting th'ecchoes of renowne
I could content my ſelfe vnknowne to liue
A priuate man, with a *Plebeian* gowne.
Since (*Anthonie*) thus for the ſtate I care,
And all delights that nature loues diſdaine:
Go, and in time the peoples mindes prepare,
That as the reſt, I may the title gaine.
Yet indirectly at the firſt, aſſay
To what their doubtfull mindes do moſt incline:
But as without my knowledge, that they may
All marke your minde, and yet not thinke of mine.

Exeunt.

Act. II. Scene. II.

Cicero. Decius Brutus.

Did I ſuruiue th'impetuous *Sillaes* rage,
And in a torrent of deſtruction ſtood:
Whilſt tyrants did make *Rome* a tragicke ſtage,
Through a voluptuous appetite of blood?
Scap'd I confuſion in a time ſo bad,
Of libertie and honour once to taſte,
That bondage now might make my ſoule more ſad,
By the remembrance of my fortunes paſt?
What though I once (when firſt by fame made known)
From *Catilines* ſtrange treaſon did preſerue
This town, that's ſtill endangerd by her owne,
Since firſt the world from equitie did ſwarue?
A ſparke of that conſpiracie remaines,
Not yet extinguiſh'd t'haue our ſtate imbroyld;

That now on *Rome* flames of confusion raines,
Thus one was sparde that we might all be spoild.
O worthy *Cato*, in whose wondrous minde,
Three rarely matcht things Nature did reueale:
Wit, honestie, and courage which designde
A cittizen for *Platoes* common-weale.
Whilst curteous *Pompey* did things as a friend,
Thou as a wiseman spake, and still foretold,
To what all *Cæsars* deedes would turne in th'end,
If that his pride were not in time controlde.
And had we him as wisely thou aduisde,
Giuen to the *Germans* whom he had iniur'd:
We had not now bin thus like slaues despisde,
To see *Romes* glorie, and our owne obscur'd.
But yet I may disbending former cares,
A space comport with that prowd tyrants powres;
Age giues assurance by my witherd haires,
That death will seale my suretie in few howres.
Yet ye whose youth and sprite might haue attaind
Those dignities that *Cæsar* hath vndone:
O ye haue lost as much as he hath gaind,
Whose rising hopes must be retrench'd so soone.
Dec. Though innouations at the first seeme strange,
Yet oft experience approbation brings:
And if with vpright thoughts we weigh this change,
On it the safetie of our cittie hings.
As in the depths dasht with redoubling waues,
A ship by different mindes rests more imbroilde,
So was our cittie plag'd with diuerse lawes,
By th'all-confounding multitude turmoilde.
As whilst t'one sickenesse diuerse drugges are vsde,
Whose powres repugnant in digestion iarre:
Th'impatient patients fancies rest confusde,
So did we long distressd with ciuill warre.

But now great *Cæsar* from tempestuous windes,
Romes scattred ruines recollects of late:
A Pilote meete to calme tumultuous mindes,
A doctor fit for a distemperd state.

Ci. The state from storms secure by drowning proues,
Now whilst despaire doth doubtful feares appease:
He with the life th'infirmitie remoues,
Thus is the physicke worse than the disease.

This commonweale (as whiles the world did spie)
Though some prowd sprites in ciuill warres inuolu'd,
Yet like blacke cloudes that would obscure the skie,
Their tumid humours sodainely dissolu'd.

And no disgrace t'our gouernement redounds,
But to th'ambitious that had it abusde:
Who (had their powre like *Cæsars* wanted bounds)
Had whilst they rulde a greater rigor vsde.

There in all partes are people of all kindes,
And as aduauncde some bad men did abide,
Of powre their equalls, and of better mindes,
Some alwayes vertuous were to curbe their pride.

But since that sacred libertie was lost,
The publike powre t'a priuate vse one turnes:
And as his lawlesse wayes did alwayes bost,
The common weale by violence ore-turnes.

Dec. Though what you burden *Cæsar* with were true,
Him of all crime Necessitie hath clear'd:
That was foes force t'eschew, forcde to pursue,
Whilst by contempt t'attempt gret things being cheerd:

To th'enemies enuie more oblig'd he rests,
Then t'his owne wit that no such courses scand,
Till by being barrd from vsing of requests,
Not lookt for meanes were offred to command.

All to mount high his haughtie thoughts did tempt,
True worth disdaines to suffer open wrong:

And a great courage kindled by contempt,
Must by reuenge be quencht whilst rage makes strong.
Cic. O *Decius*, now a wrong accompt you cast,
Th'intent, and not th'euent defines the minde:
Treade backe the steppes of all his actions past,
And at the marke he hit all aym'd we finde.
As by some sprite inspirde prowd *Scilla* saide,
That there in *Cæsar* many *Marians* were:
And *Rome* was warn'd in time to be afraide
Of the euill-girded youth, with smoothe-comb'd haire.
Then when (as still to quietnesse a foe,)
The memorie of *Marius* he renewd:
By re-erecting tyrants statues so,
His thoughts all bent to tyranny were viewd.
That people-pleaser might haue bin perceiu'd,
By curteous complements beneath his ranke;
That lauishing forth gifts the world deceiu'd,
And to gaine more than his, of his proou'd franke.
Though nought at all indulgent to his wife,
By prostrated pudicitie disgracde:
Yet did he saue th'adultrous *Clodius* life,
To soothe the multitude whose steppes he tracde.
Dec. These be the means by which ambition mounts,
Without most humble, when most high within:
And as it fled from that thing which it hunts,
Still wasting most, when most it mindes to winne.
Cic. And he that still striu'd tyrannie t'embrace,
Was thought conioynd with *Catilin* to bee;
And had wise *Catoes* counsell taken place,
Had with the rest receiu'd his death by me.
Yet hauing suncke himselfe in some mens soules,
He with his partiall faction suting oft:
Did get the consulship which nought controules,
And matching pride with powre did looke aloft.

To

To flatter them that now muſt flatter him,
His powre t'aduaunce vnlawfull lawes preuaild:
And thoſe to croſſe that ſcornd he ſo ſhould clime,
He furniſht was with Force, where Reaſon faild.
But yet becauſe he could not well b'aſſur'd,
T'act all alone according to his will;
To gouerne *Fraunce* he craftily procurde,
So to be ſtrengthned with an armie ſtill;
As *Rome* firſt warr'd at home till being made ſtrong,
She thought her ſelfe of powre the world t'orecome:
So *Cæſar* warr'd againſt ſtrange nations long,
Till that he thought his might might conquer *Rome*.
Then hauing all that force or fate aſſignes,
He cauſe of diſcontentment did pretend;
So to diſſemble fore-conceiu'd deſignes,
One ſoone may finde a fault that ſeekes t'offend.
But when he firſt in a prodigious dreame
His mother ſeemde inceſtuouſly to vſe:
It might haue ſhewne to his eternall ſhame,
How he the bounds that bare him went t'abuſe.
Dec. And yet I thinke auoyding threatned harmes,
He was conſtraind t'imbarke in ciuill broiles:
Did he not couenant to quit his armes,
As not deſirous of his countries ſpoiles?
Cic. Durſt he with thoſe that had his charge confind,
Stand to preſcribe conditions as their mate;
Where t'haue attended and obeyd their minde,
It was his duetie, and their due of late.
What? what? durſt he, whom borne t'obey the law,
The people all did willingly promote;
The ſword which they had giuen, againſt them draw,
When it was ſharpned firſt to cut their throat?
That had not com'd which all our anguiſh breedes,
If he vnforcde, when as his charge expirde,

Till

Till that the Senate censurde had his deedes,
Had from his prouince peaceably retirde.
No, he hath but betraid his natiue towne,
Those bands by which she did him first preferre;
T'extend her borders, and his owne renowne,
Those hath he vsde to tyrannize ouer her.
My passions (ah transported as you see,
With an excessiue loue to my deere soile,)
Haue made my tongue of my hearts store too free,
By flaming forth what in my breast doth boile.
Dec. That *Cæsars* part might iustly be excusde,
Loe, with the cause alleadgd his course accords:
Of which th'humanitie that he hath vsde,
A testimonie to the world affords.
Though forcde to fight, he alwayes had great care,
To saue our Cittizens as each man knowes;
And bade his captaines still all *Romans* spare,
But on *Barbarians* bodies spend their blowes.
Of th'aduersaries after bloudie strife,
When of the might haue made some captiues smart:
Not onelie was he liberall of their life,
But pardond them still to take *Pompeys* part.
Euen at th'infortunate *Pharsalian* field,
When he securely might haue vsde the sword:
He both did spare all th'enemies that would yeeld,
And them to rents and dignities restord.
Then when th'Ægyptians so t'obtaine reliefe,
Brought to his sight pale *Pompeys* bloodlesse head;
He testified with teares his inward griefe,
And gracde his statues after he was dead.
Those his proceedings might appeare t'approue,
That he against his will maintain'd this warre;
And to his countrie beares a tender loue,
That could comport to reine his rage so farre.

Cic. Thoſe counterfeited fauors which he ſhew,
According to ones cuſtome that aſpires,
Were ſpent on many as the world might view,
T'inſinuate himſelfe in their deſires.
But where he thus ſpar'd ſome, he ſpoild' whole hoſts
And the *Barbarians* all to *Rome* not wrought
Such harme as he that of his goodnes boaſts,
Yet her beſt men hath to confuſion brought.
The great man that of no miſhap could pauſe,
But ſtill preuaild, whilſt warring without right,
Armd for the common weale in a good cauſe,
With *Cæſar* did vnfortunately fight.
From *Lesbos* fled with his afflicted wife,
Three baſe-born grooms (can fortune change ſo ſoone)
Stoode to conſult vpon great *Pompeys* life,
And did what thouſands durſt not once haue done.
Then he whoſe knees had oft beene kiſſd by kings,
(Moſt highly happy, had he dide in time)
By one of his owne ſlaues with abiect things,
Had his laſt funeralls framde (O monſtrous crime)
T'entombe *Romes* greateſt captaine all alone,
The Roman that arriu'd with reaſon ſaid,
The fatall glory was too great for one,
And to haue part of that laſt honour ſtaid.
The teares beſtowd by *Cæſar* on his head,
Forth from a guiltie minde remorce had throwne,
Or elſe he wept to ſee his enemy dead,
By any others hands than by his owne.
Then conſtant *Cato* that euen death did ſcorne,
The rare arch-tipe of an accompliſht man,
That liu'd as not t'himſelfe but t'all men borne,
Moou'd by his tyranny to ruine ranne.
He iuſtly whilſt more iuſt, himſelfe more ſtrong
Then *Cæſar* thought, that for no Iuſtice carde,

And since discouering what he cloakd so long,
Said right, that *Cæsar* and not he was snarde.
Thus *Cæsar* conquerd all but *Catocs* minde,
That would not by a tyrants tollerance breathe:
But in such sort his famous course confinde,
Than *Cæsars* life more glorious was his death.
Those great men thus brought to disastrous ends,
The authour of their death make me despise,
That whilst t'vsurpe th'authoritie he tendes,
By treading downe all good men striues to rise.
Now made most great by lessening all the great,
He prowdly doth triumph in *Rome*, ouer *Rome*.
And we must seeme t'applaud thē present state,
Whose doubtfull breath depends vpon his doome.
Yet had I not enlargde my griefes so long,
To you whom *Cæsar* doth pretend to loue;
Wer't not I know touch'd with the common wrong,
A iust disdaine all generous mindes must moue.
Dec. Had *Cæsar* willingly resignd his armes,
And rendred *Rome* her libertie at last,
When as from foes he feard no further harmes,
But had repaird his iust displeasures past.
More then for all the loue thats shewd to me,
He should haue had an Altar in my breast:
As worthy for his vertuous deedes to be
Feard by the bad, and honourd by the best.
But since though conq'ring all the world by might,
He to himselfe a slaue would make *Rome* thrall;
His benefits are loathsome in my sight,
And I am grieu'd that he deserues to fall.
My fancies moue not in so lowe a spheare,
But I disdaine that one ouer *Rome* impires;
Yet it is best, that with the time we beare,
And with our powre proportion our desires.

Though I dissembled first your minde to trie,
And tolde what Fame to *Cæsars* praise relates;
Yet was I pleasde that moe were grieu'd than I,
All mis-contented men are glad of mates.
Cic. Since tyrannie all libertie exiles,
We must our selues no more our selues disguise;
Then learne to maske a mourning minde with smiles,
And seeme t'extoll that which we most despise.
Yet all our deedes not *Cæsars* humor please,
That (since mistrusted once) esteemes vs still
When dumbe disdaineful, flatterers when we praise,
If plaine, presumptuous, and in all things ill.
Yea we, whose freedome *Cæsar* now restraines,
As his attenders all his steppes must trace;
And know, yet not acknowledge his disdaines,
But still pretend t'haue interest in his grace.
Though all my thoughts detest him as a foe,
To honour him a thousand meanes I moue;
Yet But to saue my selfe, and plague him so,
No hate more harmes than it that lookes like loue.
His pride that through prepostrous honour swels,
Hath by the better sort, made him abhorrd;
The gods are iealous, and men enuious els,
To see a mortall man so much adord.
Dec. Well, *Cicero* let all meanes be entertaind,
That may imbarke vs in his bosomes depths,
Till either willingly or then constrain'd,
He iustly quite what he vniustly keepes. *Exeunt.*

Chorus.

THis life of ours is like a Rose,
Which whilst it beauties rare array,

Doth

Doth then enioy the leaſt repoſe
When virgin like it bluſh we ſee:
Then is't of euery hand the prey,
And by each wind is blowne away:
Yea though from violence ſcap'd free,
(Whilſt time triumphs, it leads all thralles)
Yet doth it languiſh and decay.
O Whilſt the courage horteſt boiles,
And that our life ſeemes beſt to be,
It is with dangers compaſt ſtill,
Whilſt it each little change appalles,
The body force without whiles foiles,
It th'owne diſtemprature whiles ſpoiles:
Of which, though none it chance to kill:
As nature failes the bodie falles,
Of which, ſaue death, nought bounds the toyles.
What is this mooning tower in which we truſt?
A little winde cloſd in a cloud of duſt.
And yet ſome ſpirits though here being pent,
In this fraile priſons narrow bounds,
With what might ſuffice not content,
Do alwayes bend their thoughts too hie,
And aime at all the peopled grounds,
Then whilſt their breaſts ambition wounds,
Though feeding as bent ſtraight to die.
They build as they might alwayes liue,
Being famiſhd for fames emptie ſounds:
Of ſuch no end the trauels ends,
But a beginning giues whereby
They may b'imbroild worſe then before,
For whilſt they ſtill new hopes contriue,
Th'exſpected good more anguiſh ſends
Then the poſſeſſde contentment lends,
Like beaſts that taſte not, but deuoure.

They ſwallow much, and for more ſtriue,
Whilſt ſtill their hope new hap attends:
And how can ſuch but ſtill themſelues annoy,
That know to conquere, but not how t'enioy?
Since as a ſhip amidſt the depthes,
Or as an Eagle through the aire,
Of which their way no impreſsion keepes,
Moſt ſwift when ſeeming leaſt to moue:
This breath of which we take ſuch care,
Doth toſſe the bodie euery where,
That it may hence with haſte remoue:
Life ſlippes and ſteepes alwayes away,
Then whence, and as it came goes bare,
Whoſe ſteps behinde no trace doth leaue.
Why ſhould heauen-baniſh'd ſoules thus loue
The cauſe, and bounds of their exile,
Where they as reſtleſſe ſtrangers ſtray,
And with ſuch pain why ſhould they reaue
That which they haue no right to haue:
Which with them ſelues within ſhort while,
As ſommers beauties muſt decay,
And can giue nought except the graue,
Though all things doe to harme him what they can,
No greater enemie then himſelfe to man:
Whilſt oft enuiron'd with his foes
That threatned death on euery ſide,
Great Cæſar parted from repoſe,
As Atlas vnderneath the ſtarres
Did of a world the weight abide.
But ſince a prey t'exceſſiue pride,
More then by all the former warres,
He now by it doth harmde remaine
And of his fortune doth deſide
Made rich by many a Nations wrack,

He breaking through the liquid barres,
In Neptunes *armes his minion forc'd,*
Yet still pursude new hopes in vaine.
Ah, would th'ambitious looking backe,
Of their inferiours knowledge take,
They from huge cares might be deuorc'd,
Whilst veiwing few more wealth attaine,
And many more than they to lacke.
Lo, th'only plague from men that rest doth reaue,
Is valuing what they want, not what they haue.
Since thus the great themselues inuolue
In such a labórinth of cares,
Whence none to scape can well resolue,
But by degrees is forward led
Through waues of hopes, rockes of dispaires:
Let vs anoyd ambitions snares,
And farre from stormes by enuie bred,
Still seeke securely a humble rest,
With mindes where no prowd thought repaires,
That in vaine shadowes doth delight:
Thus may our fancies still be fed
With that which Nature freely giues.
Let vs iniquitie detest,
And hold but what we owe of right,
Th'eyes treasure is th'al-circling light:
Not that vaine pompe for which th'earth striues,
Whose glory but a poysnous pest,
T'orethrow the soule delights the sight,
Ease comes with ease, where all by paine buy paine:
Rest we in peace, by warre let others raigne.

Act. III. Scene. I.

Caius Cassius. Marcus Brutus.

Cassius

NOw, *Brutus* now, we need no more to doubt,
Nor with blind hopes our iudgement to suspend:
Lo, all our exspectations are worne out,
For now it's time t'attempt, and not t'attend.
Th'imperious people that did th'earth appall,
Ah vanquishde by their victories at last,
Are by their too much libertie made thrall,
Since all their strength but serues themselues to cast.
And we that once seemd borne t'aime at great things,
Of the worlds mistresse mightie minions once,
That might haue labor'd to giue lawes to kings,
Lawes from a king, must looke for now with grones.
For such of *Cæsar* is the monstrous pride,
That though he domineers else at this houre,
And to his clients kingdomes doth diuide,
With an vnlimitd tyrranicke power.
Yet of *Dictator* he disdaines the name,
And seekes a tyrants title with the place:
Not for his honour, no, but for our shame,
As onely bent to bragge of our disgrace.
Marc.Brut. I thought to see that man (as others are)
Walke reapparrel'd with a priuate gowne,
As one that had vnwillingly made warre
T'hold vp himselfe, not to cast others downe.
So *Silla*, though more inhumane then he,
Whilst hauing all to what his heart aspirde,
The soueraigntie resign'd, and set *Rome* free
When all such exspectation was expirde.

By

By *Cæsars* worth we muſt thinke that he too,
Will libertie reſtore t'our troubled ſtate:
When firſt the world hath viewd what he might doe,
His thoughts are generous as his minde is great.
And though ſome inſolencies ſcape him whiles,
His dying furie ſparkles but a ſpace:
Nought th'inſpirations quite of *Mars* exiles,
Till one be vſde with th'innocencie of peace.
Thoſe that by violence did t'all things tend,
Scarſe can themſelues t'a quiet courſe conforme:
Their ſtately cariage and franke words offend,
Whilſt peace cannot comport with warres rude forme.
I hope that *Cæſar* ſetling ciuill broyles,
When diſaccuſtomde is inteſtin rage:
Will ſtriue to mitigate his countryes toyles,
Bent all thoſe flames that burn'd his breſt t'aſſwage.
Ca Caſſ. Thus of his courſe you by your own conceiu'd
As if like thoughts of both did bound the will:
Ah, honeſt mindes are with leaſt paine deceiu'd:
Thoſe that themſelues are good dreame not of ill.
But of bad mindes to ſound th'vnſound deuice,
Their inclination muſt your iudgement ſway:
The ſquare of vertue cannot meaſure vice,
Nor yet a line that's ſtraight a crooked way.
So *Cæſar* may preuaile t'vſurpe the ſtate,
He cares not by what violence nor ſleight:
O, one may ſoone deceiue men and grow great,
That leaues religion, honeſtie and right,
When as the *Senatours* (no more their owne)
Came to that Tyrant whom ambition blinds,
And ſhowde him by what honors they had ſhowne,
To gratifie his greatneſſe gratefull mindes.
He in a chaire imperiouſly being plac'd,
Not daign'd to riſe nor bow in any ſort:

As both of them had but their due imbrac'd,
When he a hautie, they an humble port.
But if he thus, ere we be throughly thrall'd
Dare so disdainfully such great men vse:
When in a regall throne by vs install'd
Then will he breake that which he now doth bruse.
Was he not first that euer yet began,
To violate the sacred *Tribuns* place;
And punish'd them for punishing a man,
That had transgressde the lawes in time of peace?
The lawes that doe of death all guiltie hold,
Whose actions seeme to tirranie inclinde:
So earnest were our ancestours of old,
To quensh the light of tyrants ere it shinde:
And shall our Nephews (heires of bondage) blame
Vs dastard parents that their hopes deceiu'd,
That saw, that suffred, that suruiu'd such shame,
Not leauing dead, what we being borne receiu'd?
By *Cæsars* friendes to an assembly brought,
The *Senators* intend to call him king.
Brut. Ile not be there. *Cass.* But what if we be sought
T'assist as Prætors such a publike thing?
Brut. Then ile resist that violent decree;
None of *Romes* crowne shall long securely bost,
For ere that I liue thrall'd, ile first die free:
What can be kept when libertie is lost?
Cass. O with what ioy I swallow vp those wordes,
Words worthy of thy worth, and of thy name:
But *Brutus* be not fearde, this cause affords
Thee many mates in danger, few in fame.
When *Anthonie* prowde *Cæsars* Image crown'd
The people by a silent sorrow told,
In what a depth of woes their thoughts were drown'd
That Comet of confusion to behold.

What

What do those scroules throwne in thy chaire import,
Which what thou art to thy remembrance brings?
Be those the fancies of th'inferiour sort?
No, none but noble mindes dreame of great things.
Of other Pretors people looke for shows,
And distributions whose remembrance dyes:
Whilst bloody fencers fall with mutuall blowes,
And *Affricks* monsters made t'amaze their eyes.
But from thy hands they libertie attend,
A glory hereditarie to thy race,
And following thee their blood will frankly spend,
So thou succeed in thy great parents place;
That *Romes* redeemer once did *Tarquin* foile,
Though from his birth obeyd, and without strife,
Where thou shouldst but th'aspiring tirant spoile,
That would t'extinguish'd tyrrany giue life.
Brut. I weigh thy words, with an afflicted heart,
That for compassion of my countrey bleedes,
And would to God that I might onely smart,
So that all others scap'd th'euill that succeeds.
Then neuer man himselfe from death did free
With a more quiet and contented minde,
Then I would perish, if I both could be
To *Cæsar* thankefull, and t'our countrey kinde.
But though that great mans grace towards mee enlargde
May challenge right in my affections store:
Yet must the greatest debt be first dischargde,
I ow him much, but to my countrey more.
This in my breast hath great dissention bred;
I *Cæsar* loue, but yet *Romes* enemie hate:
And as *Ioue* liues, I could be mou'd to shed
My blood for *Cæsar*, *Cæsars* for the state.
I for my fathers death loathde *Pompey* long,
Whilst iust disdaine did boyle within my breast,

Yet when he warr'd to venge the common wrong,
I ioynde with him becauſe his cauſe was beſt.
A minde t'vſurpe if *Cæſar* now reueale.
I will in time precipitate his end
Thus being ſtill bent t'aduance the Common-weale,
I help'd a foe, and now muſt hurt a friend.
Caſſ. Leaſt of his fauour thou the poyſon proue,
From ſwallowing of ſuch baites (deere friend) beware:
No tyrant (truſt me) can intirely loue,
Nor none that for himſelfe doth only care.
He by ſuch curteſies doth but intend
T'imbaſe thy vertues, vndermine thy minde,
And thy ſuſpected courage to disbend,
Yea (though with ſilken bonds he would thee binde.)
This of all tyrants is the common tread,
To wreake all thoſe in whom moſt worth he findes:
Or (whilſt that terrors toſſe his iealous head,)
T'vſe ſubtilties t'amuſe the greateſt mindes:
As when we for the Pretorſhip did ſtriue,
Then both were held in hope that ſo deceiu'd
We others harmes might ſtudie to contriue,
Through emulation and diſdaine conceiu'd.
Thus ſubtill *Cæſar* by ſuch ſleights hath toyld
To ſow diſſention, that we both may pauſe
Of priuate wrongs; and by ſuch means imbroil'd,
Still courting him, neglect the common cauſe.
But nought from others muſt our thoughts eſtrange,
That muſt in time the tyrants courſe reſtraine:
Let other men lament, we muſt reuenge,
I ſcorne to beare a ſword and to complaine.
Brut. Though *Cæſar* (now) I muſt conſpire thy fall,
My heart towards thee, yet neuer harbor'd hate:
But (pardon me) who euer make it thrall,
From bondage *Brutus* muſt redeeme the ſtate,

Of this my course what euer others iudge,
Heere I protest it is for good design'd;
My thoughts are guiltie of no priuate grudge,
For reason, and not furie moues my minde.
Nor is't ambition that inflames my breast,
With a prodigious appetite to raigne,
That when I haue made *Cæsar Plutoes* guest,
I in his rowme a monarch may remaine.
No, if that glorie did my fancies charme,
To which blind-folded tyrants doe aspire;
I needed not to do, nor suffer harme,
But with lesse paine might compasse my desire.
For if I would but temporize a space,
Till Time, or Death diminish *Cæsars* might.
He thinkes that I deserue t'enioy his place,
And I could make my day succeede his night.
Yet doe I not endeere my selfe so much,
That Ile seeke honor by my countries shame,
But O, I would (my zeale to it is such)
To saue it from reproch seeme worthy of blame.
Yea so, that I may free with honourd wounds,
My soile than is my soule more deere to me:
I care not strait to be barr'd from the bounds,
That at so deere a rate I would set free.
Cass. What man doth breath of *Mars* his martiall race,
But will with *Brutus* sacrifice his blood,
And chargde with armes ere tyranie take place,
Dare venture all things for his countries good?
Can any iudgement be deceiu'd so farre,
But that it elfe most cleerely may beholde,
How that this change *Romes* greatnes strait will marre,
And raze the trophees that she rear'd of olde.
Of olde in *Rome* all those that once had worne
The peace-importing gowne, or warrelike shield,

Of dignities as capable being borne,
Durſt aime at all that libertie could yeeld.
Thoſe in affaires to deale that would ſet forth,
Were not diſcourag'd by their birth, though baſe,
And pouertie could not holde backe true worth,
From hauing honour both by warre and peace.
Then emulation violently driu'd
All gallant mindes t'attempt great actions ſtill;
That in the loue of vertue riualls liu'd,
Whilſt Glorie in their boſomes balme did ſtill.
Fabricius firſt was from the plow aduaunced,
The rudder of the commonwealth to hold;
Yet by no meanes his priuate wealth enhaunced,
As rich in vertue ſtill, as poore in golde.
Rude *Marius* too, to match red *Mars* in fame
Forth from the vulgar droſſe his race remou'd,
And loe, of *Cicero* the ridiculous name,
As famous as the *Fabians* now hath prou'd.
Each abiect mind diſdaind to be obſcure,
When ſtill preferrement followd loftie cares,
And that one might by dangers paſt procure,
Fame to himſelfe, and honour to his heires.
But ſince that ſtate by *Cæſar* is oreturn'd,
Whilſt all our liues depend vpon ones lips;
Of breaſts that once with loue of glorie burn'd,
From ſoaring thoughts this courſe the feathers clips.
Aduauncement now attends not on deſert,
But on th'opinion of a flattred minde;
That to th'applauding hireling doth impart,
High honours that true worth can hardly finde.
To theſe all tyrants moſt addicted proue,
Whom without reaſon they haue raiſde too hie,
As thinking thoſe that ſtand but by their loue,
To entertaine the ſame all meanes muſt trie.

Where they whose vertue reapes a due reward,
Not building onely on th'aduauncers grace,
Doe by deserts not gaine so great regarde,
Whilst they maintaine, as they obtaine their place.
And if a worthie man to worke great things,
Wing'd with th'vsurpers fauors raise his flight.
The highest course to him most harme still brings,
That till he fall, can not haue leaue to light.
Those that by force would haue th'affection mou'd,
When willingly men hold such gallants deare.
They rage that any should be freely lou'd,
Whose vertue makes their vice more vile appeare.
The man that now to be preferrd aspires,
Must with effronted flatteries seruile forme,
Still soothing *Cæsar*, seale all his desires,
And in some shadow lurke t'auoyde a storme,
A number elſe of that prowd rebells foes,
Grieu'd to behold th'occasion of their griefe.
Striue in obscuritie t'entombe their woes,
So waiting, and not working for reliefe.
But we whose lofty mindes disdaine to lowre,
As those that seeke but their owne safetie thus;
When shall we spend an indignations powre,
Thats worthy of true Romans, and of vs;
Since no indignitie resolu'd t'indure,
I see our mindes doe simpathize in this,
Should we by suffering seeke to liue secure,
Whose action must amend what is amisse?
No, no such abiect thought must staine our breast,
To cure calamitie but by discourse,
Whilst but like beasts, affecting foode and rest,
Where men by reason should direct their course.
Like those of other parts secure from strife,
If *Cæsar* had bin borne, or chusde our Prince,

Then

Then thoſe that durſt attempt to take his life,
The world of treaſon iuſtly might conuince.
For ſtill the ſtates that flouriſh for the time,
By ſubiects ſhould b'inuiolable thought;
And thoſe no doubt commit a monſtrous crime,
That lawfull ſoueraignty prophane in ought.
And we muſt thinke (though now being brought to bow,
The Senate king, a ſubiect *Cæſar* is,
Th'authoritie that violating now,
The world muſt damne as hauing done amiſſe.
We will (deare *Caſſius*) for our countries ſake,
Our ſelues expoſe to danger, or to death;
And let vs now aduiſe what courſe to take,
Whilſt nought but th'aire can beare away our breath.
Caſſ. I thinke this matter needes not many wordes,
Since but one deede can bound the common ſhame;
In *Cæſars* bodie we muſt ſheathe our ſwordes,
And by his death our libertie reclame.
But ſince his fortune did confound them all,
That in the fields to match him did beginne;
Whilſt he by thouſands made their bands to fall,
With hoarie legions alwayes vſde to winne.
As *Pompeys*, *Scipioes*, and *Petreius* ghoſts,
In lightleſſe ſhades may by experience tell,
That after th'ouerthrow of their numbrous hoſts,
All famous (though infortunately) fell,
And ſince prouided for the *Parthian* warre,
His armie in armes attends on his decree,
Where we ſequeſtred from ſuch forces farre,
Would, if ſuſpected, ſtrait preuented be;
With ſome few friends, whom all things now t'aſſay,
A loue to vs, or to their countrie bindes,
We to his wracke muſt walke another way,
Whilſt ere our tongues, our handes doe tell our mindes.

Now

Now when most high, and therefore hated most,
Th'assembled Senate seekes to make him king;
We must goe giue the blow before we boast,
And him to death, *Rome* out of bondage bring.

Brut. In all this course I onely one thing blame,
That we should steale, what we may iustly take,
By clothing honour with a cloake of shame,
Which may our cause (thogh good) more odious make.

O, I could wish, with honourable wounds
T'affront *Romes* enemy in the battells dust;
No sweeter musicke than the Trumpets sounds,
When Right and Valour keepe a consort iust.

Then free if quicke, else dead for nought being feard,
I alwayes once contented might remaine;
What tombe t'a man more glorious can be rear'd,
Than mountaines made of them that he hath slaine?

But how are my transported thoughts growne such,
That they disdaine a measure now t'admit?
As bent not what to doe, but to do much,
I on the throne of Glorie striu'd to sit.

No, to the state me from my selfe I giue,
Free from particular respects, t'expose
My life and all for it, and whilst I liue,
So that it gaine, I care not what I lose.

Ile neuer rest till he for euer rest,
That giues my country such a cause of griefe;
And that t'effect no forme I will detest,
Nor for my fame endanger *Romes* reliefe.

But (worthy *Cassius*) ere we further doe,
Let vs the mindes of our familiars feele,
Of which I hope to haue assistance too,
Who will not hazard for his countries weale.

Cass. Now whilst my soule rests rauisht in a traunce,
I thinke I see great *Rome* her courage raise,

Bent to beat th'aire with songs, th'earth with a daunce,
And crowne thy vertues with deserued praise.

Act. III. Scene II.

Marcus Brutus, Portia.

Brutus MY deareſt halfe, my comfort, my delight,
That onely seru'ſt to sweeten all my sowres,
Thou in my bosome vſde t'vncharge thy spright,
And in my presence sparde afflictions powres.
Still when domeſtike broiles disturbde thy reſt,
Whilſt by thy selfe thou labord for reliefe,
Thou with calme wordes disguiſde a stormie breaſt,
Leſt I had bin infected with thy griefe:
For such of me was thy reſpectiue care,
No cauſe of miſcontentment was made knowne,
But with affections colors painted faire,
All that might make me glad, was gladly ſhowne.
What makes thee then thy courage thus to loſe,
That thou can looke ſo ſad, and in my ſight?
Lend me (deere loue) a portion of thy woes,
A burden being diuided doth grow light.
I ſee the Roſes fading in thy face,
The Lillies languiſh, Violets take their place.
Port. Thou haſt (deere Lord) preuented my deſigne,
Which was to aske of thee, what makes me pale;
If *Phœbus* had no light, could *Phœbe* ſhine?
No, with the cauſe of force th'effect muſt faile.
The mirrour but giues backe as it receiues,
A iuſt reſemblance of th'obiected forme:
And ſuch impreſſion as th'engrauer leaues,
The wax retaines ſtill to the ſtampe conforme.

O I'm the mirrour that reflects thy minde,
According to the influence of thine eies,
I take the state in which thy state I finde,
Such is my colour as thy countnance dies.
Then how can I reioyce whilst thou art sad,
Whose breast of all thy crosses is the scroule?
I am still as thou art, if grieu'd, or glad,
Thy bodies shadow, th'essence of thy soule.
On that great planet that diuides the yeares,
As th'increase of th'inferiour fields depends;
And as it doth euanish, or appeares,
In th'earths cold bosome life beginnes, or ends:
Sunne of my soule, so I subsist by thee,
Whose course rests to thy secret motions thrall,
For when thou art from cloudie fortunes free,
I rise in ioyes, but if thou faint, I fall.

Bru. This countnance with my custome but accords,
That as you know yet neuer from my birth,
Light gestures vsde ioynd with lasciuious words,
Nor yet ridiculous fashions that mooue mirth.
My melancholious nature feedes on cares,
Whilst smotherd sorrow by a habite smokes,
A thoughtfull breast thats burdend with affaires,
Doth make a silent mouth, and speaking lookes.
As for my paleneſſe it imports but good,
Th'abasing of the bodie mounts the mind:
Where fatneſſe com'd from food, but serues for food,
In fatteſt bodies leaneſt sprites we finde.
Ah, since I saw th'abhorr'd *Thessalian* bounds
All drench'd with blood of Senators and kings:
(As if my soule yet smarted in their wounds,)
A secret sorrow oftentimes me stings.
But since thy famous father with strange blowes,
In the most hideous form affronted death,

To him my minde a ſad remembrance owes,
Which ſorrow ſhall exact ſtill whilſt I breath.
Yet am I grieu'd t'haue giuen thee cauſe of griefe,
That thought ſome new miſ-hap did me diſmay;
To ſuch olde ſoares it's worſt to giue reliefe,
But time in end may weare my woes away. (ceale?
Por. Why ſhouldſt thou ſo from me thy thoghts con-
From thine owne ſoule that in thy boſome ſleepes,
To whom, though ſhewne, thou doſt them not reueale,
But in thy ſelfe more inwardly them keepſt?
And thou canſt hardly hide thy ſelfe from me,
That ſtraight in thee each alteration ſpie,
I can comment on all that comes from thee,
True loue ſtill lookes with a ſuſpitious eye.
Reſts not within our boſome euery thought,
Tun'd by a ſimpathy of mutuall loue?
Thou marrſt the muſicke if thou change in ought,
Which ſtraight by my diſtemperature I proue.
Soule of my ſoule, vnfold what is amiſſe,
My minde ſome great diſaſter doth diuine,
And euen excuſe my courioufneſſe in this,
Since it concernes thy ſtate, and therefore mine.
Brut. I wonder that thou doſt thy frailtie ſhew,
All women are by nature curious ſtill;
And yet till now thou neuer crau'd to know,
More then I pleaſde t'impart of my free will.
Nought ſaue the wife a man within the wallès,
Nor nought ſaue him without fits her t'embrace:
And it's vnſeemely though it ſometime falles,
When any ſexe vſurpes anothers place.
Deere, to their wounted courſe thy cares inure;
I may haue matters that import the ſtate,
Whoſe opning vp might my diſgrace procure,
Whoſe weight would for thy weakneſſe be too great.

Port.

Port. I was not (*Brutus*) match'd with thee, to bee
A partner only of thy boorde and bed,
Each seruile whore in those might equall me,
That did her selfe to nought but pleasure wed;
No, *Portia* spousde thee with a minde t'abide
Thy fellow in all fortunes, good, or ill.
With chaines of mutuall loue together tyde, (will.
As those that haue two breasts, one heart, two soules, one
With sacred bands whom holy *Hymen* bindes,
They tweene them should communicate all things;
Yea both the bodies labors, and the mindes,
Whence either pleasure or displeasure springs.
If thus thou seeke thy sorrowes to conceale
Through a disdaine, or a mistrust of me;
Then to the world what way can I reueale,
How great a matter I would doe for thee.
And though our sexe too talkatiue be deem'd,
As those whose tongues import our greatest powres,
For secrets still bad treasurers esteem'd
Of others greedy, prodigall of ours;
Good education may reforme defects,
And I this vantage haue t'a vertuous life,
Which other mindes do want, and mine respects:
I'm *Catoes* daughter, and I'm *Brutus* wife;
Yet would I not repose my trust in ought,
Still thinking that thy crosse was great to beare,
Till that my courage was t'a triall brought,
Which suffring for thy cause can nothing feare.
For first t'experience how I could comport,
With sterne afflictions spirit-enfeebling blowes,
Ere I would seeke t'assault thee in this sort,
To whom my soule a duteous reuerence owes.
Loe, heere a wound, which makes me not to smart,
Though by my selfe being made, to make me knowne,

Since thy distresse strikes deeper in my heart,
Thy griefe (lifes ioy) makes me neglect mine owne.
Brut. Thou must (deare loue) that which thou sought
Thy heart so high a saile t'a tempest beares, (receiue,
That thy great courage doth deserue to haue
Our enterprise entrusted to thine eares.
Thy magnanimitie preuailes so farre,
That it my resolution must controule:
And of my bosome doth the depths vnbarre,
To lodge thee in the centre of my soule.
Thou seest in what a state the state now stands,
Of whose strong pillars *Cæsar* spoil'd the best:
Whilst by his owne preuenting others handes,
Our famous father fell amongst the rest.
That insolent vsurper doth presume
To re-erect detested *Tarquines* throne,
Thus the worlds mistresse all-commanding *Rome*,
Must entertaine no minion now but one.
Th'old blood of *Mars* that marks to what he tends,
Swells with disdaine, their countryes scorne to see,
And I'm one of the number that intends
By his death, or mine owne, to be made free.
Port. And without me can thou resolue so soone
T'assay the dangers of a doubtfull strife?
As if dispair'd and alwayes to b'vndone,
Being tyr'd of me, yea tyr'd of thy life.
Yet since thou thus thy rash designe hath shownе,
Leaue *Portias* portion, venter not her part:
Endanger nought but that which is thine owne,
Go where thou lik'st, I will hold still thy heart.
But left by holding of thy best part backe,
That th'other perish t'aggrauate my grones,
That would be so thonght guiltie of thy wrack,
Take all thy treasure to the Seaes at once.

Like

Like th'*Asian* Monarks wife that with short haires,
(Sad signes of bondage) past still where he past,
To weare away, or beare away thy cares,
Ile folow thee, and of thy fortune taste.
These hands that were with my owne blood imbru'd,
To strike another may more strength afford:
At least when thou by th'enemie art pursu'de,
Ile set my selfe betwixt thee and his sword.
But if too great a priuiledge I claime,
Whose actions all should be disposde by thee:
Ah, pardon me (deare *Brutus*,) do but blame
These my excessiue sorrowes, and not mee. (deare mate,
Brut. Thou ask'st what thou shouldst giue, forgiue
This ventrous course of mine, which must haue place,
Though it make fortune tyrant of our state,
Whose fickle foot-steps vertue grieues to trace.
And wonder not, though this towards thee I proue,
Since priuate passions now all powre haue left;
For I regard not glory, profit, loue,
Nor no respect that doth import me most:
So to the land of which I hold my life,
I may performe the worke that I intend,
Let me be call'd vnkind vnto my wife:
Yea worst of all, ingrate vnto my friend:
But as th'instinct of nature makes vs know,
There are degrees of dutie to be past:
Of which the first we to th'immortalls owe,
The next t'our Country, and t'our friends the last.
Prowd tyrants from his natiue bounds to driue,
Did th'author of my race with ardent zeale,
Make those to die whom he had made to liue,
And spoild himselfe to aduance the commonweale?
To raise the state which *Cæsar* now ore-throwes,
That bred so many braue men whilst it stood,

He

He with the Tyrant interchanging blowes,
Moſt glorioufly did offer vp his blood.
And did that man t'oppreſſe the common fo,
Then damne his ſonnes to death: and with drie eyes?
And is his ſucceſſor degenerd ſo,
That he in abiect bondage baſely lyes?
No, his poſteritie his name not ſtaines,
That t'imitate his ſteps doth yet draw neere;
Yet of his ſpirit in vs ſome ſparke remaines,
That more then life our libertie hold deare.
Port. Then proſecute thy courſe, for I proteſt,
Though with ſome griefe, my ſoule the ſame approues:
This reſolution doth become thy breaſt,
Where in the ſpheare of honor vertue moues.
And doe this interpriſe no more deferre,
What thee contents, to me contentment brings;
I to my life thy ſaftie doe preferre,
But hold thy honor deare aboue all things.
It would but let the world my weakneſſe ſee,
If I ſought my delights, not thy deſires:
Though it giue griefe, and threaten death to me,
Goe follow forth that which thy fame requires.
Though nature, ſexe, and education breed
No power in me, that's with my purpoſe euen;
Ile lend aſſiſtance to th'intended deed,
If vowes and prayers may penetrate the heauen:
But difficulties huge my fancie findes,
Saue the ſucceſſe nought can defray my feare:
Ah, *Fortune* alwayes frownes on worthy mindes,
As hating all that truſt in ought ſaue her.
Yet I diſpaire not but thou may preuaile,
And by this courſe t'appeaſe my preſent grones,
I this aduantage haue which cannot faile,
Ile be a freemans wife, or elſe be nones.

For if all prosper not as we pretend,
And that the heauens *Romes* bondage do decree,
Straight with thy libertie my life shall end,
Who haue no comfort but what comes from thee.
My father hath me taught what way to die,
By which if I be barr'd t'encounter death,
Another meanes (though farre more strange) Ile trie,
For after *Brutus* none shall see me breathe.
Brut. Thou for my cause abandon'd others else,
But now forsak'st thy selfe t'adhere to me,
That of thy passions thus the powre repells,
And with thy minde discords with mine t'agree.
Ile since by thee approou'd securely goe,
And vilipend the dangers of this life,
Heauens make my enterprise to prosper so,
That I prooue worthy of so worthy a wife.
But ah! of all thy words those grieue me most,
That bost me with th'abridgement of thy dayes;
What? though I in so good a cause were lost,
None flies th'appointed fate that for him staies.
Do not defraud the world of thy rare worth,
But of thy *Brutus* the remembrance loue,
And from so faire a prison breake not forth,
Till first the fates haue forcde thee to remoue.
Port. I feare the heauens haue our confusion sworne,
Since this ill age can with no good accord;
Thou and my father (ah) should haue bin borne,
When Vertue was aduaunced, and Vice abhorrd.
Then ere the light of vertue was declinde,
Your worth had reuerencde bin, not throwne away,
Where now ye both haue but in darkenes shinde,
As starres by night, that had bin sunnes by day.
Brut. My treasure, striue to pacifie thy breast,
Lest sorrowes but sinistrously presage,

That which thou would not wish, and hope the best,
Though vertue now must act on Fortunes stage. *Exeunt.*

Chorus.

THan libertie of earthly things
What more delights a generous breast?
That doth receiue,
And can conceiue,
The matchlesse treasure that it brings;
It making men securely rest,
As all perceiue,
Doth none deceiue,
Whilst weigh'd with doubts none ballanc'd hings,
But fear'd for nought, doth what seemes best:
Then men are men when they are all their owne,
Not but by others badges when made knowne.
Yet should we not mis-spending houres,
A freedome seeke, as oft it falles,
With an intent,
But to content
These vaine delights and appetites of ours,
For then but being made greater thralles,
We might repent,
Our not being pent
In stricter bounds by others powres,
VVhilst feare licentious thoughts appalles:
Of all the tyrants that the world affords,
Ones owne affections are the fiercest Lords.
As Libertines those onely liue,
That from the bands of vice set free,
Vile thoughts cancell,
And seeke t'excell
In all that doth true glorie giue,

From which when as no tyrants be,
Them to repell,
And to compell
They deedes against their thoughts to striue,
They blestare in a high degree,
For such of fame the scroules can hardly fill,
Whose wit is bounded by anothers will.
Our aunceſtiers of olde ſuch prou'd,
That Rome *from* Tarquins *yoke redeemde,*
Who firſt obtaind,
And then maintaind
Their libertie ſo deerely lou'd;
They from all things that odious ſeemd,
Though not conſtraind,
Themſelues reſtraind,
And willingly all good approu'd,
Bent to be much, yet wel eſteemd;
And how could ſuch but aime at ſome great end,
Whom libertie did leade, and glory attend?
They leading valerous legions foorth,
Though wanting kings, triumph'd ouer kings,
And ſtill aſpir'd,
By Mars *inſpir'd*
To conquer all from South to North;
Then lending Fame their Eagles wings,
They all acquir'd,
That was requir'd,
To make them rare for rareſt things,
The world being witneſſe of their Worth:
Thus thoſe great minds that domineer'd ouer all.
Did make themſelues firſt free, then others thrall:
But we that hold nought but their name,
From that to which they in times gone,
Did high aſcend,

Muſt low diſcend,
And bound their glory with our ſhame.
Whilſt on an abiect tyrants throne
We baſely attend,
And doe intend,
Vs for our fortune ſtill to frame,
Not it for vs, and all for one:
As libertie a courage doth impart,
So bondage doth disbend, els breake the heart.
Yet O, who knowes but Rome *to grace,*
Another Brutus *may ariſe,*
That may effect
What we affect:
And Tarquins *ſteppes make* Cæſar *trace,*
Though ſeeming dangers to diſpiſe,
He doth ſuſpect,
What we exſpect,
Which from his breaſt hath baniſh'd peace,
Though fairely he his feares diſguiſe:
Of tyrants th'iniurie reuenge affords,
All feare but theirs, and they feare all mens ſwords.

Act. IIII. Scene. I.

Decius Brutus Albinus, Marcus Brutus.
Caius Caſſius.

Brutus

DEare coſin, *Caſsius* did acquaint mine eares,
With a deſigne that toſs'd my minde a ſpace,
For when ſtrange newes a ſtrangers breath firſt beares,
Then ſhould not truſt t'each raſh report giue place.
I would not then diſcouer what I thought:
Leſt he t'entrap my tongue a ſnare had fram'd,

Till

Till I with thee t'a conference first was brought,
Whom he for patron of his purpose namde.
One should beware to whom his minde he leaues,
In dangerous times when tales by walles are tolde,
Men make themselues most miserably slaues,
Of those to whom their secrets they vnfolde.
M.Bru. As *Cassius* tolde thee pittying *Romes* distresse,
That t'our disgrace in bondage doth remaine,
We straight intend what euer we professe,
With *Cæsars* blood to wash away this staine.
Though for this end a few sufficient are,
To whom their vertue courage doth impart,
Yet were wee loath to wrong thy worth so farre,
As of such glorie to giue thee no part.
Since both this cause, and that thy name thee binde,
In this aduentrous band to be compriſde,
There needes no rhetoricke to raise thy minde,
That t'execute which thou should haue deuisde.
D.Bru. I thoght no creature shuld my purpose know
But he whose intrest promisde mutuall cares,
Of those to whom one would his secrets show,
No greater pledge of trust than to know theirs.
As when two meet being mask'd (though whiles neare
With them as strangers no respect takes place, (frends)
But when that friendship one of them pretends,
Then th'other likewise doth vncloude his face:
So as thou first, Ile now at last be bold
My breast with the same birth long great hath gone,
Yet I t'another durst it not vnfolde,
Nor yet attempt to compasse it alone.
But since this course, of which I long did pause,
On such great pillars now so strongly stands,
Whose countnaunce may giue credite t'any cause,
It hath my heart, and it shall haue my hands.

C. Cass. T'our enterprise propitious signes are sent,
So that the gods would giue vs courage thus,
For all that euer heard of our intent,
Would willingly engage themselues with vs,
Let other men discourse of vertuous rites,
Ours but by th'action only should be showne,
Bare speculation is but for such sprites,
As want of powre or courage keepes vnknowne,
In those that Vertue view when crown'd with deeds,
Whose beauties through the glasse of glory shinde,
Sh'a violent desire t'imbrace her breedes,
As th'adamant to th'yrne being to the minde.
What though a number now in darkenesse lies,
That are too weake for matters of such weight,
We that are eminent in all mens eies,
Let vs still hold the height of honour straight. (thus
M. Br. Whilst that our faction might be strengthned
I labord much to purchase all their powres,
Whom hate towards *Cæsar*, loue to *Rome*, or t'vs,
Might moue t'imbarke in those great hopes of ours.
By sickenesse being imprison'd in his bed,
Whilst I *Ligarius* spide whom paines did pricke,
When I had said with words that anguish bred,
In what a time *Ligarius* art thou sicke.
He answerd straight as I had phisicke brought,
Or that he had imagin'd my designe,
If worthy of thy selfe thou wouldst do ought,
Then *Brutus* I am whole, and wholie thine.
Since *Cæsar* cause him be accusde of late,
For taking *Pompeys* part, yet at this houre,
He (though absolu'd) doth still the tyrant hate,
For being endangerd by his lawlesse powre.
Whilst it exasprates thus such great sprites spites,
Heauen of our course the progresse doth direct,

One

One inspiration all our soules incites,
That haue aduisdly sworne this fact t'effect.
D.Br. So I with *Cicero* did conferre at length,
Who I perceiue the present state detests,
And though that age deminisht haue his strength,
In him a will t'auenge his country rests.
M Br. That man whose loue stil towards his country
Would willingly the commonwealth restore,
Then he I know, though he conceales his minde,
None *Cæsar* more dislikes, nor likes vs more.
Yet to his custodie Ile not commit,
The secrets of our enterprise so soone,
Men may themselues be oftentimes not fit,
To doe the things that they would wish were done,
He still being timorous, and by age growne worse,
Might chance to lay our honor in the dust,
All cowards must inconstant be of force,
With bold designes none fearefull breasts can trust.
Then some of ours would holde their hands still pure,
That ere they be suspected, for a space
Amidst the tumult may remaine secure,
And with the people mediate our peace.
But who than *Tullius* fitter for that turne,
Whose eloquence is vsde t'enchant their eares?
His banishment they in blacke gownes did mourne,
Whose age and merites each one reuerence beares.
C.Cas. Those studious wits that haue through dangers
Would still be out, ere that they enter in;
Who muse of many things, resolue of none,
And thinking of the end, cannot beginne.
The mind that lookes no further than the eie,
And more to Nature trusts, than vnto Art,
Such doubtfull fortunes fittest is to trie,
A furious actor for a desprate parte.

We haue enow, and of the beſt degree,
Whoſe hands are to their hearts, their hearts t'vs true,
And if that we ſeeke moe, I feare we be
T'act cloſe too many, if diſcloſde, too few.
Let vs aduiſe with an induſtrious care,
Now ere the tyrant intercept our mindes;
The time, the place, the manner, when, and where,
That we ſhould truſt our treaſure to the windes.
And ſince our fortunes in the ballance hing,
Let euery point be circumſpectly weigh'd,
A circumſtance, or an indifferent thing,
May whiles marre all for not being well conueigh'd.
M.Br. As for the time, none could be wiſh'd more fit,
Than this thats preſent to performe our vow,
Since all the people muſt allow of it,
Mou'd by a recent miſcontentment now.
When repreſented in his triumph paſt,
Great *Catoes* mangled entrailes made them weepe,
And deſprate *Scipio* whilſt he leap'd at laſt,
To ſeeke a Sanctuarie amidſt the depth.
Then all thoſe great men that in ſeuerall partes,
Bent for *Romes* freedome *Cæſar* did ouerthrow,
Did by their pictures pierce the peoples harts,
And made a pitteous (though a pompous) ſhow.
So that they did conceiue a iuſt diſdaine,
To be vpbraided in ſo ſtrange a ſort,
Whilſt he that onely by their loſſe did gaine,
Of their calamitie but made a ſport.
But yet his purpoſe grieues them moſt of all,
Since that he ſtriues to be proclaimd a King,
And not contents himſelfe to make vs thrall,
But to perpetuall bondage would vs bring.
Thus whilſt the people are with him diſpleaſde,
We beſt may doe that which t'our part belongs;

For after this they may be best appeas'd,
If whilst their wrath doth last we venge their wrongs.
And since we nought intend but what is right,
Whilst from our countrey we remooue disgrace:
Let all be acted in the Senates sight,
A common cause, and in a common place.
Let those whose guiltie thoughts doe damne their deeds
In corners like *Mineruaes* birds abide:
That which t'our countrey good, t'vs glory breeds,
May by the lights of heauen and earth be tryde.
The Senatours by our ensample mou'd,
Pleasde with this action that imports them too,
To haue the yoke of tyrranie remou'd,
May at the least authorize what we doe.
So all the Senatours were said of old,
To haue king *Romulus* amongst them torne:
That than to tyrranize was growne to bold,
And from his first humanitie had worne.
D.Brut. Yea, what though *Cæsar* were immortall made
As *Romulus*, whose deitie him reuiues?
It's easier as a God t'adore him dead,
Then as a king t'obey him whilst he liues.
C.Cass. That place indeed, most for our glory makes,
A Theater worthy of so great an act:
Where in their sight from whom most power he takes,
We of the tyrant vengeance may exact.
But I must recommend vnto your minde,
A course (though strict) of which we must allowe,
Least it ore-throw all that we haue design'd,
Being past recouerie, if neglected now,
There is *Antonius Cæsars* greatest friend,
A man whose nature tyrranie affects,
Whom all the souldiors doe delight t'attend,
As one that nought but to command respects.

I feare that he when we haue *Cæsar* slaine,
To th'other faction furnish still a head:
So when we ende, we must beginne againe,
Against one liuing worse then he that's dead.
And in my iudgement, I would thinke it best,
When sacrifiz'd the prowd vsurper lyes,
That that seditious enemie of rest,
Should fall with him with whom he first did rise,
Thus of our libertie we now may lay,
A solid ground that can be shak'd by none:
Those of their purpose that a part delay
Two labours haue, that might haue had but one.
M. Brut. I cannot *Cassius* condiscend to kill
(Thus from the path of Iustice to decline)
One faultlesse yet, lest after he prooue ill,
So to preuent his guiltinesse by mine.
No, no, that neither honest were, nor iust,
Which rigorous forme would but the worlde affright:
Men by this meane our meaning might mistrust,
And for a little wrong damne all that's right;
If we but only kill the common foe,
Our zeale t'our countrey must acquire due praise:
But if like Tyrants tyrannizing so,
We will be thought that which we raze to raise.
And where we but intend t'aduance the state,
Though by endangering what we hold most deare;
If slaying him as arm'd e by priuate hate,
We to the world still partiall will appeare.
Ah, ah, we must but too much murder see,
That without doing euill cannot do good:
And would the gods that *Rome* could be made free,
Without th'effusion of one drope of blood.
Then their is hope that *Anthonie* in ende,
When first our vertue doth direct the way:

Will leagu'd with vs the libertie defend,
And being brought backe will bluſh for going aſtray.
C.Caſſ. Well *Brutus*, I proteſt againſt my will,
From this blacke clowd, what euer tempeſt fall,
That mercie but moſt cruellie doth kill.
Which thus ſaues one, that once may plague vs all.
D.Brut. When *Cæſar* with the Senators ſits downe,
In this your iudgements generally accord;
That for affecting wrongfully the crowne,
He lawfully may periſh by the ſword.
No greater harme t'our purpoſe can be brought,
Then by protracting of th'appointed time,
Leaſt that which acted would b'a vertue thought,
Be(if preuented) conſterd as a crime.
Can one thing long in many mindes be pent?
No, purpoſes would neuer be delaid
That are interpreted but by th'euent,
If proſpering reaſon, treaſon if betraid.
There may amongſt our ſelues ſome man remaine,
Whom if afraid, his pardon to procure,
Or if being greedie for the hope of gaine,
Time to diſcloſe his conſorts may allure.
Then ruine for our recompence we reape,
If ought our courſe by being abortiue marre,
For if diſcouer'd once, we cannot ſcape,
As Tyrants eares heare much, their hands reach farre.
C.Caſſ. The breaſt in which ſo deepe a ſecret dwelles,
Would not be long chargde with ſo weightie cares,
For I coniecture by appearance elſe,
Mo priuie are t'our minds then we to theirs:
Euen but of late one *Caſca* came to ſee,
That curious was to haue our purpoſe knowne,
And ſaid to him that which thou bidſt from me,
To me by *Brutus* hath at length bin ſhowen.

Then by ſome things that he had learn'd before,
He of our courſe deepe in diſcourſe did fall,
Till *Caſca* thinking that he had knowne more,
Scarſe kept his tongue from ſtaggering out with all.
Then *Læna* to vs once came in like ſort,
And wiſh'd that our deſigne might proſper well;
Yet vs to haſte did earneſtly exhort,
Since others told what we refuſde to tell:
Whilſt ſtrangers reſt familiar with our minde,
And ere t'our knowledge thus t'our counſell riſe,
Make forward faſt, or we will come behind.
Fame wing'd with breath moſt violently flies.
M. Brut. Their words but from vncertainties burſt forth,
For whilſt conſidering of their bondage thus:
Of *Cæſars* tyrranie, and of our worth,
They thinke this ſhould be done, and done by vs:
Such coniurations to confirme of olde,
Some drinking others bloods; ſwore on their ſwords,
And curſing thoſe that did their courſe vnfold,
Vſde imprecations, execrable words.
And yet then this though voluntarily vow'd,
Free from all bonds, ſaue that which vertue bindes,
More conſtantly no courſe was ſtill allow'd.
Till now that th'end muſt manifeſt our minds.
And ſince ſo many frankly keepe their faith,
Still what they firſt deſign'd t'accompliſh bent:
No doubt in ſpight of fickle fortunes wrath,
But the ſucceſſe ſhall yeeld our ſoules content.
Might ſome few *Thebans* from the *Spartans* pride,
By diuers tyrants deaths redeeme their towne?
And one *Athenian* that his vertue tryde,
By thirtie Tyrants ruins win renowne?
And to the *Greekes* are we inferiour growne,
That where they haue ſo many tyrants ſpoild,

There cannot one be by vs all orethrowne,
Whose state yet brangling may be soone imbroyld:
O I'm resolu'd, and with my thoughts decree,
What euer fortune either sweet or sowre,
I shall my soyle from tyrannie set free,
Or then my selfe free from the tyrants powre.
D.Br. By *Lepidus* inuited this last night,
Whilst *Cæsar* went to suppe, and I with him,
Of all deaths shapes to talke we tooke delight,
So at the table to beguile the time.
And whilst our iudgements all about were tride,
Straight *Cæsar* (as transported) to the rest
With a most sodaine exclamation cride,
O, of all deaths vnlookt for death is best.
For from our selues it steales our selues so fast,
That euen the mind no fearefull forme can see,
Then is the paine ere apprehended past,
All sowres ere tasted would disgested be.
The threatned destinie thus he diuinde,
It would appeare diuinely being inspirde,
For now I hope that he shall shortly finde,
That forme of death which he himselfe desirde.
C. Cas. Whilst of our band the fury flames most hot,
And that their will t'atchiue this worke is such,
Lest *Cæsars* absence disappoint the plot,
Which would of some abate the courage much,
It *(Decius)* were exceedingly well done,
That to his lodging you addressd your way,
Him by some meanes to further forward soone,
Lest by some sodaine chaunce allur'd to stay.
D. Br. There where the Senate minds this day to sit,
Stand all prepar'd t'approach where danger dwells,
And for the sacrifice when all is fit,
Ile bring an offring consecrated else. *Exeunt*

Act. iiii. Scene ii.

Cæſar, Calphurnia, Decius Brutus.

LOng-lookt for time that ſhould the glory yeeld,
Which I through *Neptunes* truſtleſſe raigne haue ſought,
And through the duſt of many a bloodie field,
As by all dangers worthy to be bought.
Thy comming now thoſe lowring ſhadowes cleares,
That did th'horizon of my hopes ore-caſt,
This day defrayes the toyles of many yeares,
And brings the haru'ſt of all my labors paſt.
The Senators a meſſenger haue ſent,
Moſt earneſtly entreating me to come,
And heare my ſelfe diſcernd by their conſent,
To weare a crowne ouer all excepting *Rome.*
Thus they deuiſe conditions at this houre,
For him, of whom *Mars* hath made them the prey;
As ſubiects limite could their ſoueraignes powre,
That muſt haue minde of nought but to obey.
But hauing pacifide thoſe preſent things,
I minde to leade my valorous legions forth,
To th'orientall realmes, adoring kings
That can exhibite honors due to worth.
Than ſwimme my thoughts in th'Ocean of delight,
Whilſt on the pillow of ſoft praiſe repoſde,
Thoſe eies to gaze vpon my glories light,
That enuy op'ned, admiration cloſde.
Cal. Ah, though your fancies great contentment find,
Whilſt thus the world your vertue doth aduance,
Yet a prepoſtrous terrour ſtings my minde,

And

And boasts me with I know not what mischance,
My wauering hopes oreballanc'd are with feares,
That to my soule sinistrous signes impart,
And ominous rumours so assault mine eares,
That they almost make breaches in my heart.
Cæsar What, doe debatelld *Pompeys* followers striue
To recollect their ruines from the dust?
Dare they that only by my tollerance liue,
More to their strength than to my fauour trust?
Or dost thou feare his sonnes deiected state,
That steales infamous flying through those floods,
Which his great father, Admiral of late,
Did plant with ships til all their waues seemd woods?
Then makes his brothers death his courage more,
Since by them straited in a bloodie strife,
I, that in all the battels giuen before,
Did fight for victorie, then fought for life.
Or whilst to march toward *Parthia* I prepare,
Doth a suspition thus afflict thy sprite,
For *Crassus* fortune feard that perisht there,
Th'opprobrious prey of the Barbarians spight?
To those same bands that *Cassius* thence broght back,
A place amongst my legions Ile allow,
Whose foes shall find whilst they auenge th'olde wracke
Though the same sheep, another shepheard now.
Do not imagine matters to bemone,
For whilst there stands a world, can *Cæsar* fall?
Though thousand thousands were coniurd in one,
I, and my fortune might confound them all.
Cal. No, none of those my minde doth miscontent,
That vndisguisde still like themselues remaine,
Vnlookt for harmes are hardest to preuent,
There is no guard against concealde disdaine,
But in whom further can your trust repose,

Whom

Whom danger now ouer all, by all attends,
Where priuate men but onely feare their foes,
Oft kings haue greateſt cauſe to feare their frends.
For ſince being truſted fitteſt to betray,
Thoſe vnto whom ones fauour force affords,
May for his life the worſt ambuſhments lay,
Whilſt falſeſt hearts are hid with faireſt words.
And ſome report (though priuately) yet plaine,
That *Dolabella* and *Antonius* now,
By your deſtruction do pretend t'obtaine,
That which you keepe by making all men bow.
Cæſar No corpulent ſanguinians make me feare,
That with more paine their beards than th'enimies ſtrike
And doe themſelues like th'epicurians beare,
To *Bacchus*, *Mars*, and *Venus* borne alike.
Their hearts do alwayes in their mouthes remaine,
As ſtreams, whoſe murmuring ſhews the courſe not deep
Then ſtill they loue to ſport, though groſſe and plaine,
And neuer dreame of ought but when they ſleep.
But thoſe high ſprites that hold their bodies downe,
Whoſe viſage leane their reſtleſſe thoughts records,
Whilſt they their cares depth in their boſoms drowne,
Their ſilence feares me more than th'others words.
Thus *Caſſius* now and *Brutus* ſeeme to hold
Some great thing in their mind, whoſe fire whiles ſmoks
What *Brutus* would, he vehemently would,
Thinke what they like, I like not their pale lookes.
Yet with their worth this cannot well agree,
In whom of vertue th'image ſeemes to ſhine,
Can thoſe that haue receiu'd their liues from me,
Prooue ſo ingrate againe as to take mine?
Dare *Caſſius* me purſue new hopes to haue,
At th'*Heleſpont* that fortune feard to trie,
And like a daſtard did his Gallies leaue,

In all (saue corage) though more strong than I?
Shall I suspect that *Brutus* seekes my blood,
Whose safetie still I tendred with such care,
Who when the heauens from mortalls me seclude,
Is only worthy to be Cæsars heire?

Cal. The corners of the heart are hard to know,
Though of those two the world the best doth deeme,
Yet do not trust too much th'externall show,
For men may differ much from what they seeme.
None oft more fierce than those that look most mild,
Impietie sometime appeares deuout,
And that the world the more may be beguilde,
Whiles Vice can clothe it selfe with Vertues cote.
Though that they haue long since laid hatred downe,
By benefits bestow'd, you might attend,
There's no respect can counterpoise a crowne,
Ambition hath no bounds, nor greed no end.
Through vindicatiue hate, and emulous pride,
Since some your person, some your place pursue,
All threatned dangers to preuent prouide,
Being wise in time, lest out of time you rue.

Cæs. No armor is that can hold treason out.

Cal. T'affright your foes with bands be backt about.

Cæs. So dastard tyrants striue themselues to beare.

Cal. It better is to giue, than to take feare.

Cæs. No stronger guard than is the peoples loue.

Calp. But nought in th'earth dooth more inconstant proue.

Cæs. Guardes shewing feare t'inuade me men might tempt.

Cal. Guardes would put them from hope, you from contempt.

Cæs. My breast from terror hath bin alwayes cleare.

Cal. When one feares least, oft daunger lurkes most neare.

Cæs. It's better once to die, than ſtill feare death.
Cal. But worſt of all to fall by th'enemies wrath.
Cæs. Ile not diſtaſte my preſent pleaſures ſo,
By apprehending what may chaunce to come,
This world affords but too much time for woe,
Whilſt croſſes come contentment to orecome.
By ioyes in time we muſt imbrace reliefe,
That when they end, we in ſome meaſure may,
By their remembrance mitigate the griefe,
Which ſtill attends all thoſe on th'earth that ſtay.
I thinke the Senate is aſſembled now,
And for my comming doth beginne to gaze,
Ile goe condignely once t'adorne my brow,
And feaſt mine eares by drinking in due praiſe.
Cal. Stay, ſtay (deere Lord) retire thy ſteps againe,
And ſpare one day to prorogate whole yeares,
Let not this ominous day beginne thy raigne,
That fatall and vnfortunate appeares.
An Aſtrologian through the world renownde,
Thy horoſcopes iuſt calculation layes,
And doth affirme as he by ſignes hath found,
That th'Ides of *March* doe boaſt to bound thy dayes.
Walke not this day where harmes may be receiu'd,
Since by no great neceſſity being forcde,
For though his iudgement may be farre deceiu'd,
In things that touch thy life, ſuſpect the worſt.
Cæs. Whilſt I reform'd the Calender by fits,
That long diſordred th'order of the yeare;
I waded through the depths of all their wits,
That of the ſtarres the myſteries make cleare.
Thoſe pregnant ſprites that walke betwixt the poles,
And lodge at all the zodiackes ſeuerall ſignes,
Do reade ſtrange wonders wrapt in th'azure ſcroules,
Of which our deedes are wordes, our liues are lines.

By

By speculation of superior powres,
Some Natures secrets curious are to know,
As how celestiall bodies rule ouer ours,
And what their influence effects below.
Yea they sometime may strange coniectures make,
Of those whose parts they by their birth doe proue,
Since naturally all inclination take,
From Planets then predominant aboue.
And yet no certaintie can so be had,
Some vertuously against their starres haue striu'd,
As *Socrates* that grew, (though borne but bad,)
The most accomplisht man that euer liu'd.
But of the houre ordain'd to close our lights,
No earth-clogd soule can to the knowledge come;
For O the destinies farre from our sights,
In clowds of darknes haue inuolu'd our doome.
And some but onely guesse at great mens falles,
By bearded comets, and prodigious starres,
Whose sight-distracting shapes the world appalles,
As still denouncing terrour, death, or warres.
The time vncertaine is of certaine death,
And that fantastike man farre past his bounds,
He is too bold that with ambiguous breath,
Not speaks of things to come, whose deeps none sounds
Cal. But this all day did my repose extort,
And from my breast of cares a tribute clam'd,
Now vilipend not that which Ile report,
Though but a dreame, and by a woman dreamd.
I thought (alas) the thought yet wounds my breast,
Then whilst we both as those whom *Morpheus* weds,
Lay softly buried with a pleasant rest,
I in thy bosome, thou within the beds.
Then from my soule strange terrours did withdrawe
Th'exspected peace by apprehended harmes;

For I imagin'd, no, no doubt I saw,
And did imbrace thee bloodie in mine armes.
Thus whilst my soule by sorrowes was surchargde,
Of which huge weight it yet some burden beares;
I big with griefe two elements enlargde,
Th'aire with my sighes, the water with my teares.
Cæsar. That which I heard, with thy report accords,
Whilst thou all seemd dissolu'd in griefe at once,
A heauy murmuring made with mangled words,
Was interrupted oft by tragicke grones.
The memory, but not the iudgement makes
Th'impression thus of passions in the braine,
For what the soule most suffers when it wakes,
With it asleepe it doth turmoyld remaine.
From superstitious feares this care proceedes,
Which stil would watch o're that which thou dost loue,
And in thy minde melancholy thus breedes,
Which doth those strange imaginations moue.
Cal. Ah, in so light account leaue off to hold
Those fatall warnings that the heauens haue made,
Which by all meanes most manifest vnfold,
What dangers huge do hing aboue thy head.
He with the sacred garlands that diuines,
By th'entrailes of the consecrated beast,
Sees in the sacrifice siniſtrous signes,
And I intreate thee do not hence make haste.
Cæs. When I in *Spaine* against yong *Pompey* went,
Thus the diuiner threatned me before,
Yet did I prosecute my first intent,
Which with new laurells did my browes decore.
Cal. And yet you hardly there as whiles I heare,
From dangers (farre engagde) redeemd your life,
But now more monstrous tokens do appeare,
And I suspect farre worse than open strife.

Cæs.

Cæs. Left I too much seeme wedded to my will,
As one that others counsels scornes t'alow,
With iealous eyes Ile search about me still,
And euen mistrust my selfe to trust thee now.
Yet if I stay the Senators deceiu'd,
May my beginning straight begin to hate,
So might I perish seeking to be sau'd,
By flying, many fall vpon their fate.
But heere one comes that can resolue me much,
With whom I vse t'aduise affaires of weight:
Whence comst thou *Decius*, that thy haste is such?
Is ought occurr'd that craues our knowledge straight?

Decius. I come to tell you how the Senate staies,
Till your exspected presence blesse their sight,
And the conclusion yet of all delayes,
Till that yonr approbation make it right.
T'accomplish your contentment they intend,
And all their thoughts seeme at one obiect bent,
Saue that they doe amongst themselues contend,
Who you to please shall strangest wayes inuent.

Cæs. Than that no treasure to my soule more deere,
Which straight t'enioy from hence I long to part,
But yet I know not what arrests me heere,
And makes my feet rebellious to my heart.
From thee (deare friend) I neuer do conceale
The waightiest secrets that concerne me most:
And at this time I likewise will reueale,
How heauens by signes me with destruction bost:
To superstition though not being inclinde,
My wife by dreames doth now presage my fall:
It a Sooth-sayer likewise hath diuin'd,
The sacrifice prodigious seemes t'vs all;
So that till this disastrous day be gone,
All companie I purpose to disuse.

And to the Senators Ile ſend ſome one
To paint my abſence with a faire excuſe.
D.Brut. Do not repoſe on ſuperſtitious ſignes,
You to ſuſpect the people thus to bring,
Whilſt ſoueraigne-like you limit their deſignes,
Seeme not a tyrant ſeeking to be king.
How can we ſatisfie the worlds conceit,
Whoſe tongues ſtill in all eares your praiſe proclames?
O! ſhal we bid them leaue to deale in ſtate,
Till that *Calphurnia* firſt haue better dreames?
If that this day you priuate would remayne,
The Senate to diſſolue your ſelfe muſt goe,
And then incontinent come backe againe,
When you haue ſhowne towards it ſome reuerence ſo.
Cæſ. With thy aduiſe (as powrefull) I agree,
The Senators ſhall haue no cauſe to grudge:
A little ſpace, all part apart from mee,
And ile be ſhortly ready to diſlodge.

Cæſar alone.

WHence come this huge and admirable change,
That in my breſt hath vncouth thoghts infus'd?
Doth th'earth then erſt yield terrors now more ſtrange,
Or but my minde leſſe courage then it vſde?
What ſpitefull fate againſt my ſtate contends,
That I muſt now t'vnlook'd for plagues giue place,
By foes not mou'd, yet fear'd amongſt my friends,
By warre ſecure, endanger'd but by peace?
T'encounter me when ſtrongeſt troups did come,
Then did my heart the higheſt hopes conceiue:
I warr'd with many, many to ouercome,
The greateſt battels, greateſt glory gaue.
As th'enemies number ſtill my courage grew,
Oft haue I through the depths of dangers paſt,

Yet neuer did those boundlesse labors rue,
To haue none greater first, none equall last.
When as the *Gaules* fear'd by their neighbours falles,
Had from the fields, no, from my furie fled,
And hid themselues with armes, their armes with walles,
Whilst I my troupes t'inclose *Alexia* led: (about,
Then though there swarm'd foorth from the bounds
Huge hostes to compasse me, enflam'd with wrath,
That the besieger being besieg'd about
Seem'd drawne with danger in the nets of death.
Yet I that could not with the pride comport,
That those *Barbarians* by vaine bosts bewrayd,
Did reassault th'assaulters in such sort,
That words by wounds, wounds were by death repayd,
Of those within the towne t'asswage their toyles,
Till being ore-com'd their comming was not knowne:
Who straight vpbrayded by the barbarous spoiles,
Did yeeld themselues with th'others as ore-throwne,
Then whilst with liquid legions tumid bosts,
The trident-bearer striu'd my spoyles to beare:
Though threatned thrise amidst his humid hosts,
I alwayes scorn'd t'acquaint my selfe with feare.
I vsde those Pirats that had me surpriz'd,
Still as my seruants thundring threatnings forth,
And gaue them money more than they deuisde,
Greeu'd to be rated at too little worth.
Yet gathering ships, I sign'd not long the shore,
But trac'd their printles steps through th'vnpau'd way:
And taking them, as I had vow'd before,
By nought but death their ransome would defray.
Then when without th'aduise of others minds,
I ventred through the hoarie waues by night,
Whilst in a little barke against great winds,
That euen the Pilote look'd not for the light;

The roaring waues themſelues ſeem'd to diuide,
That in their grauell I might chuſe a graue.
And in a chriſtall arch aboue me bide,
That I of me a tombe might worthy haue.
Whilſt dangers ſeem'd to merite *Cæſars* death,
As *Neptune* raiſde his head, I raiſde my heart;
And ſhewing what I was with conſtant breath,
T'amazde *Amiclas* courage did i npart,
Was I not once amidſt large *Nilus* flot,
Whilſt me to wound a wood of darts did flie,
Yet ſwim'd ſo careleſſe of my enemies ſhot,
That in my hand I held ſome papers drie?
With open dangers thus in euery place,
I whilſt being compaſs'd both by ſea and land,
Did vndiſmaid looke horror in the face,
As borne for nought but onely to commaund.
But ſince a world of victories haue fill'd,
With Trophees Temples, Theaters with my praiſe,
That bath'd with balme from th'oyle of glory ſtill'd,
With friends in peace I look'd to ſpend my daies.
The chambers muſicke now affrights me more,
Then once the trumpets ſound amids the field,
And gownes (though ſignes of peace) worſe, then before
The pompous ſplendour of a flaming ſhield.
Thoſe thoughts of late that had diſdain'd to doubt,
Though I alone had march'd amongſt my foes,
Lo, whilſt amongſt my friends I'm back'd about,
Doe greater dangers now then th'eies diſcloſe.
If ought t'aſſemble any number brings,
I inſurrections feare from common wrath;
Yea, if two talke apart of priuate things,
Straight I ſuſpect that they conſpire my death.
When ſuddaine rumors riſe from vulgar ſmoake,
Whilſt th'inward motions roule my reſtleſſe eies;

I at each corner for ambushments looke,
And start astonish'd least some tumult rise.
When rising *Titans* beames renew th'earths toiles,
I still dispaire to re-enioy the night,
And when mine eyes th'all-couering darkenesse spoiles,
I neuer looke t'enrich them with the light.
For when that light with darkenesse makes a change,
To flatter mortals with a dreame of rest,
What ougly *Gorgons*, what *Chimeraes* strange,
Do bost the little world within my breast?
Th'appointed time t'appease impetuous cares
Doth double mine, that view most when being blinde:
I apprehen'd huge horrors and dispaires,
Whilst th'outward obiects not distract my minde.
What comfort of my conquests now remaines?
Where is the peace pursude by many a strife?
Haue I but taken paine t'abound in paines,
And sought by dangers for a dangerous life?
Is this the period of aspiring powers,
In promisde calmes to be most plagu'd by stormes?
Lurke poisnous serpents vnder faireſt flowers.
And hellish furies vnder heauenly formes?
It will not greeue my gost below to goe,
If circumuented in the warres I end,
As bold *Marcellus* by *Romes* greatest foe,
That gaue his ashes honor as a friend.
Or like *Epaminondas* prosprous death,
O would to God I had amidst th'alarmes
Being chargde with recent spoyles, bin spoil'd of breath,
Whiist I toward *Pluto* might haue march'd in armes.
Yet t'end this life that nought but toyles affords,
Ile pay to death the tribute that he owes,
Straight with my blood let some come die their swords,
My body shall be bar'd t'embrace their blowes.

But ah, how haue the furies ſeaz'd my breaſt,
And poiſon'd thus my ſprit with deſp'rate rage:
That with their horrid ſerpents barr'd from reſt,
Nought can imagin'd be my toiles t'aſſwage.
No, *Atropos*, yet ſpare my threed a ſpace,
That ere I to the *Stigian* ſtreames go downe,
I may of honor haue the higheſt place,
And if I fall, yet fall beneath a crowne.
Whilſt I would bend my eares t'applauding ſhoutes,
My thoughts diuided are within my breaſt,
And my toſſde ſoule doth flote between two doubts,
Yet knowes not on what ground to build her reſt.
The Senators they haue this day deſignde,
To ſhew the world how they eſteeme my worth;
Yet do portentuous ſignes perturb my minde,
By which the heauens would point my danger forth;
The gods from me with indignation gone,
Haue charactred in euery thing my death,
And muſt both heauen and earth conſpire in one,
To quench a little ſparke of ſtill-toſſde breath:
My ſaftie would that I ſhould ſtay within,
Till this diſaſtrous day giue darkneſſe place:
But honor hunts me forward to begin,
To reape the glory of my painfull race:
And Ile aduance in ſpight of threatned broyles,
For though the fates effect that which we dreame,
When death retires from forcing thoſe fraile ſpoyles,
Though breathleſſe, ile be breath'd ouer all by fame.

Exit.

Chorus.

WHat furie is this that filles the breaſt,
With a prodigious raſh deſire,
Which baniſhing their ſoules from reſt

Doth

Doth make those liue that high aspire,
Whilst it within their bosome boyles
As Salamanders *in the fire,*
Or like to serpents changing spoiles
Their witherd beauties to renew:
Like Vipers with vnnaturall toiles,
Of such the thoughts themselues pursue,
That for all lynes themselues do square,
Whilst like Camelions changing hue,
They only feed but on the aire.
To passe ambition monstrous matters brings,
And (saue contentment) can attaine all things.
This actiue pasion doth disdaine
To match with any vulgar minde,
As in base breasts where terrors raigne,
To great a gueſt to be confinde;
It doth but loftie thoughts frequent,
Where it a spatious field may finde,
It selfe with honor to content,
Where reuerenc'd fame doth lowdest sound:
Those at great things that t'aime are bent,
(Farre lifted from this lumpish round)
Would in the spheare of glory moue,
Whilst loftie thoughts which nought can bind,
All riualls liue in vertues loue:
On abiect preyes as th'Eagle neuer lights,
Ambition poisons but the greatest sprights.
And of this restles vultures brood,
If't grow not to too great a flame,
A little sparke may whyles do good,
VVhich makes great minds affecting fame,
To suffer still all kinde of paine:
There fortune at the bloody game,
VVho hazard would for hope of gaine.

Were not burn'd by a thrift of praiſe:
The learned loe, t'a higher ſtraine,
Their wits by emulation raiſe,
As thoſe that hold applauſes deare:
And what great mind at which men gaze,
It ſelfe can of ambition cleare,
Which is being rated at the higheſt price,
A generous error, a heroicke vice.
But when this frenſie flaming bright
Doth ſo the ſoules of ſome ſurpriſe,
That they can taſte of no delight
But what from ſoueraigntie doth riſe;
Then huge affliction it affords,
Such muſt themſelues ſo to diſguiſe,
Prooue prodigall of courteous words,
Giue much to ſome, and promiſe all,
Then ſeruile ſeeme, to be made Lords,
Yea firſt being made to many thrall,
Muſt pittie impart if not ſupport,
T'all thoſe that cruſh'd by fortune fall,
And grieue themſelues to pleaſe each ſort:
Are not thoſe wretch'd that ouer a dangerous ſnare
Hing but by hopes, being ballanc'd in the aier?
Then when they haue the port attainde,
That was through Seas of dangers ſought,
They (lo) at laſt but loſſe haue gainde,
And by great trouble, trouble bought.
There minds are married ſtill with feares,
T'engender many a iealous thought,
With ſearching eyes and watching eares,
To learne that which they grieue to know.
The breaſt that ſuch a burden beares,
What huge afflictions toyle t'orethrow:
Thus princes are as all perceiue,

No more exalted than brought low,
Of many a Lord, to many a slaue.
That idoll greatnesse which th'earth doth adore,
Is conquerd with great paine, and kept with more:
He that to this imagin'd good,
Did through his countries entrailes tend,
Neglecting friendship, duety, blood,
And all on which trust can depend,
Or by which loue could be conceiu'd,
Doth finde of what he did attend,
His exspectations farre deceiu'd;
For since suspecting secret snares,
His soule hath still of rest bin reau'd.
Whilst squadrons of tumultuous cares,
Forth from his breast extort depth grones:
Thus Cæsar *now of life despaires,*
Whose hap his hope exceeded once,
And who can long well keepe an euill wonne state?
Those perish must by some whome all men hate.

Act. V. Scen. I.

Marcus Brutus, Chorus, Antonius, Caius Cassius, Marcus Tullius Cicero.

ARe generous Romans so degenerd now,
That they from honor haue estrangde their hands?
And vsde with burdens do not blush to bow,
Yea (though being broken) shake not off their bands.
This glorious worke was worthy of your paine,
Whose best ye may by others dangers haue,
But what enchaunts you thus that ye abstaine,
That (which ye should haue taken) to receiue?

Where be thoſe inundations of delight,
That ſhould burſt out through thoughts ore-flow'd with ioy,
Whilſt emulous vertue may your mindes incite,
That which we conquerd haue, at leaſt t'enioy?
Or quite conformd vnto your former ſtate,
Do ſtill your mindes of ſeruitude allow,
As broken by aduerſitie of late,
Not capable of better fortune now?
Loe, we that by the tyrants fauour ſtoode,
And grieu'd but at the yoke that you outrag'd,
Haue our aduauncement, riches, reſt, and blood,
All liberally for libertie engag'd.
Chor. Thou like thy great progenitour in this,
Haſt glorie to thy ſelfe, t'vs freedome brought,
Than libertie what greater treaſure is?
Small with it much, without it much ſeemes nought.
But pardon vs (heroicke man) though we
T'a high perfection hardly can aſpire,
Though euery man cannot a *Brutus* be,
That which we cannot imitate, w'admire.
At this ſtrange courſe with too much light made blind
We our opinions muſt ſuſpend a ſpace,
When any ſodaine chance diſmayes the minde,
The iudgement to the paſſion firſt giues place. (deed,
Ant. What wonder now though this moſt barbarous
Haue with amazement cloſde your iudgement in,
Which O I feare ſhall great confuſion breed,
When *Cæſars* toiles did end, *Romes* did begin.
The moſt ſuſpitious mindes had not beleeu'd,
That *Romans* reuerenc'd for their worth by vs,
Would haue preſumde to kill, yea, or t'haue greeu'd,
A inuiolable hallowd bodie thus.
Who would but once haue dreamd of ſuch deſpight?
What ſtrange hoſtilitie in time of peace,

To

To slay, though not accusde, against all right,
A sacred man, and in a sacred place?
C. Cass. If *Cæsar* as a Cittizen had liu'de,
And had by lawe decided euery strife,
Then I would grant those treason had contriu'd,
That went without a lawe to take his life.
But to peruert the lawes, subuert the state,
If all his trauells did directly tend,
Then I must say, we did no wrong of late,
Why should not tyrants make a tragicke end?
Chor. Since destinies did *Cæsars* soule enlarge,
What course can we for his recouerie take?
Ah, th'vnrelenting *Charons* restlesse barge
Stands to transport all ouer, but brings none backe.
Of lifes fraile glasse when broken, with vaine grones
What earthly powre the ruines can repaire?
Or who can gather vp when scatterd once,
Ones blood from th'earth, or yet his breath from th'aire?
Let vs of those that passe Obliuions flood,
B'obliuious still since hope of help is gone,
And spend our cares where cares may doe most good,
Lest *Rome* waile many, where she wailes but one.
Ant. Still concord for the common-weale were best,
To reconcile diuided thoughts againe,
Then discord to great townes no greater pest,
Whose violence no reuerence can restraine.
Yet oftentimes those warie wits haue err'd,
That would buy wealth and ease at any cost,
Let honesty to profit be preferr'd,
And t'a vile peace, warre when it wounds vs most.
But seeking peace what suretie can we finde?
Can faithlesse men giue faith iust feares to stay?
No sacred band impietie can binde,
That sweares for trust, seekes trust but to betray.

What

What help'd it *Cæsar* that we all had sworne,
His body still from dangers to redeeme,
Those that are once periur'd hold othes in scorne,
All are most franke of what they least esteeme.
M.Br. None needs in states that are from tirants free,
Loathde execrations to confirme his will,
Where willingly men would with good agree,
And without danger might despise all ill.
All odious othes by those are onely crau'd,
Whose sute from reason doth a warrant want,
Whilst all deceiuers feard to be deceau'd,
Seek of men thralld what none being free would grant.
When *Cæsar* had preuailde in *Libia* and *Spaine*,
His fortune building on his countries wracke,
Of libertie a shadow to retaine,
We gaue him all that he was bent to take.
The Senate had reseru'd nought but a show,
Whose course to it by *Cæsar* was imposde,
That lifted vp by bringing others lowe,
Of offices and prouinces disposde.
Then that our witherd hopes might neuer spring,
When bent t'abide the *Parthians* woodden showre,
He for fiue yeares disposde of euery thing,
Euen in his absence leauing vs no powre.
O how some aggrauate our deede with hate,
That durst by violence his body straine,
Though consecrated by constraint of late,
Yea but reputed holie, yet prophane,
And doe forget how he (a wondrous case)
Did violate the tribuneship t'our scorne,
Which our forefathers (free) in time of peace,
Aduisdly had inuiolable sworne.
Did he not once appropriate (swolne with wrath)
The publike treasure to his priuate vse,

And

And to the sacred Tribune threatned death,
That did resist, grieu'd at so great a'abuse?
Tweene Romans and a tyrant what auailes
A couenant whilst right rests troad on thus?
Who can build further when the ground first failes?
Could we saue him that sought to ruine vs?
Cic. So absolutely good no man remaines,
Whose naturall weakenesse neuer him beguiles,
Euen vertues die from vice may take some staines,
And worthy mindes foule imperfections whiles.
As in fine fruits or weeds fat earth abounds,
Euen as the laborers spend or spare their paine,
The greatest sprites disdaining vulgar bounds,
Of what they seeke the highest height must gaine.
They, that the crowne of glory may b'enioyd,
As onely borne to be in action still,
Had rather be (than idle) euill employd,
Great sprites must doe great good, or then great ill.
The glorious Sunne that golden raies doe arme,
The treasure of the world that doth most good,
Whilst on a time misgouernd did much harme,
Till th'ouerbold Coach-man fell amidst a flood.
Then whilst he by the rules of reason liu'd,
When lawfully elected by the State,
What glorious deedes by *Cæsar* were atchiu'd,
Which all the world as wonders must relate.
But when of right he buried all respects,
As blind ambition had bewitcht his minde,
What harme ensude by pittifull effects.
We at the first, he at the last did finde.
Whilst like *Narcissus* with himselfe in loue,
He with our bondage banqueted his sight,
And for a while vncertaine ioyes to proue,
Would sawce with all our sorrowes his delight,

How could ſuch gallant vertuous men as thoſe,
That of their countries weale are ielous ſtill,
But ſtowtly to all ſtormes their ſtates expoſe,
So th'authour of their infamy to kill?
But ſince our freedome flowes from *Cæſars* blood,
Let vs imbrace that which too long we lacke,
Peace giues to Iuſtice powre, and it t'all good,
Where war breeds wrong, and wrong al kind of wracke.
This cittie hath experienc'd with great paine,
Th'all-burdning troubles of inteſtine ſtriſe,
Which by her ruines regiſtred remaine,
Since firſt the *Gracchi* gaue contention life.
When *Silla* once and *Marius* (mad through pride)
Seemd but to ſtriue who moſt tyrannicke prou'd,
What memorable miſeries were tride
From *Romans* mindes can neuer be remou'd.
Then laſt by *Cæſar* and his ſonne in lawe,
What thouſands ghoſts to *Pluto* were diſpatchd?
Ah that the world thoſe hoſts diuided ſawe,
Which ioynd in one no world of worlds had matchd.
Yet with this wit that we haue dearely bought,
Let vs abhorre th'apparance of ſuch broiles,
Leſt when we haue our ſelues to ruine brought,
In end *Barbarians* beare away our ſpoyles.
Chor. *Rome* to thoſe great men hardly can afford,
A recompence according to their worth,
That by a tyrants ore-throw haue reſtord,
The light of libertie that was put forth.
Yet by due praiſes with their merites euen,
Let vs illuſtrate their illuſtrous mindes,
And to their charge let prouinces be giuen;
Still vertue growes when it preferrement findes.
Anton. Thoſe barbarous realmes by whoſe reſpective wil,
Of *Cæſars* conqueſts monuments are ſhowne,

As

As if they held them highly honord ſtill,
That warrd with *Cæsar* though they were orethrowne.
Can this diſgrace by their prowde minds be borne,
Whilſt we diſhonor whom they honor thus,
And ſhall we not (whilſt as a tyrant torne,)
Giue him a tombe that gaue the world to vs?
Muſt his decrees be all reducde againe,
And thoſe degraded whom he gracde of late,
As worthy men vnworthily did gaine
Their roomes of reputation in the ſtate?
If as a tyrant we him damne ſo ſoone,
And for his murd'rers do rewards deuiſe,
Then what he did, muſt likewiſe be vndone,
For which I feare a fowle confuſion riſe.
Chor. Ah (great *Antonius*) ſow not ſeeds of warre,
And if thou alwayes doſt delight in armes,
The haughty *Parthians* yet vndaunted are,
Which may giue thee great praiſe, and vs no harmes.
Deteſt in time th'abhominable broiles,
For which no conquerour to triumph hath com'd,
Whilſt this wretch'd towne (which ſtil ſom party ſpoils)
Muſt loathe the victor, and lament th'orecomd,
And ſhall we ſtill contend againſt all good,
To make the yoke where we ſhould bound abide?
Muſt ſtill the commons ſacrifize their blood,
As onely borne to ſerue the great mens pride.
Ant. Whilſt I the depths of my affection ſound,
And reade but th'obligations which I owe,
I finde my ſelfe by othes, and duetie bound,
All *Cæsars* foes, or then my ſelfe t'orethrow.
But when I weigh what to the ſtate belongs,
The which to plague no paſſion ſhall get place,
Then I with griefe digeſting priuate wrongs,
Warre with my ſelfe to giue my country peace.

Yet whilſt my thoughts of this laſt purpoſe muſe,
I altogether diſaſſent from this,
That we ſhould *Cæſars* fame, or bodie abuſe,
By torturing tyrants as the cuſtome is.
Leſt guiltie of ingratitude we ſeeme,
(If guerdoning our benefactors thus)
Great *Cæſars* body from diſgrace redeeme,
And let his acts be ratified by vs.
Then for the publicke weale of which we pauſe,
Towards thoſe that haue him killd t'extend regard,
Let them be pardond for their kinſmens cauſe,
Remiſſion giuen for euill is a reward.
C. Caſ. We ſtand not daſht like malefactors heere,
With a deiected and remorcefull minde,
So in your preſence ſupplicants t'appeare,
As who themſelues of death doe guiltie finde;
But looking boldely with a loftie brow,
Through a delight of our deſigne conceiu'd,
We come to challenge gratefulneſſe of you,
That haue of vs ſo great a good receiu'd.
But if ye will ſuſpend your thoughts a ſpace,
Though not the giuers, entertaine the gift,
Do vs reiect, yet libertie imbrace,
To haue you free, loe, that was all our drift.
So *Rome* her antient liberties enioy,
Let *Brutus*, and let *Caſſius* baniſht liue,
Thus baniſhment would breede vs greater ioy,
Than what at home a tyrants wealth could giue.
Though ſome miſconſter may this courſe of ours,
By ignorance or then by hate deceiu'd,
Yet truth depends not on opinions powres,
But is it ſelfe how euer miſconceiu'd.
Though none themſelues t'acknowledge vs woulde daigne,
Our merite of it ſelfe is a reward,

Of doing good none ſhould repent their paine,
Though neither getting guerdon nor regard.
Ile venture yet my fortune in the fielde,
With euery one that *Rome* to bondage drawes:
And as for me, how euer others yield,
Ile nought obey but reaſon and the Lawes.
Cicer. What fooles are thoſe that further trauell take,
For that which elſe they paſt recouery know?
Who can reuiue the dead, or bring time backe?
At leaſt no mortall that remaines below.
Great *Pompey* (now) for whom the world ſtill weepes,
Lies low, neglected on a barbarous ſhore;
Selfe-ſlaughtred *Scipio* flotes amidſt the depthes,
Whom it may be ſea-monſters do deuoure.
Of *Libian* wolues wiſe *Cato* feaſts the wombes,
Whoſe death of worth the world defrauded leaues:
Thus ſome that merited *Mauſolean* tombes,
Not haue a title grau'd vpon their graues.
And yet may *Cæſar* that procur'd their death,
By braue men ſlaine be buried with his race:
All ciuill warre being baniſh'd with his breath,
Let him now dead, and vs aliue haue peace.
We ſhould deſiſt our thoughts on things to ſet,
That may harme ſome, and can giue help to none,
Learne to forget that which we can not get,
And let our cares be gone, of all that's gone.
Thoſe that would ſtriue all croſſes to ore-come,
Muſt to the preſent time conforme their courſe:
And doing the beſt for that which is to come,
Not medle with things paſt but by diſcourſe.
Seeke not the thing which doth not good being found,
Since *Cæſar* now is dead, how euer dead;
Let all our griefe goe with him to the ground,
For ſorrow beſt becomes a lightleſſe ſhade.

It's beſt that reconioynde with mutuall loue,
We phiſicke for this wounded ſtate prepare:
Neglecting thoſe that from the world remoue,
All men on earth for earthly things muſt care.
Cho. O how thoſe great men friendſhip can pretend,
By ſoothing others thus with painted windes,
And ſeeme to truſt, where treaſon they attend,
Whilſt loue their mouth, and malice filles their mindes.
Thoſe but to them poore ſimple ſoules appeare,
Whoſe countnance doth diſcouer what they thinke,
That make their words as is their meaning cleare,
And from themſelues can neuer ſeeme to ſhrinke.
Lo how *Anthonius* faines to quench all iarres,
And kindly the conſpirators t'imbrace,
Yet as he further'd firſt the former warres,
It's fear'd he now be enemie to peace.
Now where *Calphurnia* ſtayes our ſteps adreſſe,
By this laſt ſodaine chance her loſſe was chiefe:
All viſite ſhould their neighbours in diſtreſſe,
To giue ſome comfort, or to get ſome griefe.

Exeunt.

Act. V. Scen. II.

Calphurnia, Nuntius, Chorus.

WHen darkneſſe laſt impriſond had mine eies,
Such monſtrous viſions did my ſoule affright,
That my deiected ſprite ſtill ſtupid dyes,
Through terrors then contracted in the night.
A melancholious cloud ſo dimmes my breaſt,
That it my mind fit for miſfortune makes,
A lodging well diſpoſde for ſuch a gueſt,
Where nought of ſorrow but th'impreſsion lackes.

And

And I imagine euery man I see
(My senses so corrupted are by feares)
A Herauld to denounce mishaps to me,
That should infuse confusion in mine eares.
O there he comes to violate my peace,
In whom the obiect of my thoughts I see:
Thy message is character'd in thy face,
Which by thy lookes directed is to me:
Thy troubled eyes rest rouling for releife,
As lately frighted by some ougly sight,
Thy breath doth pant as if being big with griefe,
And fear'd to bring some monstrous birth to light.
Nun. The man of whom the world in doubt remain'd,
If that his minde, or fortune was more great,
Whose valour conquer'd, clemencie retain'd
All nations subiect to the *Romane* state; (foes,
Him fraude harm'd more then force, friends more then
Ah, must this sad discourse by mee be made?
Calph. Stay; ere thou further goe, defray my woes,
How doth my loue? wher is my life? *Nũ.* Dead. *Cal.* dead.
Cho. Though apprehending horrors in her minde,
Now since she hath a certaintie receiu'd,
She by experience greater griefe doth finde,
Till borne, the passions cannot be conceiu'd.
When as a high disaster force affords,
O how that tyrant whom affliction beares,
Barres th eares from comfort, & the mouth from words.
And being obdur'd cannot dissolue in teares.
Calph. Ah, since the lights of that great light are set,
Why doth not darkenesse spread it selfe ouer all?
At least what further comfort can I get.
Whose pleasures had no period but his fall.
O would the gods I alwayes might confine
Ætna in my breast, and th'Ocean in mine eyes,

That

That t'entertaine ſo great a griefe as mine,
Thence might ſufficient furniture ariſe.
Yet I diſdaine though by diſtreſſe ore-throwne,
By ſuch externall meanes to ſeeke reliefe:
The greateſt ſorrowes are by ſilence ſhowne,
Whilſt all the ſences are ſhut vp with griefe:
But miſerie doth ſo tyrannicke grow,
That it of ſighes and teares a tribute claimes:
Ah, when the cup is full it muſt ore-flow,
And fires that burne muſt offer vp ſome flames.
Yet though that thy laſt words my laſt might be,
Which are deepe ſunke within a melted heart,
Of my liues death report each point to me,
That I for euery circumſtance may ſmart.
Nun. What fatall warnings did fore-go his end,
Which by his ſtay to fruſtrate ſome did try?
But he that ſcorn'd excuſes to pretend,
Was by the Deſtinies drawne forth to die.
Whilſt by the way he chanc'd t'encounter one
That had his deaths-day nam'd, he to him ſaid;
Now th'Ides of *March* be com'd, but yet not gone,
Straight th'other anſwerd, and ſtill conſtant ſtaide.
Another brought a letter with great ſpeed,
Which the conſpiracie at length did touch,
And gaue it *Cæſar* in his hand to reade,
Proteſting that it did import him much.
Yet did he lay it vp where ſtill it reſts,
As do the great whom happy th'earth reputes,
That grieu'd to be importun'd by requeſts,
Of ſimple ſupplicants neglect the ſutes:
Or he of it the reading did deferre,
Still troubled by attendants at the gate,
Whilſt ſome to ſhew their credite did conferre
To flatter ſome, for ſomething ſome t'entreat.

No

Not only did the gods by diuers ſignes
Giue *Cæſar* warning of his threatned harmes,
But did diſturbe all th'aduerſaries deſignes,
And to their troubled thoughts gaue ſtrange alarmes.
A Senator that by ſome words we finde,
To the conſpiratours (though none of theirs)
Had ſhowne himſelfe familiar with their minde,
Then chanc'd to deale with *Cæſar* in affaires.
That ſight their ſoules did with confuſion fill,
For thinking that he told their purpoſde deeds;
They ſtraight themſelues, or *Cæſar* thought to kill
A guiltie conſcience no accuſer needes.
But marking that he vſde (when taking leaue)
The geſture of a ſuter that gaue thankes,
They of their courſe did greater hopes conceiue,
And rang'd themſelues according to their rankes.
Then *Cæſar* march'd forth to the fatall place,
Neere *Pompyes* theater where the Senate was,
Where when he had remain'd a little ſpace,
All the confederates flock'd about. *Calph.* Alas.
Nun. Firſt for the forme *Metellus Cimber* crau'd,
To haue his brother from exile reſtor'd;
Yet with the reſt a rude repulſe receiu'd,
Whilſt it they all too erneſtly implor'd.
Then *Cimber* that in ſtrife with him did ſtand,
Did draw the gowne ouer *Cæſars* ſacred head:
But the firſt blow was giuen by *Caſcaes* hand,
Which on his necke a little wound but made.
Then *Cæſar* ſtarting whilſt the ſtroke he ſpi'd,
By ſtrength from further ſtriking *Caſca* ſtayde:
Whilſt both the two burſt out at once and cry'd,
Th'one traitor *Caſca*, th'other brother ayde.
Then all the reſt againſt him did ariſe
Like deſperate men, whoſe furie force affords,

That *Cæſar* on no ſide could ſet his eyes,
But euery looke r'encountred with ſome ſwordes.
Yet as a Lyon when by nets ſurpriſde,
Stands ſtrugling ſtill ſo long as he hath ſtrength;
So *Cæſar*, as he had their powre diſpiſde,
Did with great rage reſiſt; till at the length
He thus cry'd out (when ſpying *Brutus* come)
And thou my ſonne? then griefe did backe rebound,
Nought but vnkindneſſe *Cæſar* could ore-come,
That of all things doth giue the deepeſt wound.
Cho. Ah, when vnkindnes is where loue was thought,
A tender paſſion breakes the ſtrongeſt heart,
For of all thoſe that giue offence in ought,
Men others hate, but for th'vnkinde they ſmart.
Nun. Ah, taking then no more delight in light,
As which would then his life haue bitter fram'd:
Or then from *Brutus* blow t'abſent his ſight,
As of ſo great ingratitude aſham'd.
He with his gowne being couer'd firſt ouer all,
As one that neither ſought, nor wiſht reliefe;
Not wronging maieſtie in ſtate did fall,
No ſigh conſenting to betray his griefe.
Yet (if by chaunce or force I cannot tell,)
Euen at the place whereas his ſtatue ſtood,
As crauing *Pompey* pardon *Cæſar* fell,
That in reuenge it might exhauſt his blood.
But when his corps abandond quite by breath
Did Fortunes frailties monument remaine,
That all might haue like intereſt in his death;
And guilty alike, looke for like praiſe or paine.
Then *Caſsius*, *Brutus*, and the reſt began
With that great Emperours blood t'imbrue their hands:
What beaſt in th'earth more cruell is than man,
When ouer his reaſon paſſion once commands?

Calph. Whilst brutish *Brutus*, and prowde *Cassius* thus
Romes greatest Captaine vnder trust deceiu'd,
Where was *Anthonius* (since a friend to vs,)
That he not lost himselfe, or *Cæsar* sau'd?

Nun. The whole conspirators remainde in doubt,
Had he and *Cæsar* ioyn'd, to be vndone;
And so causde one him t'entertaine without,
Who fain'd a conference till the fact was done.
Then knowing well in such tumultuous broyles,
That the first danger alwayes is the worst,
He fled in haste, disguisde with vnknowne spoiles,
For rage and for disdaine being like to burst.

Calph. The Senators that were assembled there,
When they beheld that great man brought t'an end,
What was their part? to what inclin'd their care?
I feare affliction could not find a friend.

Nun. Of those that in the Senate-house did sit,
As greeu'd so sad an obiect to behold:
Or feard what further murdrers might commit,
Each towards his house a seuerall way did hold.
This act with horror did confound their sight,
And vnawares their iudgement did surprise,
When any hastie harmes vnlook'd for light,
The resolution hath not time to rise.
That man on whome the world did once rely,
By all being reuerenc'd, and ador'd by some,
Had none t'attend him left, but two and I.

Cho. To what an ebbe may fortunes full whiles come?
Why should men following on the smoake of pride,
Leaue certaine ease to seeke a dream'd delight,
Which when they haue by many dangers tride,
They neither can with safetie keepe, nor quite?
The people that by force subdude remaine,
May pittie those by whome oppressd they rest.

They but one tyrant haue, where as there raigne,
A thousand Tyrants in one tyrants breast.
What though that *Cæsar* once commanded kings,
Whose only name whole nations did appall:
Yet now (let no man trust in worldly things)
A little earth holdes him that held it all.
Calph. Ah, had he but beleeu'd my faithfull cares,
That t'haue his state establish'd alwayes striu'd:
Then scaping this conspiracie of theirs,
He honorde still, and I had happie liu'd.
Did I not spend of supplications store,
That he within his house this day would waste,
And by dreames aduertis'd was before,
Which shew'd that was to come, which now is past:
Whilst the sooth-sayers sacrifiz'd did finde,
A beast without a heart their altars staine:
By that presage my soule might haue diuin'd
That I without my heart would soone remaine.
But all those terrors could not terrors giue,
To that great mind whose thoghts could not be tam'd,
But by his fortune confident did liue,
As him t'obey the heauens had all things fram'd.
Yet though he ended haue his fatall race,
T'insult for this let not his murdrers striue,
For, O I hope to see within short space,
Him dead ador'd, and them abhor'd aliue.
Though now his name the multitude respects,
Since murdering one that had held him so deare,
Whilst th'inward thoughts ech outward thing reflects,
Some monstrous shape to *Brutus* must appeare.
Iust *Nemesis* must plague prowde *Cassius* soone,
And make him kill himselfe from hopes estrang'd;
Once all the wrongs by foes to *Cæsar* done,
May by themselues be on themselues reueng'd.

Chor. Some for th'earths soueraigne Fortune striue to
As heauens their course confusdly did aduance, (proue
Nought comes to men below, but from aboue,
By prouidence, not by a staggering chance.
Though to the cause that last foregoes the end,
Some attribute th'euent of euery thing,
That cause on other causes doth depend,
From heauen to earth that chaind together hing.
Of those decrees that heauens for vs appoint,
Who-euer them approues, or yet disprooues,
No mortall man can dissappoint a point,
But as they pleale heere mooues, or hence remooues.
We when once com'd the worlds vaine pomp to trie,
Led by the fates, t'our iournies end must haste,
For when first borne, we straight begin to die,
Lifes first day is a steppe vnto the last.
And is there ought more swift than daies and yeares,
Which weare away this breath of ours so soone?
Whilst *Lachesis* to no requeſt giues eares,
But spinnes the threedes of life till they be done.
Yet foolish worldelings following that which flies,
As if they had assurance still to breathe,
To fraile preferrement fondly striue to rise,
Which but a burden weighes them downe to death.
Nun. Theres none of vs but must remember still,
How that the gods by many a wondrous signe,
Did shew as t'were how that against their will,
The destinies would *Cæsars* dayes confine.
A monstrous starre amidst the heauen hath beene,
Stil since they first against him did conspire,
The solitary birds at noone were seene,
And men to walke enuirond all with fire.
What woonder though the heauens at such a time,
Vpbraide the earth with apparitions strange,

Then whilſt intending ſuch a monſtrous crime,
Vnnaturall men make natures courſe to change.
Cho. Thogh all ſuch things ſeem wonderful to ſome,
They may by reaſon comprehended be,
Yet if ought more than common cuſtome come,
It th'ignorant with wondring eies muſt ſee.
Thoſe baſtard ſtarres not heritours of th'aire,
Are firſt conceiu'd below, then borne aboue,
And when fore-knowing things ſprites take moſt care,
And by illuſions ſuperſtition moue.
Yet this no doubt a great regard ſhould breed,
When Nature hath brought forth a monſtrous birth,
Where men in ſecret characters may reade,
The wrath of heauen, and wickedneſſe of earth.
The Naturaliſts, and th'Aſtrologians skill,
May whiles r'encountring manifeſt like care,
Since th'one lookes backe, and th'other forward ſtill,
Th'one may tell what, and th'other why things are.
Nu. Shall ſorrow through the waues of woes to ſaile
Haue ſtill your teares for ſeas, your ſighs for windes,
T'affliction what do baſe complaints auaile?
A higher courſe becomes heroicke mindes.
None are orecom'd ſaue onely thoſe that yeelde,
Though they from froward fortune blowes haue borne.
Let Vertue be t'Aduerſities a ſhield,
No greater griefe to griefe than th'enemies ſcorne.
This makes your foes but laugh to ſee you weepe;
At leaſt theſe teares but for your ſelfe beſtow,
And not for that great ſprite, whoſe ſpoils heauens keep,
For he no doubt reſts deified ere now.
Calp. I onely waile my life, and not his death,
That now amongſt th'immortalls doth repoſe,
And ſhall ſo long as I haue blood or breath,
To furniſh forth thoſe elements of woes.

I care not who reioyce, so I lament,
That do to darkenes dedicate my daies,
And since the light of my delight is spent,
Shall haue in horror all *Apolloes* raies.
I will retire my selfe to waile alone,
As do the trustie Turtles for their mates,
And my misfortune alwayes bent to mone,
Will spurne at pleasures, as empoisond baites.
No second gueſt shall presse great *Cæsars* bed,
Warmd by the flames to which he first gaue life,
I thinke there may be greater honour had,
Being *Cæsars* widow, than anothers wife.
This had afforded comfort for my harmes,
If I (ere chancde abandond thus to be,)
Had had a little *Cæsar* in mine armes,
That represented had his sire to me.
Yet doth that idoll which my thoughts adore,
With me of late most strictly matcht remaine,
For where my armes but held him whiles before,
Now in my heart I shall him still retaine.
That (though I haue no pretious things t'impart)
Thy deity may by me b'acknowledgde oft,
Still offring vp my thoughts vpon my hart,
My sacred flame shall alwayes mount aloft. *Exeunt*

Chorus.

WHat fooles are those that do repose their trust,
On what this masse of miserie affords?
And bragging but of th'excrements of dust,
Of lifelesse treasures labour to be lords:
Which like the Syrens *songs, or* Circes *charmes,*
With shadows of delight hide certaine harmes.

Ah whilst they sport on pleasures icie ground,
Oft poisond by prosperitie with pride,
A sodaine fall doth floating ioyes confound,
Of those that stumble after th'eieleſſe guide,
That so inconstantly her selfe doth beare,
To hope th'vnhappy, happy haue cause to feare.
The fortunate that bathe in flouds of ioyes,
To perish whiles amidst their pleasures chaunce,
And mirthleſſe wretches wallowing in annoyes,
Oft by aduersitie themselues aduaunce:
Whilst fortune bent to mocke vain worldlings cares
Doth change dispaires in hopes, hopes in dispaires.
That gallant Græcian, whose great wit so soone
Th'innumerable army did orecome,
Were not he was vndone, had bin vndone,
And if not banisht had not had a home:
To him feare corage gauc (what wondrous change,)
And many doubts a resolution strange.
He that tolde one that then was fortunes childe,
As if with horror to congeale his blood,
That Caius Marius *being from* Rome *exilde:*
Wretch'd on the ruines of great Carthage *stood:*
Thogh both being plag'd by griefe, and by disgrace
The consulship regain'd, and di'd in peace.
And that great Pompey *(all the worlds delight,)*
Whom of his theater then th'applauses pleasd,
Whilst praise-transported eies endeerd his sight,
That by youths toiles should haue his age then easde:
He by one blow of fortune lost farre more,
Then many a battell conquerd had before.
Such sodaine changes so disturbe the soule,
That still the iudgement ballancde is by doubt,
But on a round, what wonder though things roule,
And since within a circle turne about?

Whilst

Whilst heauen on earth strange alterations brings,
To scorne our confidence in worldly things.
And chance there euer accidents more strange,
Than in this stormie bounds where we remaine?
A shepheardes Staffe did here t'a Scepter change,
The nurceling of a woolfe ouer men to raigne:
A little village grew a mightie towne,
Which whilst it had no king, held many a crowne.
Then by how many sundry sortes of men,
Hath this great state bin rulde? though now by none,
Which first obeyd but one, then two, then ten,
Then by degrees returnd to two, and t'one,
Of which three states their ruine did abide,
Two by twoes lusts, and one by two mens pride.
What reuolutions huge haue hapned thus,
All by a secret violence being led,
Though seeming but by accident to vs,
Yet in the depths of heauenly breasts first bred;
As arguments demonstratiue to proue,
That weakneſſe dwells below, and powre aboue.
Lo Cæsar, *though being burdend in short space,*
Both with strange nations, and his countries spoiles,
Euen when he seemd by warre t'haue purchasde peace,
And roses of sweete rest from thornes of toiles:
Then whilst his minde and fortune raise most hie,
Hath bin constraind the last distresse to trie.
What warnings large were in a time so short,
Of that darke course which by his death now shines?
It speechlesse wonders plainely did report,
It men reueald by words, and gods by signes:
Yet by the chaines of destinies being bound,
He saw the sword, but could not scape the wound.
O what a curtine ouer our knowledge hings!
Whiles closde, whiles op'ned by th'ætheriall hoste,

Which makes vs ſometime ſharpe to ſee ſmall things,
And yet quite blinde when as we ſhould ſee moſt:
That curious braines may reſt amazde at it,
Whoſe ignorance makes them preſume of it.
Then let vs liue, ſince all things change below,
When raiſde moſt high as thoſe that once may fall,
And hold when by diſaſters brought more lowe,
The minde ſtill free what euer elſe be thrall:

Thoſe Lordes of Fortune ſweeten euery ſtate,
That can command theſelues, thogh not their fate.

FINIS.

AY 6 1930